





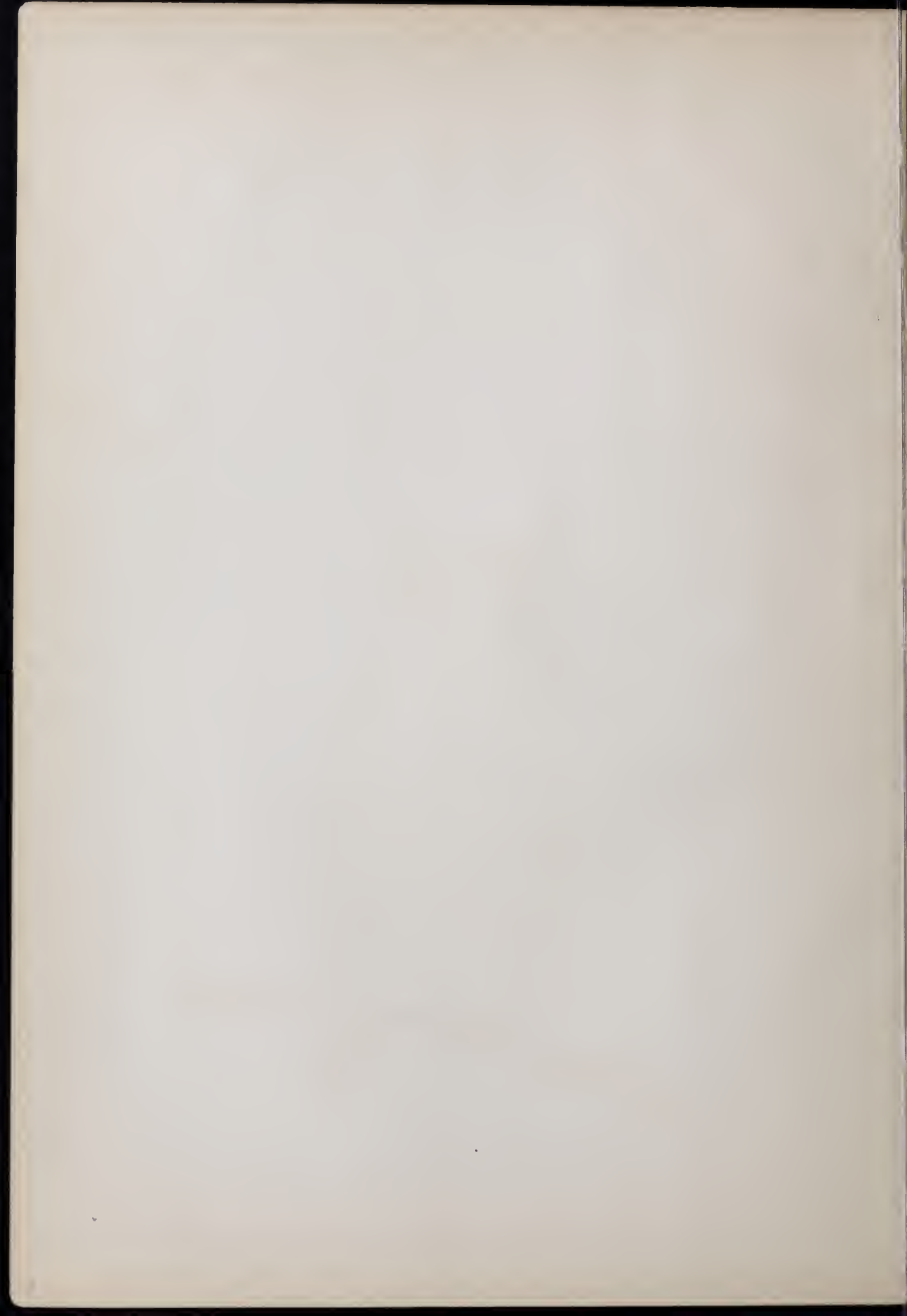


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# LAIN SCHOOL REGISTER



Y.M. '30

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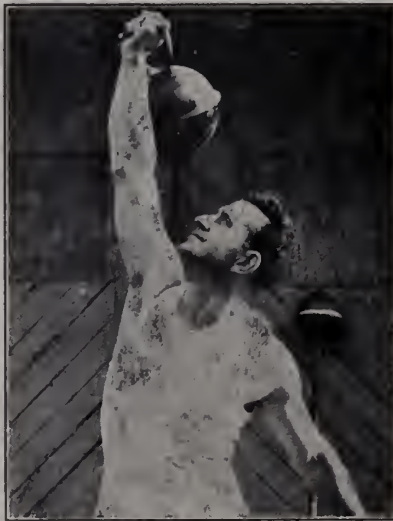
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# *The Register*

VOL. XLVIII

No. 1

October Number



1928

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# Con- tents



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The Latin School extends its deepest sympathy to the family of Mrs. Caroline Fitzgerald, who passed away October 3, 1928. She was connected with this institution for over twenty-five years and greatly endeared herself to all Latin School boys during that period.



# THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

## NOTHING

HARRY SHERSHEVSKY

*This story was awarded a prize in The Boston Traveler's Ninth Annual Short Story Contest for High School Students of New England.*

“**A**W,” said Tommy, pulling off his stockings, “I’m sick of it. All day an’ no time for a swim. Arithmetic, spelling, gee-orgraphy. Lord, how I hate gee-orgraphy. Turn your head ’round for a second an’ teacher jumps on you like lightning—”

“Hear him talk,” remarked a tall fellow, who was floating lazily on his back. “He called Sawyer a crab—on a piece of paper—she put the screws on him all right.”

Tommy dashed his shoes on the ground. “Gosh almighty. I would burn that school down to the ground tonight—if I had the chance.”

“Why not? Why not start a fire in the basement?”

A deep silence fell. Tommy, standing erect, half-undressed, looked uncertainly around. In the faces turned up to him he saw only unbelief. Jed, even big Jed, whom he worshipped above all others, was smiling down at the water.

Tommy drew a deep breath. “You’re on, all of you—tomorrow.”

With that he threw off his remaining clothes, took a run along the springboard, and dived way, way out.

Next morning Tommy got up after a bad night’s sleep. It was not until he started dressing that he remembered. A

cold shudder ran over him. There was no drawing back. He tried to think. He knew a place in the basement where waste paper was accumulated. A match thrown in there—

Before his mother came into the kitchen he slipped into the pantry and had barely time to pocket a box marked “Eagle Eye Matches.” Breakfast over he started to walk very slowly out of the front door. His hand was already on the door-knob when his mother’s voice, unusually sharp, made him wheel around.

“Tommy, come back here this instant. Didn’t you forget to say good-bye? Papa said last night, dear, we are going to the mountains this summer—if you are promoted in June. Now run along to school and be a good boy. Why, what’s the matter, child?”

Tommy’s mother followed him out to the front porch, and gazed for a long time after his retreating figure. Finally, she shrugged her shoulders and stepped down to see how her flower-bed was coming along.

Tommy almost walked into a tall, stout man in a black suit and white collar. It was the minister. Tommy started to tip his hat, but his hand brushing his right

pocket, he broke into a run instead. The minister's smile died on his face. He looked after Tommy and shook his head.

The little truant had not gone far when he heard a familiar voice calling his name. Across the street was Miss Sawyer in her shining black coupe. He drew slowly nearer. "Hop in, Tommy," she urged, "we have just time enough to make it."

He sat down, shrinking into a corner of the leather seat. "Aren't you carrying something in your pocket?" she asked. Tommy did not trust his voice. Miss Sawyer tried to draw him out on the subject of the weather, dandelions, summer. "By the way, I've been speaking with your mother. Where are you going this summer for your vacation?"

"Oh, pa said we might go to the mountains, if—"

"If what?"

"If—if I'm good."

Miss Sawyer smiled. "Well, here we are. Let's go in the front together."

As he entered the room there was a half-suppressed giggling, and snickering, and nudging of elbows, and a whispering behind shielding hands. Tommy sat down stupidly. "Can you imagine Tommy doing that?" demanded a voice behind him. One extremely witty youth went through a pantomime of burning his seat to the ground, until the teacher called him to order, which was the signal for a prodigious outburst of laughter.

Practically all that morning Tommy stared fixedly at a scratch on the top of his desk, while the match-box seemed to burn his pocket. When the teacher, observing his absent-mindedness, asked gently if he wasn't thinking of something else, he started, and, to the delight of the whole class, said: "Yes'm."

In the afternoon he informed the class in geography that Florida raises wheat,

shoes grow in Connecticut, and that New England is famous for forest fires.

When the rest began to file out, Tommy, as he had expected, was told to wait in his seat until the teacher should be ready to talk with him. Looking dully out of the window, he could see some of the gang prowling about on the opposite sidewalk. Out of the corner of his eye he espied Jed, who had stationed himself on the rear staircase and proceeded to whistle. Just then the teacher came in and sat down on the desk beside him.

"You have been looking miserable all day, Tommy," she began, in a soft voice. "I think I can guess why."

Tommy dug his nails into the wood of his desk.

"But I have faith in you, young man. I know you are made of the right stuff. Tommy——"

He held his breath.

"Although your record may not warrant it, I am going to recommend you for promotion. Now you can go to the mountains," Miss Sawyer beamed. So run along and be happy."

Tommy's brain was in such a whirl that he was hardly aware of the pressure of the teacher's hand. He stumbled out the back door, where Jed was whittling a slingshot, leaned against the railing, and, drawing a red cardboard box from his pocket, heaved it as high and as far away as he could.

Jed watched him curiously. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, just nothing."

A long, thoughtful silence followed.

"The water will be fine today," Jed suggested suddenly.

"Aw, sure, let's go."

They vaulted over the handrail, leaped a hedge, dodged through the near-by thicket, and in a few moments the school had been left far behind.

## A DOG'S LIFE

EDWIN W. FULLER, JR.

**6:30** A. M. I'm up rather late today. I'm usually up before six. Well I had a hard day yesterday. I don't feel very well today. Guess I'm getting old. Gee, it's cold. Guess I'll go into the living room and see what's up. I don't like this idea of my sleeping in the kitchen anyway.

6:31. Nothing doing here. No one up yet. Guess I'll go see Bud. Today is Saturday. No school for him.

6:33. Hello, Bud! Can I join you? Here comes your Mother. *Duck!* Gee, it's hot under the covers. Wheeze—I had to sneeze.

6:35. Back in the kitchen. Mrs. Jones has a lot of nerve kicking me out of Bud's room. Oh well, guess I'll go back to sleep.

6:50. Darn those fleas.

7:00-8:00. Dozed, with frequent intermissions.

8:10-8:25. Sweet fight with the cat. Oh Boy! Now the family's getting up.

8:30. Feel much better now. A little grub wouldn't go so bad.

8:35. I'm starved.

8:40. Forced to eat a piece of rubber ball. Not so good.

8:50. Breakfast at last. Hooray!

9:00. Steal half of cat's breakfast. Only penalty a scratch on the nose.

9:15-9:20. Wag tail.

9:20-9:50. Hopefully beg for a piece of muffin from Bud. Mrs. Jones reminds him "that awful dog is not to be fed at the table."

9:51. Success. A piece of muffin from Bud. I sure like that kid.

10:00-11:00. Down in cellar after mice. Poor sport. They won't let you get within ten yards of them.

11:15. Swipe a nice chop. Cook sees me. Swallowed.

11:15½. Curious pains in mid-section.

11:16. Pains continue.

11:20. Worse.

11:23. Oh, what a life.

11:30. Still kicking, but feebly.

11:33. Prepare to die by the stove.

11:40-12:20. Dozing. Those pains will kill me. Oh, why did I eat that chop?

12:25. Dinner. I actually don't want it.

12:30. Bud gives me a piece of candy. O. K. More. I go out and have a small amount of grass.

12:32. Getting hungry.

12:33. Eat dinner—also half of the cat's dinner. She scratches me on the back right leg when I'm not looking. N. B. Get her later for that.

1:00. Feeling fine. Go out to look for excitement.

1:00-1:30. So called excitement chasing a new cat in the neighborhood. Rather tame. (The excitement, not the cat.)

1:30-2:30. Loaf.

2:30. Frighten a bird by licking my chops.

3:00. Oh what a dead day.

3:30. I am thoroughly convinced that this is an extremely dull day.

3:45. Not so dull, I think I see a chance for a fight with a stranger who has suddenly appeared on the street.

3:47. We advance on each other.

3:48-4:00. Growl (I still await the fight.)

4:01-4:20. Expectations fulfilled.

4:30. Limp home. That was pretty good. There's Bud. He's going to give me a bath. I can tell. I'll try to escape. I don't think it will work.

4:32. I am convinced it won't work.

4:33. It didn't.

4:40. Curses.

4:41. More curses. This is awful.

They put me in a tub and half drowned me. They put soapy water over me;—eyes, nose, mouth, tail—everywhere. Ugh! I often wish I were not a white dog. I get dirty too easily. Gee, I hate this. I don't like the taste of soap.

1:50. All over. Thank Heavens! "Now," says Mrs. Jones, "he looks like a respectable dog." Then she ties a "cute little pink ribbon" around my neck. Just imagine it! A piece of ribbon. Of all insults. And it tastes bad too.

5:00. Outdoors. Now for a mud puddle. Oh boy! Nice oozy mud. Gee what a life! That's that. G-rrr, that for the ribbon.

5:10. Now await the family.

5:20-6:00. This is my favorite pastime—inspecting garbage cans. Gee, that was a choice piece of orange peel. A stale piece of bread. Not so good.

6:00. Guess I'll go home and eat.

6:10. Don't care much for my dinner tonight.

6:12. Pretty good.

6:20-8:00. Beauty nap.

8:01. Exploring expedition. That piece of bread I had doesn't set so good.

8:03. Down in the coal-bin.

8:01. Much better.

8:06. Continue expedition.

8:15. No excitement.

8:20. Upstairs into Mrs. Jones' room. Eat a few chunks off pair of vermilion slippers. Pretty good for Mrs. Jones.

8:30. Getting sleepy.

8:50. Still sleepy. (Darn those fleas.)

9:00-11:00 Doze and scratch alternately.

11:05. Decide to leave kitchen and go around the house.

11:05½. Just as I leave Mrs. Jones enters. I do not leave.

11:15. She put out the light and says "Good night, you nasty, dirty, good-for-nothing dog." I disdain reply but sigh. Thus ends the day. And tomorrow is Sunday. Oh gosh.

## LAMENT

MANUEL A. BENSON

The summer days are slowly passing by;  
The lengthening nights, the grimly greying  
sky  
Reveal the solemn truth that soon all  
things will die.

Each living plant; each fresh-eyed, grow-  
ing thing;  
Each glorious, verdant tree which bloomed  
in spring;  
Must listen while its unrelenting death-  
notes ring.

The grass, the plants, the flowers,—all  
things that grow—  
Will soon be 'neath a dismal shroud of  
snow;  
And through the naked branches winds of  
death will blow.

I fear a drooping flower in yonder glen  
Has loosed this flow of sorrow from my  
pen—  
Be still—will not this joy return to earth  
again?



# THE GENTLEMANLY ATHLETE

DONAL M. SULLIVAN

This Story Received Honorable Mention in the Traveler Short Story Contest

**M**EANDERING about the campus of Boarman Academy might be seen the tall angular apparition which answered to the name of "Halliburton." Halliburton was an unimportant member of that lowly body known as "freshmen." Among his fellows he was accorded the distinctive appellation of "shark." Halliburton did have high grades, perhaps due to the working of the law of compensation. But Halliburton was not content; he longed to attain athletic prominence among his fellows or at least to bask in the warmth of the inner circle of the school's heroes. To this lofty goal did Halliburton aspire. He dreamed of the delightful hour when he might walk side by side with the captain of the football team, and sense that bond which exists between fellow athletes. To be sure, he was a patient youth, for he did not hope for immediate reward, but would be content if during his senior year his ambition were realized.

So in his own peculiar way, he systematically and perfunctorily set out to make every team. He appeared upon the gridiron to try his luck at football. He thought, in his blissful ignorance, that he was progressing famously. But when the day of reckoning, that of the first cut, arrived, Halliburton found himself in the exterior darkness, excluded from the light of membership on the team. Two days passed during which he was immersed in the waters of disappointment, and then he reached the decision that, after all, he was not the right type for football. It was a rough, nasty game anyway.

Halliburton was not a physical marvel. True, he was possessed of two legs (as is the case with most mortals). But his legs were not mighty; on the contrary, they

were scrawny, and resembled segments of broomstick as they extended upward from Halliburton's large feet. His chest was flat, he had "wings," his stomach protruded, his knees bowed, and his was a woeful appearance in general.

Yet, in the pursuance of his sublime ambition, he ignored and perceived not these sad truths but steadfastly proceeded.

His next choice was between hockey and track. He selected hockey, and his career was, though slightly more prolonged, almost the exact replica of his football achievement. He then attempted baseball. Here again, his sad history repeated itself.

At the start of his sophomore year, he considered gravely what might be the best course to follow. He decided upon track, that sport which is chiefly individual. He believed he saw therein the opportunity for which he had hoped, and abandoned the project of making every team. "For," thought he, "they depend too greatly upon the coach, the mob. In track my individuality will shine."

Daily he worked out with the stumbling herd. He assured himself that at last he was nearing his goal. Then came the first meet. Halliburton entered the fifty-yard dash, that haven of those who wish to be considered track men without advertising their inferiority. In his trial heat he won sixth place by a wide margin. There were seven in the heat, and the seventh man fell at the start. Another week passed and another. When the team competed at home, Halliburton was there in all his glory. But when the team traveled, did Halliburton accompany it? Halliburton did not.

A year passed with Halliburton still striving mightily, but as yet without reward.

In his junior year he placed third in a meet. His classmates were well aware of the fact for some time after.

As a result of his constant practice, however, in his senior year he began to show promise as a "miler." He had but little speed, but he had acquired stamina. He steadily improved, and at last it seemed within the realm of possibility that he might win his "B," the password of the hallowed inner circle.

Finally came the "letter" meet with Juggins Prep. Ages and ages passed—so it seemed to the eager Halliburton—before his race was called.

Our hopeful got on his mark, bearing fresh in his mind the instruction of some well-wisher that a gentleman never runs an opponent wide when about to be passed.

*Bang!* They're off! But where is our Halliburton? He is sitting upon the

track, upon which he has been hurled. He rises and starts in pursuit. At the end of the third lap, by Herculean efforts, Halliburton has gained third position. He remains thus until the gun lap, when he hears a Nemesis at his heels.

"Run wide! run wide!" shriek the rooters for the green and pink of Boarman Academy.

But our hero resists the temptation, and hugs the pole. The runner passes him. Halliburton, the thought of that "B" dangling before his consciousness, starts an inspired rush. He reaches his adversary's shoulder. But does the other lad keep to the pole? No, he is a runner. Poor Halliburton cannot pass, and the race is finished, and also are his hopes for the coveted "B."

Halliburton rejoices in the knowledge of his gentlemanliness,—though he has no letter.

## NEW ENGLAND

W. J. CALLAGHAN

**P**ROBABLY we of the Latin School have as large an appreciation of the traditions and background of "Puritan America" as any other group of New Englanders. Also, presumably, we take an interest in its development that is a bit broader than that of most of our contemporaries.

Inasmuch as a certain amount of attendance in the Assembly Hall is an invariable feature of the Latin School's program, I imagine most of us are familiar with the list of names on the wall there. Quite likely, however, the significance of their order and importance has been overlooked.

Beginning the list are the names of the foremost men of Early America: Mather, Franklin, Emerson—all these had an influence upon American thought and history that has been important and lasting.

If we should attempt to think of addi-

tional names there would be considerable difficulty in finding more than one or two. To avoid any misunderstanding I should like to say that there is most certainly one—George Santayana—whose work as a poet and philosopher has already brought him considerable honor. But I believe there would be a dearth of companions for him.

This situation in our own school is very interesting, but more significant still is the fact that the same conditions are everywhere present in New England. When one contrasts the record of the past with that of the present it is apparent that New England is being rapidly left with nothing but a Dead-Sea apple of tradition. And the rapidity of development of the situation is not its least astonishing feature. It was comparatively only a short time ago that

Thoreau, Hawthorne, Howells, Poe, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, and more recently still Adams.

William and Henry James, and their satellites made New England the center of whatever culture America had managed to attain. Perhaps only a few of these men can be considered really remarkable, but it is quite certain that they were the *colossi* of their time. So firmly were they established that one sees the figure of Mark Twain, humbly presenting his work for the approval of a Gilder and a Howells, either of whom he could have eaten without perceptible alteration of his waist-line.

And yet despite this period of literary monopoly we have now only two writers of the first rank—Robert Frost and Edwin Arlington Robinson. Meanwhile other sections of the country have produced Dreiser, Anderson, Lewis, Sinclair, Cabell, O'Neill, Cather, Zona Gale, Wharton, Hergesheimer, Sandburg, Masters, Lindsay, and a score of others. Yet there is no lack of material for a New England litera-

ture. Even a cursory reading of Frost's "North of Boston" reveals a mine of tragic circumstances which he alone has drawn from. And still he is concerned with only a comparatively small segment of New England. Upton Sinclair's "Boston" is the first novel to treat of another most interesting group (one could wish that someone besides Upton had dealt with them. There is much more novel than propaganda to be found there). Here in Boston there is material for a dozen Andersons, sordid and often darkly tragic but of a sort that would make a tremendously gripping novel in the hands of a skillful and intelligently outspoken man. And it is there that we find our chief lack—frankness. Please do not interpret me as advocating the excited and small-boyish obscenity of the ultra-moderns, but human nature is a thing which requires a certain amount of outspokenness. For a novelist "morbidty" is far more healthy than the inhibited condition with which we are so familiar if a change *must* be made.

## RENUNCIATION AT MIDNIGHT

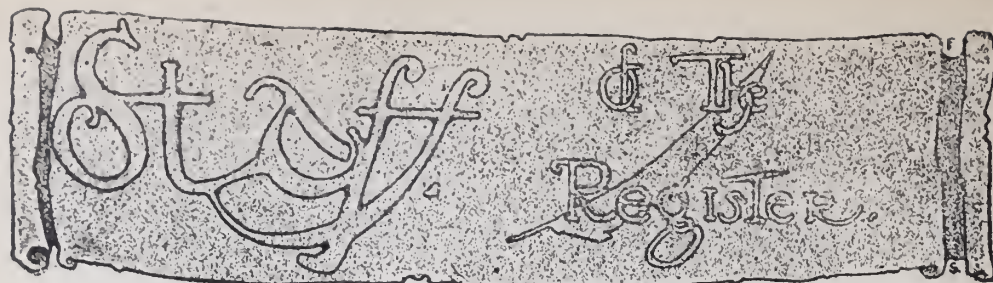
(After three hours hard study)

HARRY SHERSHEVSKY

I am weary of this life,  
Its stale delights  
Hold not joy for me;  
Far have I roamed  
And everywhere learnt  
That Death  
With its tender oblivion  
Is the one Blessing of Man.  
I would  
In my embrace  
Eternal Mors enfold,  
So dreaded by  
The ignorant Living dust;  
Then should I secure

The Only true  
Everlasting Bliss.  
I would the glories  
Of Paradise explore  
Or the horrors  
Of Hell endure;  
From Life to Death  
Is but an inch,  
From sleep  
To Conscious,  
But a rude awake.  
I would with Socrates  
Debate;  
What is Life?





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## OUR POLICY

A NEW year is here. New boys are entering the school. The students have new subjects to study, new masters to instruct them, new rooms, new friends,—everything is new. Things have changed from time immemorial. They will continue to change for many years to come.

So it is with the *Register*. A new Staff has taken up the work of publishing the school magazine, and the new Editor must make a choice of policies and decide the manner in which the *Register* is to be conducted. Our purpose is to present to the school a magazine that appeals; a magazine that satisfies the students' idea of what a good magazine should be. Of course we realize that it is next to impossible to appeal to everyone, but we wish to approach as nearly as possible that acme of perfection,—a magazine that has a general appeal. We feel that since the *Register* is maintained for the most part on the subscription of the students, it should satisfy them. It should be a magazine of, by, and for the students.

We feel that a lower classman's support is as desirable as that of an upper classman and so we shall make a conscientious endeavor to present material of interest to students of the lower classes as well as to those of the upper classes. To accomplish this end, a series of special issues has been arranged. They are:—



NOVEMBER—FOOTBALL NUMBER  
DECEMBER—CHRISTMAS NUMBER  
FEBRUARY—FICTION NUMBER  
MARCH—HUMOR NUMBER  
APRIL—ALUMNI NUMBER  
JUNE—YEAR BOOK

**S**TORIES will be published according to their respective merit. We shall do our best to keep the Fiction Department up to the high standard of our predecessors. The Sports Department will be *complete*. The Editor of this department will do his utmost to give the students a clear, concise report of all athletic activities engaged in by the representatives of the school. New covers and cartoons will be used when they are available. We realize that "humor is the spice of life" and we shall attempt to supply plenty of spice. An accurate account of all activities will be given in the School Notes Department. This is an essential part of every School magazine. A column will also be devoted to reviewing the latest books. Opinions regarding their merit and suggestions for the students will be included. This column was tried for the first time last year and was so successful that it is now a regular feature of the *Register*.

"The student body should realize," says the Editor of 1926 in the October issue of that year, "that a magazine cannot exist without literary material. Reading matter, cartoons, contributions of all sorts are the foundation of success in any publication. The *Register Staff* itself cannot hope to do all; the students, the subscribers *must* help. Essays, stories, editorials, interesting events about school, things that your classmates, and *you*, enjoy, all are desired. If you have an aptitude for art, please bring in some of your work; new covers, department heads and cartoons are always welcome. Here is a natural outlet for your ideas,—use it; here is a means of presenting your thoughts to all of us,—use it! Do not feel that your efforts are not acceptable—only through practice may anyone approach perfection." Help the Staff! Then we can publish a magazine that appeals. Feel that you are helping to publish your magazine. These are the only requests we make: Write in *ink* on white composition paper; write on *one* side of the paper only; put your name, room, and class in the upper left hand corner of the first page, (number all pages); and put the approximate number of words in the upper right hand corner. Drawings should be on good, white drawing paper, in India Drawing Ink, about twice the size they will appear when published.

If you have no ability to write or draw, at least give us your suggestions. What do you think of the *Register*? What do you like about it? What don't you like? Why? Let us know. Then we can remedy our faults and make it a better *Register*. Our purpose is to please you. It is *your* magazine. *You* help make it a success.

## THE NEW YEAR

**T**HE *Register Staff* takes this opportunity to welcome back the large number of students who satisfactorily completed last year's work and are with us again to continue their march in the big parade which eventually leads them to their various walks of life. To those who are in the school for the first time, we extend a cordial

welcome and a bit of advice. To those struggling young neophytes who some day hope to see their names on the walls of the Latin School beside those of the illustrious Hancock, Emerson, Franklin and Hale, we say but this,—study! Hard work is the only possible assurance of promotion. Remember that you are a part of a great institution in which you should take great pride and which wants to take even greater pride in you. We hope that you realize that it is a privilege, yes a great honor to attend the Latin School. It is America's oldest institution, being founded in 1635, five years after the settling of Boston. Not only is it rich in tradition but also rich in honor, claiming as its sons some of the greatest men the world has ever known. We feel sure that you *are* proud to be a student at this great seat of learning and we feel equally sure that you will do your best to uphold the honor and traditions of the School. So remember our advice and study!

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## CYNICISM IN SCHOOL PAPERS

AT THE recent exercises at Dartmouth College, President Hopkins spoke very wisely. He took occasion to deplore the affected cynicism of many undergraduates and their inclination to belittle those who still are guided by the beliefs and conventions of a generation ago. In particular, he assailed the columns of student publications. He branded the editors of these magazines as cynics.

"A cynic," says the dictionary, "is a morose man characterized by an ostentatious contempt for riches, arts, science, and amusements." Surely, the youthful contributors to school papers cannot be placed in this category. They are young. They are enjoying their happiest days and their outlook on life should be one of optimism rather than of cynicism. They possess the buoyancy of youth. It is rare that a boy assumes an unnatural cloak of vast knowledge and worldly importance. George Meredith says "Cynicism is intellectual dandyism." We admit that some youthful aspirant for effect may assume an air of superiority and profundity in order that he may rise above other fellows and criticise them. A boy whose individuality does not make him stand out may cultivate an attitude of skepticism in order to make an impression, but it is only an affectation. That attitude by no means guarantees that the mind has really wrestled with the problems of existence. To the contrary, it is not a normal attitude of youth to be cynical, pessimistic, or misanthropic, to sneer at the moon. An attitude out of character is always open to suspicion of being insincere.

Lest there be a measure of justice in President Hopkins' indictment, let us remember cynicism never did any good. No one ever held a cynic in great awe or thought him the possessor of a marvelous brain because of his sneering and snarling. It is humanism, not cynicism that makes a great man. History tells us that Menedemas, one of the perpetrators of cynicism, was a *madman*. In our opinion, so are *all* cynics. One of the unloveliest spectacles of life is a morose *man*. How much more odious, then, is a *youthful cynic*?

E. W. F.

# THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR

LESTER S. KORITZ

*"Story of Distinction," Traveler Short Story Contest*

WITH evident disgust, Stuffy Burke picked up the valise and bade a gruff farewell to someone in the "laboratory." Stuffy had a right to be disgusted. His best carrier had been nabbed last week and he had to cover the route himself. Not that Stuffy had any fear of Patrolman O'Brien; by no means. But matters were coming to a pretty pass when the president of Boston's most reliable bootlegging firm had to carry "stuff" himself. It simply wasn't being done. But he didn't have another good man, and the cops had an eye on his headquarters. Stuffy sometimes wondered what he'd do for a living if this prohibition business hadn't opened a profession for him. Yep, it was a boon to humanity.

The official limosine was parked four blocks away. It had seen better days, and showed signs of its service. Its mudguards were dotted with dents of all shapes and sizes, its seats were more spring than cushion, and its gait hesitating. Nevertheless, it served Stuffy's purpose. Stuffy told himself that his trusty chariot had been parked at a distance to divert the suspicion of Officer O'Brien, but deep down in his heart he knew that the relic could never stand those four blocks of merciless cobblestone.

Dusk was now setting in. Stuffy strolled leisurely down Washington street. Funny, the street seemed empty. Hardly any passers-by in sight. Then Officer O'Brien rounded the corner of a nearby side street. Stuffy, on the alert, turned slowly down the alley he had reached, and walked on. But his outward calm masked inward con-

sternation. O'Brien shouldn't have been within six blocks of the place! Stuffy ambled on. Here was another alley. He'd better turn down.....

Crack! Stuffy Burke went down in a heap. He could not feel a hand entering his various pockets, could not realize that emptiness was where his watch should have been. He could not sense the hard pavement, or the growing lump on his pate. Stuffy was in the land of Peaceful Oblivion.

Just long enough to ascertain the regular footfalls of Officer O'Brien did Chloroform Joe cease his labors. That sufficed. Joe ran. And Officer O'Brien ran after him. It was interesting to watch that race, in which the wiry, light-footed blackjack-wielder was pitted against the husky but speedy policeman.

On they sped. The guardian of the law was gaining. Joe spurted. Right by the delapidated car on the corner flew his feet. Then he gave in, exhausted. His strength was gone. This would be his third time up; a long term for his.

Suddenly the near-triumphant patrolman slackened his pace. Then he stopped completely. What in the —er— dickens was this useless piece of tin doing so near a hydrant? He measured the distance. Yep, eight feet, five inches. So that was the way the owner of this bus obeyed the law? Well, he'd show the guy. And Officer O'Brien entered a nearby doorway to await the real criminal. Of all the dirty nerve! Never mind the blackjack slinger. Here was a flagrant offense, inexcusable and criminal!

Chloroform Joe, it must be noted, lost



no time in departing. Opportunity had knocked. A worse crime than any on his long record was about to be finished. Why, he was only a harmless lead piper, but a guy that parked too near a hydrant!

Approximately twenty minutes later, Stuffy Burke returned to his senses—such as they were. What was it all about? Where was he? Then he began to comprehend, slowly and dimly. His head felt like a World War battlefield. And the unpleasant lump on his cranium was Gargantuan size.

But the stuff must be delivered. He finally managed to reach an erect position, and picked up the valise. Fearfully he shook it. What a break! Nothing broken! He started out, reeling; two blocks to go.

Officer O'Brien was well toward the completion of his second stogie as Stuffy rounded the corner. He staggered dazedly toward the car. For a moment he leaned against the hydrant. Then he entered his limousine, and sat down in a slowly evaporating stupor.

Smack! The broad palm of Officer O'Brien's hand landed firmly, but not gently, on his shoulder. And for ten minutes Stuffy listened to a monologue on the subject of his crimes, what terrible catastrophes might result therefrom, and to what punishments he was liable. He was then lifted bodily to the sidewalk, dragged along the pavement, and held in a semi-standing position for several minutes. Officer O'Brien was telephoning—Stuffy caught a few words.

"Not violent, but can't tell.... Quick... Yeah, about ten'll do.... Got him now, but he may have a gat.... Huh—huh Quick, now."

Stuffy's clearing brain taught him that he was the criminal. Had they found the

stuff? No, the cop's lecture was about something else. What was it? Oh, yes, he was too near a hydrant? Ye gods! Now he was in for it! He'd be working the rest of his life to pay the fine!

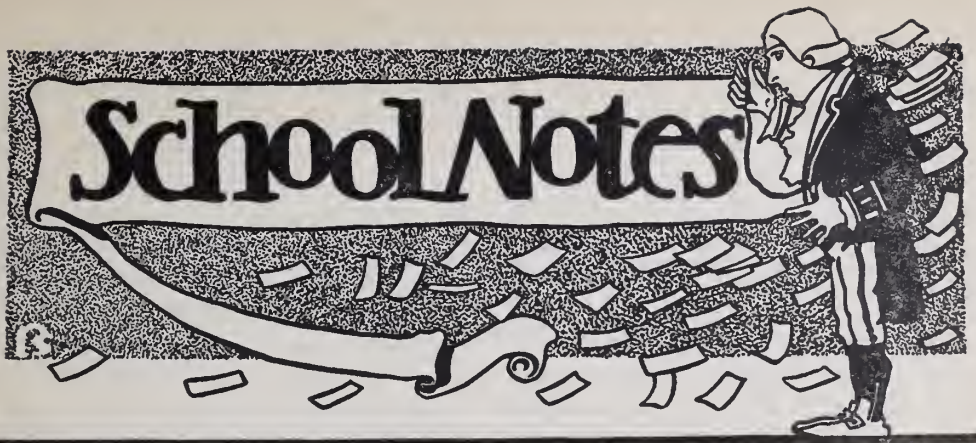
Then minutes later a blue truck drove up. A dozen bluecoats jumped out, laid rough hands on the bewildered Stuffy, and half-dragged, half-carried him to the wagon. He was unceremoniously thrown inside and four officers remained to watch him. These vicious criminals were not to be trusted.

A blue roadster came up, and the police captain jumped out. He walked up to the smiling O'Brien, patted him on the shoulder, shook hands with him, and praised him copiously. The dutiful officer blushed modestly.

Suddenly a shout went up. A pair of reserves had been examining Stuffy's cab. In response to the captain's inquiry they held up the opened valise; here was a sight for the captain's sore eyes. O'Brien, however was dumbfounded. Finally it dawned upon him that his was the glory for unearthing a big bootlegging organization. That meant a medal!

The triumphant and smiling patrolman was borne to the station on the shoulders of several reserves, who had meanwhile come up. About a dozen reporters crowded around O'Brien and the captain seeking for details. Here was a good feature. The happy patrolman's life history was published, an authentic (?) story of his fierce battle with the villainous bootlegger, and a denunciation of all law-breakers who parked within ten feet of a hydrant, as well as other unscrupulous criminals.

Thus was Boston's greatest bootlegging firm broken up and its chairman punished.



AS MOST of you are no doubt aware, the Public Latin School officially opened its doors Thursday, September 13. Fired with ambition, a large percentage of last year's student body returned. Fired with an even greater desire to succeed and eager for a taste of the new adventure, the incoming classes, VI and IVB entered the sacred portals of the Latin School. This year the school has close to two thousand students. This is the greatest number which we have ever had in the school at the same time, and further proves the contention that a classical training is becoming more and more popular.

So many pupils have enrolled that it has been found necessary to find accommodations for some of our students in the home of our friends across the street, the High School of Commerce. They have kindly allowed some of our IVB classes to use their extra rooms. We still have Class VI in the Roxbury Annex where they were last year.

\* \* \*

Drill, this year, is a much harder proposition than ever before. Added to the usual number of calls are six IVB rooms of new drillers. All companies are composed of either five or six squads. It seems as though Colonel Penney's wish is to come true, viz: to win the inter-regimental drill with a six-squad company.

Although Mr. Rich, Mr. Ryan, and Mr. Dale have left us, the faculty is larger than it was last year. The services of several teachers have been secured and they are now teaching here or in the annex across the street.

Though not a new teacher, we take the occasion to welcome Mr. Rice, the head of the physics department, back to Latin School. He had been in Europe during the past year on a leave of absence.

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Mr. L. V. Motley is a graduate of Boston College and previously taught at East Boston High School. He is an instructor in history and geography and is master of room 206-A.

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Mr. Marnell, master of room 206-B, is a son of our Alma Mater. He is also a graduate of Boston College, where for one year he edited the *Eaglet*, the Boston College periodical. He teaches Latin.

\* \* \*

Mr. Sands formerly taught at the High School of Commerce and Cambridge Latin School. He is a Harvard graduate. He teaches English in room 214.

\* \* \*

This is the first time that Mr. Nash, master of room II, annex, has ever taught in Boston. He comes to us after having taught in Brookline. He is a Tufts College graduate and teaches mathematics.

Mr. Tuson of the division across the street has been here before.

\* \* \*

Mr. Beaver, Boston College graduate, comes to us from Memorial High School, where he was an instructor in mathematics. He is master of room 101.

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Mr. E. P. O'Callahan, master of room 212-B is another Boston College graduate now teaching at B. L. S. Previous to this, he taught at Boston College and Boston College High School. He now teaches Latin and Greek.

\* \* \*

If any Latin School graduate were to return and go up to room 316 expecting to find Mr. Ralph Quinn, he would find an entirely different person, Mr. Frederick G. Getchell, head of the department of German. He has come from Mechanic Arts High School, where as head of the department of French and German, he has led the students through the intricacies of those languages; Mr. Getchell has taught at M. A. H. for the last twenty years. From 1898 to 1908 he was associated with three schools. Chatham High had him as principal for two years; he was headmaster of a New Hampshire high school for five years and he was an instructor at Rindge Tech for three years. Mr. Getchell was graduated from Colby in '98 and afterwards took graduate courses at Harvard and Boston University.

\* \* \*

Candidates for the band reported to Mr. Sardillo in the assembly hall on Monday, September 17. About sixty boys came. The officers have not yet been chosen. Rehearsals are on Monday and Wednesday afternoons at 2.30.

\* \* \*

Banking began on Tuesday, September 25. See your room bankers for details.

Hurrah! Our library—minus-the-librarian days are over. No longer will ambitious and non-ambitious scholars absent-mindedly walk off with books and unintentionally forget to return them. We have a librarian now, Mr. Lee Dunn, a former Latin School boy who, after four years absence, has come back again to be a guardian to our books. Mr. Dunn looks upon the maltreatment of books as the greatest offense in all criminology. He hopes to make the library more home-like than ever, ministering to the literary needs and wants of the fifth classman as well as the first classman. There are about 8000 volumes now in the library. Cards are now available.

\* \* \*

On Tuesday, September 18 the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to be, reported to Mr. Wagner in the assembly hall. The prospect for next year is very bright, the majority of the veterans returning. Several "new bloods" also presented themselves to do their bit for B. L. S. These were enrolled and tested as to their musical ability and that was all. The first gathering of the orchestra was over.

\* \* \*

Milk is no longer served in the lunch room. By that, it is not meant that milk has been ostracised from the daily menu. No, far be it from that. Milk can be had in the skull room.—Skull room! What a place to put a fellow's baby food! It sounds as if it might be a little closet in the Harvard Medical School. We in the sanctum feel that certain fellows who used to buy milk at school will not do so now because of the extra steps. We wonder if we are mistaken?

\* \* \*

If on any Thursday afternoon now, you should hear coming from the inner recesses of the hall what sounds to you like a grand concert by the stars of the Metropolitan



Opera Company, don't be surprised to find that it is the Latin School Glee Club rehearsing. The call for members was very well responded to on September 20. Our own Mr. Hamblin (what would a B. L. S. Glee Club do without him?) was there to welcome both veterans and newcomers.

A membership greater than those of all other years is desired. It is one of the finest organizations in school, furnishing its members with worthwhile instructions and profitable entertainment. Oh, you Carusos; Aha, you Hayes'. Throw aside your masks of modesty and enroll *now!* Election of officers will be held in October.

\* \* \*

"One, two, three, fo-o-ur; one, two, three, fo-o-ur; hey there! You're out 'o step." It's begun all over again. The agony of marching over that slippery gym floor! It's positively killing on the morals and on the feet. And yet, after spending forty-five minutes on that hardwood, mahogany, redwood, pine, iron, steel, cement, brick (take your choice) floor, someone remarks, "What do you do for exercise?"

\* \* \*

The first assembly of the year was held in the hall on Tuesday, October 2, with most of the rooms of the first and second class present. For the first time since the opening of the new building, the third class was not present. In accordance with the immemorial tradition of the school, the fourth chapter of the Book of Proverbs was read.

Mr. Campbell then spoke, advising complete concentration in class and total abstinence from "class-skipping." He explained the system for detecting indulgers in this pastime. The present first class was praised for its record in the college board—examinations and notice taken of the increasing stringency of the college entrance requirements.

Mr. Campbell then stated his reasons for believing that the defacers of the Egyptian Room in the Art Museum were guilty of slander when they claimed membership in the Latin School. As Mr. Campbell said, no sixty members of the Latin School were ever likely to be found in the museum at one time.

\* \* \*

Extra-curricula activities are usually of importance in a schoolboy's life. Most boys are members of some organization or group or team that lends a bit of color to the otherwise drab routine of lessons. There are literary clubs, debating clubs, chess clubs, chemistry clubs, athletic groups, and many others. Hence the average schoolboy should have no excuse for not participating in some activity. Surely he's interested in *something*.

To the boys of Class III, in particular, there are openings for a few activities that provide not only interesting work, but valuable training, and excellent experience. These are the chances for membership on the "Register" staff, in either the editorial or the business branch. The Class III editors are not chosen until November. Until then there is ample opportunity for two ambitious young students to write one or more stories, essays, editorials, or articles and, if the contributions are of sufficient merit, to secure positions on the staff. In most cases, Class III editors later become Editor-in-chief and Managing Editor in their Class-year. And it is important to note that *this year's Class III editors will very probably supervise the publication of the "Register" in its fiftieth year*. The importance of having capable and efficient boys in the directing positions can not be minimized. For willing and industrious persons to take over the job, this year's staff is looking toward Class III. It is hoped and expected that suitable boys will be found.

The school's showing in the Boston Traveler's annual short story contest was not so good last year as the year previous. However, we were among the foremost. Harry Shershevsky, '30, won seventh prize. Among the "Stories of Distinction," were found those of Lester S. Koritz, '29, and Arnold Isenberg, '28; William F. Egan, '28, and Donal M. Sullivan, '29, received honorable mention. It is to be hoped that next year's contest will have more Latin School boys among its winners.

Nicholas Murray Butler says: "An educated man is a man who can do what he ought to do when he ought to do it whether he wants to do it or not." Are *you* an educated man?

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To all those boys who are interested in joining the band! Instructions in brass instruments are being given every Tuesday at 2.30 in room 117.

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## NOTES ON THE CAMPAIGN

W. J. CALLAGHAN

*(Before proceeding to business, I should like, with all due modesty, to state my unique qualifications as a commentator on national politics. I am that long-sought for creature, "the absolutely unbiased observer." My sole interest in the Presidential Election is an academic one that would be gratified by the election of any or none of the candidates.)*

### *A Wee Suggestion*

I HAVE observed in many of the daily sheets of this fair city, paragraphs lauding Mr. Hoover for his disregard of the religious issue in the campaign. Might I be permitted to remark that Mr. Hoover's particular creed has not as yet been assailed by Heflin, Willebrandt and Co. as a source of political discord? Should Mr. Hoover be accused of nefarious plotting with Dr. Stratton for some ungodly end, he might break his now quite naturally undisturbed silence.

### *Dame Rumour on the Witness-Stand*

If one can judge by the statements in the papers of the two major parties, *all* the candidates spend their time in breaking the 18th Amendment before reputable witnesses.

### *Modesty in Strange Places*

One of the most admirable points about

Mr. Hoover is his reticence concerning his own extremely good record. At any rate this campaign will settle the question of whether or not "it pays to advertise." At least one president has been elected upon a "silence is golden" platform. Why not another? It is still a novel political system.

### *An Echo of the Past*

The tariff has been so long absent from politics that it is with the sense of welcoming an old friend that we greet its reappearance. Cuban sugar may clay on enough Westerners to materially affect the issue.

### *The Result of the Election*

With so much calculation as to how the people will vote no writer has yet presented the answer. And yet it is simplicity itself: most of the Republicans will vote for Hoover, most of the Democrats will vote for Smith. The wet Republicans and the dry Democrats will about even up so that leaves the Indians to decide the election. Curtiss is guaranteed one-quarter Indian but then Smith is in favour of fire-water. If anyone will bring a coin down to the Sanctum I will gladly flip it and decide the question (at that, this is the first election in years in which such esoteric methods were necessary).



# Book Reviews



## BLADES

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

**G**HOSTS! That's where Jasper Elias Bernadotte Blades went—into a "Company of Ghosts." Few people, I believe, would relish the idea of spending their lives among people of another world. But, dear reader, do not be misled. They were not of another world—they lived in Maine.

Jasper Blades, affectionately known to his friends as "Barnaby the Barnacle," because of his tenacious hold on any thing he undertook, is the hero of McCutcheon's latest book. After distinguishing himself in college as a football player, and later in the war as an aviator, he finally enters this harsh, cruel work-a-day world. Many a position he held only to be "bounced." Many a young lady he met only to become bored. But events such as these cannot make an interesting story. The author, therefore, has the happy-go-lucky "Barnacle" fall heir to his great-uncle's estate.

And now we come to the "Company of Ghosts." Off the beaten tracks, far from civilization lived a unique sect. It was a socialistic sort of colony: everyone worked for the good of the village; everyone gave

up his worldly interests on becoming a member; and all lived in complete harmony. The inhabitants wore the clothes of the Pilgrims. Their customs, manners and laws dated back to ancient times. Only few had seen the world outside New Scrooby, as the village was called. Price Dimmesdale, "Barnaby's" great-uncle had been one of the leading members. His death made "Barnaby" eligible for membership. Little more need be told. The "Barnacle" went for a trial period of three months to New Scrooby and fell in love with a very pretty "ghost." Complications arose because she loved him although engaged to another. Very conveniently the fiance decided to see the world he had never known and hero and heroine are free to marry.

It must be admitted that "Blades" was a severe disappointment. After hearing of the Graustark stories one does not expect so trite a plot. Aside from the plot, it was poorly written; action was slow; description could have been enlarged; and characterization, with the exception of a few spots, was indeed mediocre. But then, perhaps we are too hard on McCutcheon

His output at present is only about forty-five novels. By the time his sixtieth novel is published he may improve and compel us to retract our words.

### DESTINY BAY

DONN BYRNE

It is, indeed, most futile to attempt an explanation of Donn Byrne's charm. I once read an essay concerning him and his works which won for its writer the Yale Literary Prize. It was a good essay, but there was something lacking. Donn Byrne is himself and the only way to appreciate his genius is to read him.

In "Destiny Bay" he has written far better than in his last few works "Crusade," "Brother Saul" and "Hangman's House." The last mentioned was a beautiful but not well-planned story. His sentimental scenes approached maudlinism. In "Destiny Bay" he has eliminated all such over-done sentimentality.

"Destiny Bay" might be considered a novel. I prefer to think of it as a book of short stories. All but the last story pertain somehow to the MacFarlane family. In one we find out how Jenepher MacFarlane was wooed and won; in another, the American adventures of James Carabine, butler and friend, are told. And all but the concluding story are told by Kerry, heir to the MacFarlane estate. The tale directly relevant to Kerry ends the MacFarlane saga.

If you receive a copy of "Destiny Bay," which must be returned very quickly read first the "Tale of James Carabine" and then the "Tale of Kerry." P. B.

\* \* \*

### SWAN SONG

JOHN GALSWORTHY

To those of us who have already made the acquaintance of the indefatigable Forsytes, "Swan Song," will need no fur-

ther commendation than an announcement of its issue; for those of us who have not, a most agreeable surprise is waiting.

This final novel of the most excellent "Forsyte Saga" is unquestionably one of the finest books of a very productive year. It is distinguished not only by a beautiful and finished style but also by a skill in character portrayal that is only too rare. The somewhat uncertain handling of "The White Monkey" and "The Silver Spoon" has been redeemed by the sureness of execution which makes the earlier books so remarkable. For the first time since the story of Fleur and Jan's affair at Robin Hill, Mr. Galsworthy has made a really convincing person of Soame's disturbing daughter. After "Swan Song" Fleur takes a place with Soame, Old Jolyon, Timothy and the others in that gallery of vivid portraits which John Galsworthy has given to modern literature.

Any detailed discussion of plot in review of this length would naturally be rather fruitless, suffice it therefore to remark that "Swan Song" like most of the books, is very largely concerned with a major social event of modern England—the "General Stocke." As there is very little likelihood of another addition to the "Saga" without some similar condition, perhaps we may be forgiven for mildly desiring another such disturbance. If all national upheavals resulted in work of this delicacy and power there would be little cause for regretting them.

\* \* \*

### JOHN BROWN'S BODY

STEPHEN VINCENT BENET

This is the most ambitious popular production, in point of length, that has been published for a very long time. It contains some 380 pages of verse and covers the whole course of the Civil War. Nor is it remarkable for its length alone. Mr.

Benet has produced a narrative which is never uninteresting, always good, and occasionally exceptional. It displays, moreover, a versatility which is truly extraordinary. Almost every verse-form and meter as well as "plain" and polyphonic prose is employed before the tale reaches its close. Mr. Benet's poetic vocabulary is very extensive.

As an "historical novel," Mr. Benet's book is almost perfect. His story, although somewhat rambling is very skilfully told and leaves an undeniable impression. In spite of its intricacy of plot none of the half-dozen stories are left unfinished and there are no loose ends to the book.

As a poem, perhaps, "John Brown's Body" is not quite so excellent. There is a considerable unevenness to it and some (by comparison) very poor verse. Mr. Benet is especially weak when he employs a peculiar rather hysterical sort of prose. He reaches his highest point in the more conventional verse-forms. There is a distinct "Whitmanesque" touch, to the book which some will not like. However, it certainly entitles Mr. Benet to a much higher place among our poets than he has hitherto enjoyed.

If for nothing else, he deserves great credit for taking the Civil War as his period. The possibilities of this great period in American history have been strangely overlooked. "John Brown's Body" may not be considered a great book but it is certainly a very good one.

W. J. C.

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### SNAPSHOTS OF SCIENCE

EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Into this little book, written by the author of *Creative Chemistry*, have been gathered many articles recently published in *Science News Letter*. Doctor Slosson believes that developments in science are so rapid that the only way the non-techni-

cal reader can attempt to keep pace with them is by means of short articles or snapshots of four or five pages each. The subjects range from the beginning of the solar system to its probable end, considering on the way new methods of using former waste products, a rather superficial consideration of Einstein, and a host of other subjects. Most of the articles have been written to arouse our curiosity, which, in form, can be satisfied by referring to a fine bibliography and list of recent periodical articles in the appendix.

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### THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

WILLIAM STARR MYERS

### THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

FRANK R. KENT

These two volumes are peculiarly interesting this year when political fever is so high. Mr. Kent, whose narrative covers almost the whole period of our country's history, is a journalist of fine ability. Mr. Myers, a professor of history at Princeton, has considered the history of his party since its founding just previous to the Civil War. Both writers have tried to be impartial and have succeeded as well as can be expected. Mr. Kent's volume has been built around the five great figures of the party, while the other has written his story in a direct historical manner.

Surprising to us who so admire Lincoln is Mr. Myer's contention that he was not a popular president. He agrees with Mr. Kent that much of the Republican reconstruction in the south was unconstitutional. He believes that the Tilden-Hayes controversy was settled correctly but fails to convince one that Hayes was lawfully elected. Mr. Kent seems to have the advantage in this particular place. He records three secret incorrectly dated telegrams from Grant to Sherman, ordering troops into the doubtful southern states contrary to the



constitution and one telegram intended for publication. Mr. Myers only recalls the last one.

Mr. Kent is the better in critical analysis of political situations. He explains why the Democratic party, with four victories and thirteen defeats since 1860, has not disintegrated and sees a hopeful future ahead now that Bryan fanaticism is dead. Both writers agree that Wilson would have won in 1912 even if the Republican Party had not split. Mr. Myers is totally unable to appreciate Woodrow Wilson and does not see that Wilson's greatest mistake was that he trusted too much in the goodness of human nature. He is also unable to make us believe with him that Harding died from a broken heart brought on by the depredations of the men he had known and trusted. Mr. Myers is strictly orthodox and conservative in his treatment of the progressives whom Upton Sinclair calls the small voice

that is the conscience of the Republican Party.

He regards their resolutions and planks offered at the national conventions as lacking in common sense and honesty. He seems to forget that most of the ideas advanced by La Follette in the fifteen years preceding his death have afterwards been accepted by the very party that first repudiated them. It is evident from these two books that the Republican Party seeks in its candidate a conservative who can be depended upon to work for the parties welfare as seen through the eyes of its leaders. The Democrats, on the other hand, wander aimlessly about and quarrel bitterly among themselves until some crusader springs up to lead them on to Washington in search of liberal reforms, for the people at home and rewards for faithful service and patient waiting during the long years of Republicans rule.  
—W.C.Q.

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## ALUMNI NOTES

1860. We regret to report the death of *Frank Waldo Wildes* who died recently at the home of his son in Dartmouth. Mr. Wildes was a classmate at Harvard of Robert Lincoln and the only member of the class of 1864 to attend the class reunion of 1927. Mr. Wildes had retired from the real estate business in which he had spent his life only two years ago.

1896. *Mark H. Rogers* is now a member of the staff of the Beth Israel Hospital.

1896. *Hon. Walter Shueboub*, for many years a member of the Massachusetts Senate, is now associated with the firm of Williams and Fuller. *Mr. Williams* is also a Latin School Alumnus, of the class

of '81.

1900. *Elias Field* is now a member of the Staff of Instruction at Northeastern University Evening School of Law.

1901. *Leroy M. Miner* is also a member of the staff of Beth Israel Hospital.

1906. *Austin W. Cheever* has also been appointed a member of the staff at that hospital.

1909. *Coleman Silbert* has been reappointed a public administrator of Suffolk County.

1914. *Victor M. Hetherston* is now a member of the faculty of Milton Academy. *Mr. Hetherston* is an instructor in English and History.



*Football.* The word calls to the minds of some, those who sit in the stands, flashy end runs, brilliant plays, colorful action or crowded stadia. To others, those who play the game, it recalls tired bodies, aching muscles and desperate struggles.

Immediately after the close of the second day of school, one-hundred and fourteen of our student body assembled in Room 206. Coach Fitzgerald addressed the meeting with a brief, frank, snappy talk, among the principal points of which were eligibility, thorough knowledge of rules, training, perseverance, and punctuality. He remarked that there was a great need for concentration on the part of the individual, and said that those who are out for the position of guard should not indulge in the throwing of forward passes, as it were. He stated that all the positions were wide open, since there are few veterans in the squad.

A squad of one-hundred and thirty reported for practice on the following Monday. The squad was divided into five groups and practiced passing and charging. There was no grass drill. Uniforms were distributed on Tuesday, and similar practice was held. On Wednesday, Jupiter Pluvius intervened and the squad, ninety-five of them, sought refuge in the Skull Room, where they received instructions from Coach Fitzgerald on the rules. Thursday, the squad again took to the field.

On Friday, the tackling dummy was unearthed and pressed into service. At 11.30 o'clock, Saturday, the squad reported and was divided into teams for practice on charging and running through the plays which had thus far been given to them. Later, there was a scrimmage in which punt formation was practiced. The squad has been working hard all week, and will, on the Saturday of the following week, go forth to do battle with the St. Mark's aggregation.

The outlook is not roseate. Of the veterans and letter men who might have been expected to appear on the field, only five are eligible. H. Balkan, Tom Conner-ton, and Gilde are unavailable because of parental objection. "Bus" Flynn and Joe King are over age. Four years of competition eliminates Eddie Devin. There has also been an exodus. Krazewski has gone to Dorchester, Scrickus has departed English-ward, "Jiggs" Lillis is at B. C. High, and "Red" Hunt is enrolled at Lawrence. Of the other five, Bill Adler has an injured arm and is out of the game indefinitely and Dave Kopans has hurt his knee and is out for two weeks.

The squad is large, and willing to work, but the material, for the most part, is new, and green as it is new. At the end of a week's practice, however, several promising men seem to have been found. The

leading candidate, perhaps, for the quarter back berth, is Lachacz. Feins, a boy of splendid physique, seems good both at calling signals and as a half back. Other candidates for the backfield are Tracy, Goodwin, Warren, DeStefano, Ingalls, Joyce and Campana, all of whom appear to be good. A big fellow named Gould stands out as the leading aspirant for the position of center, although Murmes, Herman and Murphy are very much in the running for that position. Cohen, Zakon, Shea, Saklad, Weddleton, Gross, O'Hare, White, McKittrick, and Toland are all linesmen who are fighting hard to make the team. The leading candidate for tackle is Eddie Horovitz, a letter man and veteran who is likely to win his old position on the team. There are several good ends, among the best of whom, perhaps, are Loughran, Lynch, Murphy, La-Ronde, Wilson, Litchenstein, and Friedman. Loughran seems the peer of this group.

From these and the numerous others who comprise the squad, a fine team should be forthcoming; and that team, it is our duty to support.

\* \* \*

Once again our enrollment has increased. By the latest official count 2005 boys are now pupils in the Latin School. Of these, three hundred and four are in Classes V and VI. Those remaining are eligible for athletic competition. In years past it has been bewailed that there were too few boys in the school and that, therefore, good athletic teams were difficult to produce. If this has ever been true, it is now, by reason of our present large enrollment, *passee*. Let us hope that our teams will be benefited by our large numbers and that every boy who is not, for one reason or another, ineligible will take part in school athletics. The student body is directly

responsible for the success of the teams. The matter rests with you.

\* \* \*

The official Latin School football schedule for the season of 1928 is as follows:

Sept. 29—St. Mark's at Southboro

Oct. 6—Gloucester at Gloucester

Oct. 13—Groton at Groton

Oct. 20—Norwood at Norwood

Oct. 26—Commerce at Braves Field

Nov. 8—Trade at Braves Field

Nov. 14—Dorchester at Braves Field

Nov. 21—M. A. H. S. at Braves Field

Nov. 29—E. H. S. at Braves Field

\* \* \*

### THE ST. MARK'S GAME

A baptism of fire was administered to our inexperienced eleven in the opening game of the season, when, on September 29, we were defeated by St. Mark's by the score of 21-0. The game was harder fought than the score would seem to indicate. The superior team-work of our opponents was, in our opinion, the greatest factor in their victory. Another salient point in the St. Mark's play was their interference, which was most effective. Our tackling was not good.

To describe the individual play of the opposition would be difficult. They all played well, Captain Donald, who scored all the points, being the best. Of our fellows, we may say more. We have a fine quarter-back prospect in Rabinovitz, who made some fine runs.

Feins did most of the kicking, and he did it well. "Big George" Goodwin, with some more experience and the resultant sureness, should be good. Loughran played well at end, his veteran training standing him in good stead. Lawlor also looked promising at the end position. If "Little Joe" Dolan were a bit bigger, he would be hard to beat. "Eddie" Horovitz played well at tackle, and he seems to have



his position well in hand. Cohen and Driscoll were the other tackles. At guard were White, Weddleton, Downes and Murmes. Gould played a fine game at center, and was good both on offense and defense.

The game itself was nondescript. St. Mark's kicked off. Lachacz, who played a fine game throughout, received, and ran the ball back fifteen yards. There followed a series of punts from one side to the other, neither team caring to rush the ball much. Shortly before the close of the first quarter, however, St. Mark's brought the ball within striking distance of our goal. At the start of the second quarter, she struck, and with three successive line bucks, the ball was over our goal-line. Later in the period, St. Mark's again penetrated our defense, and scored. Both points-after-touchdown were scored. There was no tally during the third period, but late in the fourth, the opposition repeated its former performance. The game ended with the ball near midfield. We lost by three touchdowns and as many points thereafter, but the game served as excellent experience for the team.

The summary:

ST. MARK'S                      BOSTON LATIN

Benjamin, Babcock, re.

le., Lawlor, Dolan, Mellen  
Cumming, Choate, rt. . . lt., Cohen, Driscoll  
Porter, Robins, Goodyear, rg.

lg., Murmes, Downes, Weddleton  
Holder, Cabot, c. . . . c., Gould, Fitzgerald  
Bigelow, Welch, lg.

rg., White, Friedman, Eagan, Cohen  
Jenkins, Frothingham, lt. . . . rt., Horovitz  
Barton, le.

re., Loughran, Wilson, Fitzgerald  
Donald, qb. . . . qb., Goodwin, Rabinovitz  
Richardson, Channing, lhb.

rhb., Tracy, Ingalls  
Hall, Akin, rhb.

lhb., Joyce, Warren, Goodwin

Waters, Field, fb. . . . fb., Lachacz, Feins  
Referee: Park. Umpire: Velte. Lines-  
man: Hackett.

\* \* \*

## DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

No more appropriate start could be found for this column than a word about "Bill" Adler, our present football captain. Most of us have heard about the unfortunate injury which he sustained at C. M. T. C. this summer, through no fault of his or of the authorities. Possibly he will be able to play, perhaps not. But we hope for the best, Bill!

\* \* \*

At this time, Coach Charles Fitzgerald is beset by the rather difficult problem of suitably equipping one hundred odd hopeful aspirants to football honors with about sixty complete outfits. To our mind, this is not a matter of advanced mathematics, but one on which *Merlin* might well be called into consultation.

\* \* \*

Hey! They gave me two left shoes!

\* \* \*

Our sole "pansy" has damaged one of his stems, and is out of the game for a while. We could use some more of his calibre.

\* \* \*

One of the most sought-after individuals connected with Latin School football is the manager, Arthur Zanditon, he of the crimson crown. His assistants are as follows: I. Silverman and J. J. Donovan, Class II; J. F. Shea and M. Radlo, Class III; J. H. Jercival and M. J. O'Brien, Class IV.

\* \* \*

"There goes the 'press.'"

\* \* \*

Membership pins to the Latin School Athletic Association have been on sale for some time. If you have not yet subscribed, do so *now*.

*Manager !!*

\* \* \*

As we look across the scene of carnage in the rear of the school, we see a figure of Lilliputian proportions flitting hither and yon through the ranks of his mightier teammates. Who is this figure. He is "Little Joe" Dolan.

\* \* \*

The Fall Tennis Tournament is now in progress under the direction of Messrs. Rice and G. B. Cleary. There are seventy-one entries.

\* \* \*

Intramural football is now being conducted under the direction of Mr. G. B. Cleary. According to a new ruling, tag football only will be permitted.

\* \* \*

When some dauntless Daniel Boones in the employ of the city cleared the trackless jungles in the rear of the School, we heaved a sigh as we saw our dreams of a Latin School Field come true. Alas! Our sighs turned to tears when we heard that the field was not for our exclusive use. Time has shown the sad truth. During the last few days, we have seen from the *Sanctum* strange figures gamboling about the field. Yes, they are our neighbors from Girls' Latin School, and they seem to enjoy the gentle games they play there.

In the period previous to the improvements, they ventured not into the wilderness, while we, brave fellows, dared collect burrs there.

By right of exploration, if nothing else, the domain should be ours. There is no justice!

\* \* \*

According to the latest report, Harry Balkan, a letter man of last year, will be able to play football this year, contrary to expectation. This good news adds another veteran to the squad.

Another late rumor has it that Dave Kopans will soon be able to play as his knee is rapidly healing, and that Bill Adler's arm is showing daily improvement. We'll need them both.

\* \* \*

Everybody should start planning now to attend the first City League game with the High School of Commerce. Bring your entire vocal apparatus along!

\* \* \*

Harry Balkan, in his first day of practice, hurt his shoulder, and is out for a while. The injury is not serious, however.

\* \* \*

Captain Adler watched the game from the bench. George Goodwin was acting captain.

\* \* \*

Never speed through Framingham! Ask Morrison, Kopans, Sullivan, Adler, or Saklad, they know.

\* \* \*

Dave Kopans acted as linesman's assistant in the game. We'd rather see him play.

\* \* \*

It is easy to cheer a winning team. In fact, it is almost superfluous. The players who need your cheers are the ones who are losing. A cheer at the right moment is a bracer to a team discouraged by defeat, as it shows them that the fellows are behind them. A cheer after a touchdown has been scored against them is worth much more than one when they have scored. Bear this in mind.

\* \* \*

Cheering, like football, requires organization. There will be a need for a compact cheering section, in our games, if this



organization is to be effective. The success of the matter depends on the cheer leaders and on the student body. They must co-operate.

\* \* \*  
"Which is the way to Gloucester?"  
\* \* \*

Lachacz and Captain Adler watched from the bench in the second game. Campana was the acting captain.

\* \* \*  
Most of us thought the "Y" swimming pool to be the best thing in the town.  
\* \* \*

\* \* \*  
"This ain't a town, it's a city."  
\* \* \*

From Gloucester to Rockport is not the best way to get to Boston. Attention: Mr. Bus Driver.

\* \* \*  
**Whoopie! Goal Posts!**  
\* \* \*

## THE GLOUCESTER AFFAIR

**I**T HAPPENED on October 6. Gloucester won. The score was 13-0. That is my story, and I am going to stick to it, all newspapers to the contrary. The weather was perfect, both from the standpoint of the spectators and the players. In fact, the only annoying incident was the lusty blowing of a loud horn in the hands of some clever individual who evidently conceived it to be surpassingly fine to blow upon it during the progress of a play, thus confusing the players and disturbing the spectators. The fair cheer leaders of the opposition showed their sportsmanship by cheering Latin men when they were injured.

Latin kicked off. The offense of our opponents consisted chiefly in off-tackle and line plays. Occasionally they went around the end. On the third play, Loughran, our best end, was winded, but did not leave the game. Gloucester marched to our 40-yard line, but lost the ball on downs. After three ineffectual

rushes, we kicked, and smothered the receiver on his 20-yard line. Then Gould, our center, left the game with an injured shoulder. Downes played the rest of the game at that position. Toward the end of the period, after a poor Latin kick, Gloucester came within twenty yards of our goal line, but fumbled. Latin recovered, and kicked out of danger.

At the start of the second period, the ball was in Latin's possession on her own 33-yard line. We lost the ball on downs, and upon our receiving the ball again, we kicked. Gloucester blocked the kick, and recovered on our ten-yard line. Woodbury of the opposition then hit the line and carried the ball across. Bohan kicked the point after the touchdown.

The half ended with Latin on Gloucester's 45-yard line.

In the third quarter, Gloucester carried the ball to our 30-yard line, but lost the ball on downs. During this period, the ball changed hands rapidly, and there was no score.

At the start of the fourth, however, the ball was in our hands. We attempted a forward pass which was intercepted by Woodbury, who ran for a touchdown, making the *final* score of the game. Unless our eyes and those of many others were deceived, Gloucester failed to kick the point-after-touchdown. Rabinovitz ran back the Gloucester kick-off, but we lost the ball. When it again found itself in our possession, the only good forward pass of the day was completed, Feins to Goodwin. Soon after, Feins received a blow on the head, and had to leave the game. Thereafter, neither team gained any great advantage, and the remainder of the game was a see-saw affair.

Loughran played well at end, as did Mellen. Horovitz took good care of the right tackle position, and Cohen at left.

Feins, Warren, Rabinovitz and Ingalls looked good in the backfield. Campana, who started the game at quarter back, with some more experience, should be good.

Our tackling has improved somewhat, but is still far from what it must be in order to win games. The team as a whole showed improvement, and the play was smoother than in the St. Mark's game. The outlook is more favorable, and we should afford some worry to the team of Groton School. Amen. The summary:

## GLOUCESTER

## BOSTON LATIN

Bohan, re. . . . .le., Loughran, Dolan, Tracy  
Burnham, rt. . . . .lt., Cohen, White  
Enos, Ktistes, rg. . .lg., Shea, Eagan, Saklad  
Nelson, c. . . . .c., Gould, Downes  
McLoughlin, lg. . .rg., Wilson, Weddleton  
Fleet, Stormont, le. .re., Mellen, Goodwin  
Steele, qb. . . . .qb., Campana, Rabinovitz  
Owen, rhb. . . . .lhb., Mullen, Warren  
Donellin, Woodbury, lhb

rhb., Lawlor, Ingalls  
Strople, Denis, fb. . . . .fb., Feins

\* \* \*

To the following were awarded athletic insignia for the 1927-1928 season:

(alphabetically arranged)

\* \* \*

## HOCKEY

F. P. Campana, *Captain 1928-1929*, R. E. Chase, H. L. Crimlisk, E. L. Doyle, Jr., A. J. Hunt, F. W. Knutson, P. T. McEachern, G. W. Moore, E. Ronan, G. W. Shine, *Captain 1927-1928*, F. F. Talbot and J. A. Tracy.

\* \* \*

## FOOTBALL

\*W. A. Adler, *Captain 1928-1929*, \*H. Balkan, N. P. Beveridge, P. W. Burleigh, \*P. J. Catinella, H. W. Cohen, \*T. J. Connerton, \*T. C. Darcy, E. T. Devin, F. D. Flynn, S. H. Gilde, E. B. Hall, \*E. H. Horovitz, A. J. Hunt, J. J. King, \*F. W. Knutson, D. E. Kopans, J. P. Lillis, W. J. Loughran, P. T. McEachern, R. Murphy,

G. H. L. Nawn, E. A. Scrickus, F. F. Talbot, E. J. Vogel, *Captain 1927-1928*, and \*J. P. Walsh.

\*Sweater.

\* \* \*

## TRACK

\*M. F. Adams, N. P. Beveridge, *Captain 1927-1928*, P. F. Brabazon, J. Brody, J. Cohen, \*E. T. Devin, \*J. W. Dolan, J. F. Ellsbree, M. Goldman, P. E. Gorman, J. E. Joyce, \*J. J. King, R. Murphy, C. H. Ross, H. A. Spotnitz, \*D. M. Sullivan, *Captain 1928-1929* and B. H. Tarplin.

\*Sweater.

\* \* \*

## SWIMMING

C. B. Carroll, C. D. Cummings, J. H. Dixon, A. L. Dow, W. C. Feinberg, T. J. Fitzgerald, *Captain 1928-1929*, I. M. Golden, J. B. Hickey, A. M. Rogers, W. Salzberg, A. F. Sanderson, H. Shaffer, F. F. Talbot, and A. I. Zich.

\* \* \*

## BASEBALL

\*W. J. Egan, F. D. Flynn, E. B. Hall, A. J. Hunt, *Captain 1927-1928*, J. D. Lawlor, P. T. McEachern, \*G. W. Moore, F. F. Talbot, \*P. Tobe, \*E. A. Tracy, *Captain 1928-1929* and E. J. Vogel.

\*Sweater.

\* \* \*

## TENNIS

C. W. Harnden, G. B. Ray, *Captain 1927-1928*, J. F. Ray, and W. Salzberg.

\* \* \*

*Contributions of all sorts to this section are hereby solicited from undergraduates, subject to the following conditions:*

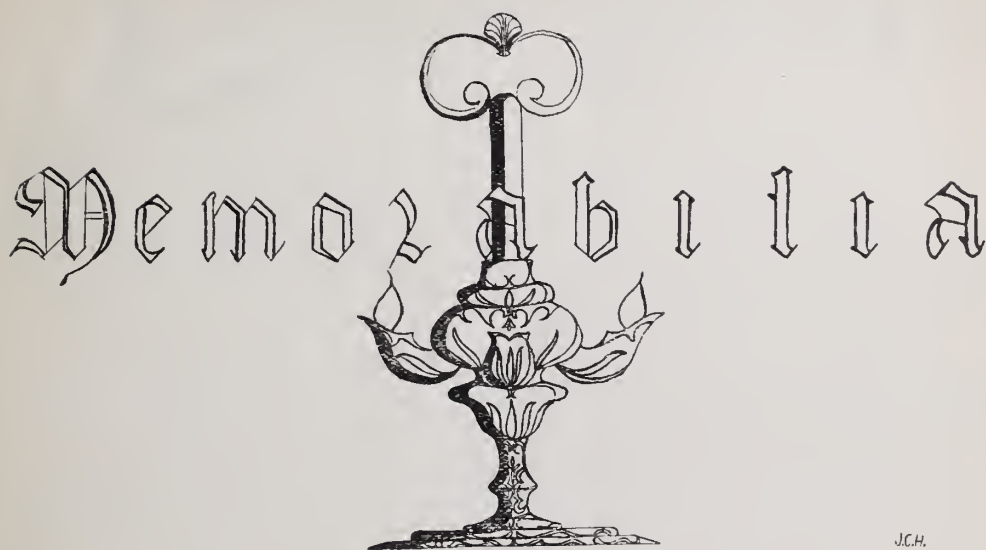
1. *All contributions must be signed by the contributor.*

2. *Contributions must be delivered personally to this editor.*

3. *Accounts of athletic contests must be arranged for beforehand.*

*All anonymous material herein printed will be understood to be the work of this editor.*

*The Sports Editor.*



## “THE BOY, THE “TROT,” AND THE CROOKED PIN

A boy there was and he lived in town,  
Even as you and I!

His eyes were blue, his hair was brown,  
His face it wore a classic frown,  
And his upper lip bore a little down,  
Even as you and I!

This boy he throve and went to school,  
Even as you and I!

And there did naught against the rule,  
For he surely wasn't a stubborn mule;  
But in some respects he was a fool,  
Even as you and I!

He was much impressed with a certain girl,  
Even as you and I!

With auburn hair of delightful curl—  
Now a fellow can't be a boorish churl,  
So he aside his books did hurl,  
Even as you and I!

His lessons suffered—whose would not?  
Even as you and I!

So he went and bought a little “trot,”  
And with its aid his lessons got,  
On like occasions who would not?  
Even as you and I!

The “trot” was found in that boy's desk!  
*Not* as yours or mine.

A note went home with this request—  
What was in it might be guessed,  
But in direful times silence is the best,  
Even as yours and mine.

O it's not the venture, its not the censure  
That stings like a crooked pin.  
It's hearing the girl, with a heartless smile,  
Say she detests your little wile  
And thinks its a deadly sin.

C. L. '01.



“STOP, thief!” shouted a woman. The man dropped all the articles he had stolen and fled along the aisles. At once the store detectives and everyone else gave chase. At the same time all the exits were guarded by plain clothes men and police. All hope of escape was shut off.

Feverishly they searched for the thief. At last they trailed him to the manager’s office, and when they broke in they found him seated in a swivel chair, smoking a cigar.

“What are you doing here?” growled a cop as he seized him.

“Believe it or not,” he answered, “I’m waiting for a patrol wagon.”

\* \* \*

If a man can operate a cash register with sore fingers and never mind the pain, he is the proprietor of the place.

\* \* \*

Our idea of the tactful hostess is the lady who, when a guest accidentally knocks over the salt cellar, kicks the legs from under the table and jerks the chandelier out of the ceiling to keep the offender from feeling embarrassed.

\* \* \*

Officer: “Now tell me your idea of strategy.”

Private: “It is when you don’t let the enemy know you’re out of ammunition, but keep on firing.”

Farmer: “Doctor, my horse has the heaves—”

Doctor: “You had better consult a veterinarian.

Farmer: “Let me finish. I did and he told me to blow a certain powder up the horse’s nose through a quill.

Doctor: “What has this to do with—”

Farmer: “I need treatment. The horse blew first.

\* \* \*

“Where did you get this wonderful billing system? It could extract money from a Scotchman.”

“I simply compiled the letters my son sent me from college.”

\* \* \*

“I’m going to Ifornia next week.”

“What do you mean by Ifornia?”

“The Cal is silent, as in Coolidge.”

\* \* \*

“Here is a letter it would hardly do for us to publish,” said the patent medicine quack. “A man writes: ‘I have just taken the first bottle of your medicine.’”

“Well?” said his partner.

“There it breaks off short and is signed in another handwriting ‘Per executor.’”

\* \* \*

He (to operator over the phone): “Long distance, please.”

Operator: “How about San Francisco? Is that far enough?”



A very mean man went into a glassware shop in search of a present for a friend. After spending some time looking at different articles and finding them all too expensive, he at last saw a vase which was broken in several pieces. He inquired the price, and, finding it was practically nothing, decided to send it to his friend, hoping that he would think it had been broken in the mail.

Accordingly, he asked the clerk to pack and dispatch it.

A few days later he received the following reply from his friend:

"Thanks for the vase. So thoughtful of you to wrap up each piece separately."

\* \* \*

He sold his brain to a research laboratory, but he fooled them; he didn't have any brain.

\* \* \*

"There are some spectacles one never forgets," said the lecturer after describing a terrible accident he had witnessed.

"I'd like to know where they sell them," said an old lady in the audience.

\* \* \*

The farmer sat up in bed with a start. He had heard a noise in the poultry house. Pulling on an old coat and arming himself with a revolver, he made his way to the scene of the trouble.

"Who's there?" he called.

There was no answer.

"Who's there?" he cried again.

No answer.

"Right!" said the farmer, I'll give you one more chance! Who's there—before I shoot?"

Then came a shaky voice: "Nobody—only just us 'ens!"

\* \* \*

"What size shoes do you wear?"

"Size? Why, there are only two sizes, one I can get my feet into, and one I can't."

"I can't do a thing with Jones," said the manager. "I've had him in three departments, and he dozes all day long."

"Put him at the pajama counter," said the proprietor, "and fasten a card on him with these words:

"Our night clothes are of such superior quality that even the man who sells them cannot keep awake."

\* \* \*

There was a young freshman called Wigg,  
Whose ego was certainly big;

He jostled his way

Through some sophomores one day—

There *was* a young freshman called Wigg!

\* \* \*

"Look here, you're cheating."

"No, I'm not. I had that ace long before the game began."

\* \* \*

He: "I'm going to kiss you.

She: (No answer).

Him: "I said I was going to kiss you.

Her: (Silence).

His: "Say, are you deaf?"

Her: "No, but you're dumb."

\* \* \*

Raging mad with toothache, Johnson rushed to the dentist.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the dentist, as his victim sank into the operating chair. "Did you have any advice about these terrible teeth?"

"Yes," gasped Johnson. "I went to the druggist last night."

The dentist sniffed contemptuously.

"And what idiotic thing did he tell you to do?" he inquired.

"To come to you!" murmured Johnson.

\* \* \*

"Au revoir, I go to the arms of Morpheus."

"Go ahead; I hope he slaps you down."

\* \* \*

"Why, this lion is tame. It'll eat right off your hand."

"Yeah, and he'll cat off yo' leg too."

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# LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



Vol. XLVIII

November 1928

No. 2

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# *The Register*

VOL. XLVIII

No. 2

## November Number



# 1928

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The Latin School mourns the recent passing of Mr. Louis E. Nash, whose career as a master of the School had scarcely begun. His loss is deeply felt by his fellow teachers and by the boys who came in contact with him.



# THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

## TRAINS

EDWIN W. FULLER, JR.

There was a harsh grinding of brakes and a hissing of steam, as the train came to a slow stop. A moment's wait and the signal light alongside the tracks changed colors. With a harsh shriek of the whistle and a regular "puff-puff," the train started. Slowly at first, then gaining speed, it soon rolled away in the distance, a trail of black smoke floating above it like a pirate flag.

Jim Owens smiled as he watched the train disappear in the distance. Trains meant something to Jim. They were his life. The hoarse whistle, the *clang* of the bell, the steady puffing, the grinding and creaking of the cars, the *clickety-clickety clack* as the trains sped over the rails—all were music to his ears. Trains! How he loved them. He was a railway signalman. The block-house was his kingdom. He pulled switches and his heart sang a wordless song. Ever since Jim was twenty, and he now was nearly fifty, he had worked with the railroad. At first the company had given him only a small signal box but in a few years, he was transferred to Gainesville, a very important junction. Many smaller "locals" went through here, but Jim paid little attention to them. His delight was watching the Dixie Flyer or the Alabama Express as they roared by.

All day long Jim was at the signal box, but at six o'clock he went home to his family. The other side of Jim's life. *Home!* There was Anne, and little Bobby just eight.

Bobby was the only living child. There had been Jerry and Tom. Both had answered the call in 1918. On that glorious adventure to France they went. Neither returned. On the official records, after one's name appears the word "missing," after the other, "killed in action." Then there was Dorothy. Poor dear! She had died of pneumonia. Bobby alone was left to Jim and Anne and they gave him all their love. Jim could picture them as he hurried home. Anne was getting supper and Bobby was running his toy train around the front yard. Bobby's mind, too, was wrapped up in trains. Instead of wanting to be a cowboy or policeman, Bobby held as his hero a railway signal-man. One of the greatest joys of his life came when he went to his father's signal-tower. Every day at twelve o'clock he carried lunch to his father. He was allowed to stay a few minutes and watch the Dixie Flyer roar by; then he returned home.

As Jim neared home his step quickened. A broad grin spread over his face. He opened the little white gate and started up the path. He was but halfway to the steps leading up the pretty little door, when Bobby met him with outstretched arms.

"Hello, Dad! Gimme a ride" he added imperiously. Jim stopped to lift the boy to his back "piggy-back" fashion and continued on into the house. Anne smilingly came out of the kitchen.

"Hello, sweetheart" he called. He still used the word "sweetheart." All his life, she had been his sweetheart. There never was anyone like Anne, thought Jim as he took her in his arms.

"M'm" sniffed Jim "steak for dinner."

"Just think," said Anne, "this time tomorrow night we'll be eating on the train. I've been busy packing all day. Two glorious weeks in the country and it will do Bobby a world of good too" she added. "Did you get the tickets yet?"

"You bet. Here they are," answered Jim pulling a pink envelope out of his pocket. "O'Hearn sent them up from the station today. The train leaves at five o'clock. I'm off duty at three. I'll come right home, change my clothes and then—oh boy!"

After supper Jim picked up his pipe and paper and settled himself in the big arm-chair, for a quiet evening. He put on his slippers, last year's Christmas gift from Anne and Bobby, and drew his chair up to the open fire. After Anne had finished washing the dishes and had put Bobby to bed, she took a box from her drawer and quietly descended the stairs. Jim looked up as he heard his wife's steps.

"What's in the package?" he asked laying aside his book.

"Bobby has wanted one for a long time" explained Anne, "so yesterday when I was in town I got him one."

"Fine," said Jim, "but what is it?"

"A football" she replied opening the package, "I haven't told him yet. I'm keeping it as a surprise to give him when we leave tomorrow."

Jim was up early the next morning. He dressed quickly and descended the steps two at a time. There he found Anne already fixing breakfast. At least so it seemed, for a delicious odor of ham, eggs, and coffee pervaded the atmosphere. He quietly opened the kitchen door and

peeked in. There stood Anne, her back toward him, preparing the meal and humming softly. Jim began to hum, too. For a few minutes there was no response, then Anne turned around.

"Hello, sweetheart," cried Jim. "Breakfast ready?"

"In a minute."

Breakfast over, Jim left for work. He whistled merrily as he opened the gate. Its metallic *clang* sounded like the striking of the most beautiful chime in the world. He hailed all passersby with a cheery "Howdy, friend." His quick springy step soon brought him to the switch box, his "office," his paradise. He chatted a few minutes with the night signal-man, Clark.

"You leave on vacation today, don't you, Jim" asked Clark.

"You bet" answered Jim, "two weeks in the country, Oh boy."

"It will make a new man of you. Rest always peps you up. Taking the wife and kid, I suppose," added the night man.

"Sure. It will be the first time young Bobby has ever been away on a real vacation. We are going more for him than anything else. He's a great kid. I want him to have a good time."

"Well, see you later," smiled Clark. "Have a good time," he added as he left.

Jim was soon at his work. Pulling switches, answering calls on the telephone, changing signals, shouting a greeting from the window to the engineers of passing trains. But his mind was not there, it was on his vacation. Trains passed all morning. Whistles shrieked, bells clanged, engines puffed, men called gruff orders. And above it all the dull *clickety-clickety-clack* of the trains as they sped over the rails. True—all were music to his ears, but this morning Jim took little notice of them. The shriek of the whistle sounded like Bobby's voice, the bells reminded him that he would soon be leaving for the country.

The regular *clickety-clickety-clack* seemed to sing over and over again "You'll be leaving soon, you'll be leaving soon." Well, he was glad he was, he'd been on the job long enough. Vacation, ah! He glanced at the clock. Only a quarter to eleven. It seemed like ages since he had come to work. Would it never be time to go? Somehow the time dragged by till twelve o'clock. Bobby would bring Jim's lunch to him in a few minutes, he would eat, an hour or so more, and then—

"There's that fool telephone again," muttered Jim as he lifted the receiver.

"Switch the flyer to Track 17. It must pass the local at once" cried an imperious voice.

"Huh?" grunted Jim stupidly.

The voice repeated the order, this time a bit more emphatically.

"O.K." grunted Jim. The receiver slammed on the hook. Jim rose and walked toward the switch-control. The shriek of the Flyer sounded around the bend. He pulled the switch and ambled over to the window to watch the express go rushing by. A horror-stricken cry directed his attention up the track. There tugging at his foot which was wedged between two ties sat

Bobby. The lunch basket was cast aside and its contents strewn over the ground. Terror was depicted on the boy's face as he saw the onrushing train, which had crossed the switch and was a bare fifty yards distant. Jim's first impulse was to rush to the boy. It would be impossible to turn the train off by pulling the switch for the train was already past the switch. He jumped from the window and landed on the ground with a dull thud. He was up in an instant and running toward the boy.

"My God! *Stop! Stop!* Bobby," he shrieked as he rushed toward the lad, who was still tugging frantically at his foot. The engineer catching sight of the boy on the tracks and the frantic switchman rushing alongside the train, applied the brakes. There was a harsh grinding, a roar of steam, but the train was unable to halt from its terrific speed. Jim started back in horror, hiding his face as he saw the writhing form of the boy hurled beneath the huge engine. A rescue crew was set at work immediately, a doctor was summoned, and the boy's mangled form was born gently from beneath the huge iron wheels, but it was too late. Bobby had gone on his vacation.

## LIFE

MANUAL A. BENSON

And what is life?

A mocking paradox, a fleeting dream,  
A tallow-candle's flickering gleam, a road  
Between horizons;—a futile Here, a doubtful  
There,

A vain endeavor while the Planets stare,  
An aimless following of some vague  
Scheme.

A bud frost-bitten at its opening,  
A river disappearing in a gorge,  
A falling leaf between its branch and earth,  
A tragedy, a spectacle for mirth.  
All this is life, earth-dwellers—else you be  
From other worlds.



## THE IRONY OF FATE

LESTER S. KORITZ

More heart rending, thrilling, inspiring, and humorous tales have been told and written about the World War than about any other series of events. More moral lessons have been gleaned from the pages of its history than any divine teaching could effect. Its truths are indeed stranger than fiction. It has been at once instructor, melting-pot, judge, and tormentor.

The doughboys, of course, never gave such matters a thought. Their concerns were too material to admit such thoughts. They simply passed the lesson of their deeds on to posterity.

The story of every battle, every nocturnal expedition, every scouting party is as full of heart-throbs as the most fantastic dime-novel, and much more wholesome. But to them it was all in the day's work. They were there to fight; they were doing it; that was all.

Karl and Henry Bennett were simply two in a million. They could claim no outstanding qualities or defects, they were merely a pair of units in an intricate mathematical scheme.

Henry, slightly given to philosophizing, often explained this to his younger brother. With eloquent and multiple gestures he would elaborate on a subject, while the fascinated and admiring Karl would drink in every silvered word. An unusual affection existed between the two. Karl's adoration was unbounded; Henry treasured his younger brother as he could treasure no other.

Thus we see the two, Karl and Henry, the latter expounding his theories on the present scheme of things as affected by the war, Karl listening in admiring awe. The night is dark, the moon hidden behind lowering clouds. A yard in front of one may as well be a mile, for all one can see at that distance. Something vague, eerie,

menacing, pervades the air.

A sudden cry is heard; all eyes turn toward the east. A white cloud rises, grows, spreads, advances upon the now busily-engaged doughboys. In each American mind two words loom above all else—Poison Gas! The masks are adjusted. All the coolness and expediency resulting from months of training are called into play.

More than ever the two units in the great system, Karl and Henry don their masks. Now they are merely two more hideous-looking, fear-inspiring monsters, with their curved trunks and ghostlike eyes. Look along the trench. There are scores upon scores of the same.

On, on over the American lines travels that white cloud. For a while it hangs over the tiny mortals below; then it grows thin; it dissolves; its force is spent.

A stifled cry breaks the sepulchral silence. There on the ground lies the form of a young man, racked with coughs, distorted with agony. "Henry!" the word accompanies a sob. A mere lad, another youth in khaki, kneels beside the convulsed thing on the ground. He is pleading, imploring; now he is shaking with suppressed emotion; he leaps back, wide-eyed; then, sobbing, he falls across the prostrate form.

"It leaked," remarked a doughboy.

\* \* \*

Cheer upon cheer rent the air as rank followed rank; the glad cry of a fond parent; a sweet heart's welcome; the organized cheer for a classmate; the boundless enthusiasm of urchins; yes the Big Parade was striking its triumphant *coup*.

A twisted smile on the face of Corporal Karl Bennett was one of the few exceptions in the sea of immovable countenances. Karl's ears were deaf to cheering; he



heard and uttered commands like an automaton; his thoughts were a long distance away from the tumult and clamor; he saw only a white cloud, enveloping the landscape in a mysterious haze.

The parade and succeeding formalities over, Karl returned to his old lodgings, containing, alas, one bed instead of two. Something more was missing; a spirit, an air of comradeship.

Karl's old boss had a position open for him. It was a responsible one, for the boss had great respect for soldiers, and was more willing to trust them with funds.

The young man worked harder than ever now; he had a fixed purpose in mind, and money was a necessity toward the attainment of his goal.

Many of Karl's old friends would have been much surprised to learn of his actions during the next few months. For one thing, he hired a large attic in a poor section of the town. Then he purchased laboratory instruments, chemicals and books. Evenings found him studying, or working quietly over his test tubes and compounds.

Funds began to fail him; the old story repeated itself. The firm became his unconscious creditor. But he was sure he'd pay it all back. Didn't each hour bring him nearer his goal?

And then, one bright Sunday morning, he looked up from his table, a smile of expectation on his face. This time he was sure he had solved the problem. Excitedly he ran outside, procured a stray cat, and, at the expense of a few scratches, conveyed the feline to the laboratory.

"Tabby," he remarked, as he arranged his table for the experiment, "you're about to become a martyr to the cause of science—and revenge."

A short while later, the cat was placed in a big glass container, into a side of which there was run a heavy pipe.

Within fifteen seconds the cat ceased its struggle and expired.

Karl, a fiendish gleam in his eyes, watched the animal's agonies and death with rapture.

"Success!"

It was not madness; merely the intoxication of supreme joy. Then, too, the strain of months of working day and night began to tell. In a state of feverish glee he paced up and down the room.

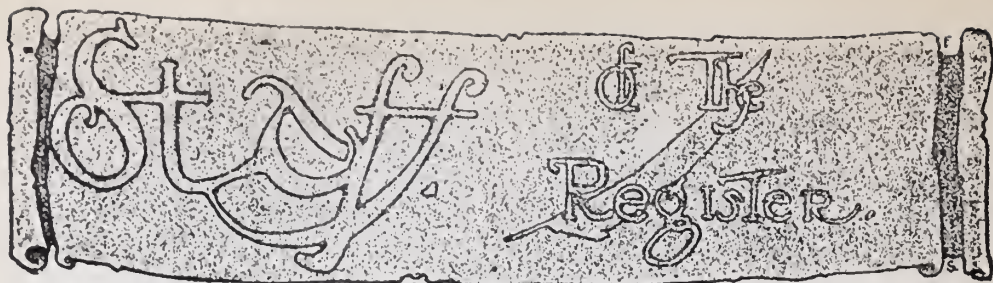
"Chlorine" — contemptuously — "why, chlorine is an inert gas compared with my compound!" He paused to look down on the street. "A dozen atoms, permitted to escape some noon hour at Times Square, would exterminate a thousand! What will submarines, Big Berthas, airplanes, even gas masks avail when my terrific destroyer is released? The name of Karl Bennett will be cursed by bereaved children the world over! Societies, anti-Bennett societies, will be organized to suppress poison gas! And when this pet of mine descends upon some regiment of enemies, slaughtering thousands, then will come my crowning glory—the acme of revenge!"

From the table, almost inaudible, comes the steady s-s-s of escaping gas. Karl, lost in joyful, yet fiendish reverie, still paces the floor, unconscious of all save the attainment of victory.

Suddenly he stops. He shrieks; he rushes for the window. Halfway there he staggers, totters, falls heavily to the floor. He sees re-enacted in his dimly-functioning brain the scenes of that fateful night in France; the small white cloud, the haze, his brother's cough-racked body. Cheated of his revenge!

A spasm of coughing, soul-rending, lacerating, seizes him. His face grows black; he squirms; he lies still.

Fate had dealt as she saw fit with the would-be avenger—and annihilator. Somehow or other the formula was never found—the better for humanity. The secret will probably never be discovered. Karl Bennett had been cheated by a perverse Fate.



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## HUSH MY DEAR

*Ammadversions Upon Free Speech*

One of the liberties upon which Americans pride themselves is the right of free speech, and there is no section of the Bill of Rights which is more appreciated than that which was intended to secure this privilege to the people.

Inasmuch as few people ever have occasion to say anything radically different from generally accepted ideas, most of us are, I believe, ignorant of the numerous incursions made upon our dearest prerogative. And yet any investigation of the course of human events in this fair land discloses an astonishing number of denials and vetoes of this principle.

For example: It is now unlawful in the sovereign states of California, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, even to read the Constitution within the hearing of citizens passing along a public highway. (By experiment, Mr. Sinclair has discovered that the reading of the Bill of Rights alone suffices to bring the local *polizeri* scampering to the attack.)

It is now unlawful in the state of Tennessee to teach evolution. (Mr. Scopes was the martyr who demonstrated the force of this edict.)

It is now illegal in the state of Arkansas to publicly advocate atheism. (Mr. Charles Smith, now languishing in Bastille of that domain, will support this contention.)

These are merely a few choice examples. A reading of any daily newspaper will disclose additional ones. This very evening I found three excellent ones in my own ultra-conservative sheet.

Lest these specimens be discounted as trivial, let me note that this same attitude has for long been carried over into affairs of vital national importance. As one whose remembrances, refreshed by later consultation of the newspapers of the period, really date from the time of our most recent and spectacular war, I can find abundant instances of the complete suppression of free speech then. Anyone who attempted, with whatever sincerity or humanity, to prevent our participation in the fracas, was promptly squelched, jailed, and read out of the order of primates. The outstanding case was, of course, that of Mr. Debs, but there were myriad similiar occurrences.

Methods of police suppression during our periodic strikes also demonstrates the fact that the worker can safely complain to his fellows of conditions or employers only within rigidly defined limits.

That I may not be thought guilty of piling up pointless facts and statistics, I shall hasten to append a moral to my sad tale.

It is this: that the present government has reached a situation in which it assumes many of the attributes of antiquated monarchy. When a state reaches this point it has become definitely unhealthy. It has limited the most important sources of progress and improvement.

What is most distressing is the way in which this opinionated and dull attitude is spreading among the people in general. Discussion and argument are becoming possible only within a continually narrowing circle. Any unorthodox idea calls forth upon its professor criticisms that completely cover the fields of psychology and physiology. Everyone holds fast to his usually unreasoned opinions with the tenacity of the proverbial bulldog. Therefore it is with the greatest sincerity that I urge a spirit of tolerance and intelligent curiosity. Socialism, Evolution, Pacifism, the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, etc., are considered mistaken by a huge number of people. Nevertheless, they are subjects upon which every citizen should hold a reasonably formed opinion, and this is impossible without free consideration of them. That this would result in red ruin and anarchy is extremely unlikely. In proof of this we need only to consider the case of Merry England, in which the freest brand of free speech is upon exhibition. If our government is to continue to develop in pace with the growing complexity of the country, we must be prepared to consider impartially alteration of the original scheme of things. Otherwise our Constitution will degenerate into an increasingly obscure and ineffective instrument.

W. J. C.



## AN IMPEDED DISASTER

MANUAL A. BENSON

I will say, in explanation, that I am one of the greatest criminal investigators of which this world has even been ignorant. My work is based on science alone and I am interested rather in the unusual aspects of a case than in the monetary value it holds for me. I am known as Hamilton Small. This is an assumed name, of course. I am constantly in disguise, even my hair is not my own. In fact, my teeth and one of my eyes—but I am revealing too much.

Since the "Mystery of the Stolen Bananas" I had been idle. In this case I had intercepted, unaided, the efforts of three urchins who, I am sure, were the tools of those who were about to destroy the entire banana industry. I was recuperating from my strenuous efforts and, during this interval, since my mind had nothing to occupy it, I was smoking cigar after cigar. Something had been necessary to keep my mind at rest between its periods of brilliant reasoning and I had consequently acquired the "ropium habit."

On the memorable afternoon of the 27th I was seated in my room, about to indulge in my only vice, which I had not yet lit. The bell rang (suddenly, of course) and I sprang up. Who could it be? I stepped to the door and opened a secret shutter, disclosing a small window through which I could peer unseen. A man disguised in a postman's uniform was putting something into my mail-box! He peered about him in a sinister manner and then went away. I was stunned at first but I soon recovered my faculties. I had known that opposition from the underworld forces was inevitable, but that it would come so soon and so openly I had not expected. However, I was prepared to meet them at least quarter-way, and gritting my teeth I stepped out of the door—nothing happened—. At this unexpected phenomenon I grew bolder. I peered into the mail-box. It contained a letter!

I went into the house and donned a pair of rubber gloves. Then I came out and carefully removed the letter from the box. It was quite an extraordinary letter in appearance. Its color was white, pale white, and the ink was actually black. How ominous! I retired and barred myself into my room, where I examined it more minutely. I discovered that it was addressed not to Hamilton Small but to Hamilton Stall. Do you see the subtlety of it? The street was also slightly misspelled, but that merely confirmed my opinion as to the sagacity of the writer. The address on the back was:

ARTHUR RANCID

43 West St.,

Albany, N. Y.

Another, less experienced in the ways of criminals, would have investigated this address, but I knew that should I take the trouble to make inquiries I should find no Rancid, no West St., nor any city with the name of Albany. It was undoubtedly, a blind, but it did not deceive me. I first let the letter soak in water for an hour (one can never be too sure), and then, holding a revolver before me for safety, opened the envelope. A sheet of paper was all it contained. Unhesitatingly I read it. It was indeed as I had supposed. Among a mass of irrelevant matter I found these two significant statements: "*Having a fine time—Wish you were here.*" The first of these evidently meant that there was a plot on foot; the second—what grim wit! what irony! what a dire threat! I knew now that I had to deal with no mere sneak-thief, no petty criminal; this man was the master himself, the head of the crime-ring, the most dangerous and formidable man of the time. What was I to do? The police could have done nothing. In fact, they would not even have seen the possibility of a plot.



This is where my great skill and experience came in. I decided to wait and let my antagonist make the next move. Nothing is more disconcerting nor baffling to an opponent than inaction. I waited, waited three days, and I knew he was mystified; a week, and I knew he was becoming alarmed; a month, and he was terrified. I could picture him, panic-stricken, trembling for his life, knowing not where to flee, *trapped*. He was in my power, and I was daily expecting a confession. However, I became impatient at last and decided to bring matters to a close. I would play a master stroke.

The following morning I saw in the personal column of the paper this notice:

‡92G14H%''&‡UMPA‡

Hamilton Small.

Was I disturbed at the sight of my name on a public page? Was my poise shaken? Was I surprised, stunned? Not in the least. I had placed it there myself. It was a communication to the criminal.

This of course was conclusive. The case was ended. The plot had failed. The jig was up. The goose was cooked. Only a few links remained to complete the chain of evidence. I found them, a while later, in the paper. The story told that an unidentified man had been found drowned in the Hudson river. Criminals, especially master-criminals, are extremely sensitive. I hope I shall not be called cruel, but I have no mercy for offenders against society, and when I read this news I remarked sternly and inflexibly, "*Sic venit justitia omnibus.*"

## THE GENIUS

R. B. LICHTENSTEIN

The club members, after an exceedingly fine dinner, were settling down to an evening of repose. Many subjects were touched upon, ranging from the doctrines of Frennd to the neo-realistic movement. Burlingham, the author, who took delight in making caustic remarks, commented on the fact that all artists are envious of each other, and are more inclined to deny a struggling artist's ability than to acknowledge it. Jerome Gilmore, who ranked as one of the foremost artists in the country, remained silent during the argument which followed, until, the subject being almost exhausted, he was asked for the final word.

The amused smile on his face now turned into one of reminiscence. "Perhaps an incident which occurred a few years ago may change your views of the question.

"It had been a very strenuous season, for it was the year of my one-man exhibition. I felt so exhausted that I consulted a doctor. He told me that I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. He ordered me to go

abroad for a rest, and above all to refrain from painting. On the recommendation of a friend, I chose a little village on the coast of Brittany, one which, through all the years, had never lost its air of quaintness. In fact, it was so beautiful that I had to employ all my self-control to stifle my artistic longings.

"Of one road which ran along the seashore I was particularly fond. On one side could be seen the azure sea, on the other the green foliage through which the sunlight filtered. Each time I traversed this road I noticed an elderly man with a rapt look in his eyes assiduously engaged in painting. I envied him from the bottom of my heart, for I felt that if only I had a chance to paint the scene, my nearest approach to a masterpiece would be the result.

"The old man having aroused my curiosity, I inquired about him from the inn-keeper. With much gesticulation he informed me that Pierre had never done a

bit of work in his life and that he lived with his sister, who supported the two by taking in washing.

"I finally summoned enough courage to approach Pierre. Contrary to my expectations, he was overjoyed at seeing me. Having evidently heard that I was an artist, he desired an opinion of his painting.

"As I glanced at it, I experienced a feeling of compassion for the old man. The painting showed no sign of artistic ability whatever; in fact it was the sort of work which novices produce. I rebelled at the thought of revealing to Pierre the truth, inasmuch as I surmised that all he had to live for now were his aspirations, so I praised the painting lavishly. Such an ecstatic look illumined Pierre's face that I felt that my lying was justified. The old man told me that he was now satisfied that his work was of high merit, and that his genius would be recognized, if not during his life, then after his death. Not wanting to disillusion him I heartily confirmed his belief.

"During the months that followed Pierre and I were steadfast companions. As the time to return home was approaching, I desired to make him a present without wounding his pride. I finally hit upon an idea,—I would buy one of his paintings.

"The day of my leave I approached Pierre and, before bidding him goodbye I offered him a sum for one of his works which I knew would maintain him for a considerable time.

"He could not grasp the idea at first. As I repeated my offer a second time a look of horror and indignation appeared on his face.

"What, one of my masterpieces! For so paltry a sum. I see I have been mistaken. I regarded you as a friend, I trusted you, and now you want to repay my friendship by trying to rob me."

"And so, as I departed, I firmly resolved that I would never again allow my sympathy to overrule my better judgment."

"And have you kept your resolution?" This from one who had joined the select circle only a few weeks ago.

"Why, most assuredly," answered Gilmore with a nod.

This remark was greeted by much merriment, for it was generally known that a great number of struggling artists who had risen in their profession were indebted to him for his unstinted aid.

As the discussion turned to other matters, Gilmore was observed to be in earnest conversation with young Mansfield, his latest protegee.

## ALUMNI NOTES

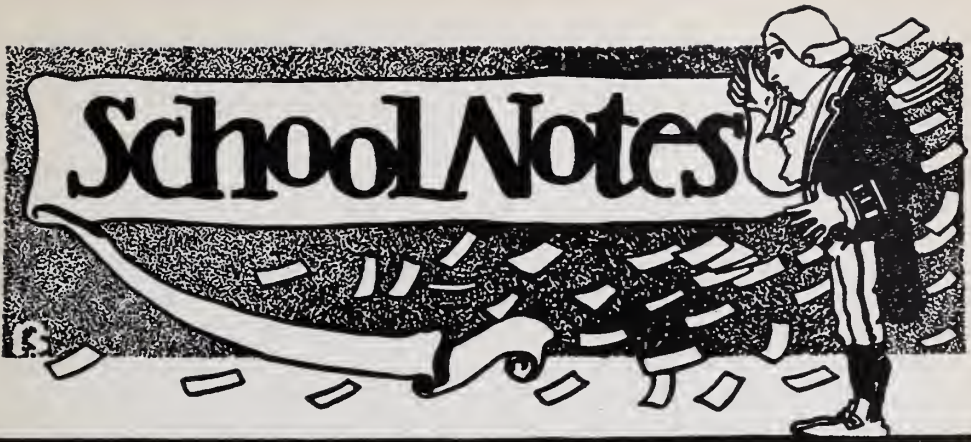
Mrs. Lamb of Boston, widow of Horatio Appleton Lamb, '67, has given to the President and Fellows of Harvard College the sum of \$25,000 in memory of her husband. This is to be known as the Horatio Appleton Lamb Bequest. Each year the interest of this fund is to be used to invite some distinguished foreign composer to reside for a certain time at Harvard.

'88. James Everett Young L. L. B., died here in Boston July 31, 1928 from heart disease. Mr. Young was born in Boston, August 24, 1870, the son of James A. and

Emma Young. For many years he practiced law in Boston. The deceased is survived by a wife and son.

'97. Arthur Williston Lincoln passed away at Newton Highlands, Mass., August 3, 1928. He had been in the banking business in Boston with A. W. Lincoln and Co. for nearly thirty years.

'99. Lawrence P. Clapp, M. D., died at Hollywood, Cal., July 8, 1928. For many years he was port physician at Hawaii and also physician for the British Phosphate Co. at the same place.



The First Public Declamation of the current year took place in the Assembly Hall, Friday, October 26. Classes III, IV, and V enjoyed the pleasure of attending this first gathering of the budding orators of the Latin School. A glance at the program revealed many interesting facts. We were to have a very exciting time, it seemed for we were to be present at several trials, one of them for murder, the signing of the Declaration of Independence, a bombardment, and at other spectacular events.

The pieces were nearly all selections which we have many times heard. John Brown made his last (at least, we hope so) speech to the court. Antony again meditated and communed with himself. The well-known highwayman rode up to the "old inn door." Regulus delivered his ovation to the Carthaginians for the *nth* time, and William Pitt spoke against the employment of Indians in the "momentous war in America," (also for the *nth* time). Shakespeare had the place usually reserved on the program for him, as did Lowell and Lippard. Hugo was present with his customary account of a man in the clutch of a circumstance over which he has no control, and which eventually drags him to his tragic end.

All in all, the declamations were very well spoken. The Sixth Class Declaimers brought credit both to themselves and to

their class. The general opinion of the school is that the program was one of the most interesting presented in several years.

\* \* \*

Latin School again came into well deserved prominence when a student of this school was chosen to assist in the Columbus Day Exercises conducted by the City of Boston at the Parkman Bandstand, October 12. Edwin W. Fuller, Jr., of Class I was awarded the honor of delivering an address on the Life of Columbus.

\* \* \*

Mr. Marson called the first meeting of the Literary Club on October 15. The members, all of class I and II, decided on a fixed plan for the year. President Barber appointed an executive committee which is composed of Donal M. Sullivan, *chairman*, Oscar Zarkin and A. Duncan Rogers.

\* \* \*

The Library Service Club has already had several meetings. At the opening meetings Mr. Dunn explained what he wished from every member. The third time that the club convened was used for elections. The results were: *President*, Barber; *vice-president*, Fuller; *secretary-treasurer*, Epstein; *sergeant-at-arms*, O'Gorman.

Mr. Dunn is giving a series of talks to the club about books. The first of these was most interesting. Club members, also, will be asked to look up and report upon some phase of literature or library service.



Elections this year might have come to a standstill had not Mr. Campbell called a short meeting of the candidates. On the first ballots there were four candidates for the president, nine for vice-president, four for secretary-treasurer, and many —too many—for class committee. When, after the second ballot, it was seen that no one could receive a majority, because the leading candidates were bunched together, the aforementioned meeting was called. Connerthon withdrew from the presidential race, leaving Adler and Singer. Barber, Horovitz and Mellon agreed to allow the vice-presidential candidate who received the most votes to be announced elected. The candidates for secretary-treasurer, Hickey, Torielli, and Zarkin, did likewise. Tracy and Loughran had already received a majority so there were only two more positions left on the class committee. There was another vote and the following officers were elected: *president*, William Ambrose Adler; *vice-president*, Edward Harry Horovitz; *secretary-treasurer*, Edward Hutchins Hickey; *class committee*, William James Loughran, Edward James Ribbs, William Shriber and Edward Aloysius Tracy.

\* \* \*

After much deliberation, *The Register* wishes to announce that Nathan Learner and Robert Bertram Lichtenstein have been successful in their conquest of positions on the Editorial Board of the *Register* as Class III Editors. There was close competition for these positions. With so many worthy candidates in the field, the task of selecting was not an enviable one.

One more appointment is to be made at the end of the present school year. The editorial staff anticipates with confidence the same friendly spirit of competition in submission of manuscripts throughout the year.

Classes III and IV, including our brethren from across the street, met in the hall on October 22 for the weekly Monday morning assembly. Mr. Campbell, as is customary, read a passage from the Bible, following which there was a piano solo.

The headmaster then told the boys that intense concentration on their studies, both in the classroom and at home, is a requisite if they intend to succeed in the school. He gave as an example a boy who, having received exceedingly low grades, was placed under observation, and was found to have allowed himself to be distracted from his studies about fifty times within a single study hour.

Mr. Campbell then acquainted the boys with the graduates of our school who have attained distinction in their respective walks of life, giving a brief account of the accomplishments of each. He stressed the point that among those attending the school at present, there are some who, by dint of hard work and application, may achieve similar fame.

\* \* \*

During the past week considerable digging and trenching went on in the field behind us. It was the cause of much argument and discussion among us. Everyone wanted to know what was going on and nobody was able to tell. We watched the work with interest. Then the workmen began to lay pipes. The mystery began to clear up. The only thing that worried us now was whether the pipes were to convey electric light cables, telephone cords or water. The first two were finally eliminated. Now all we wanted to know was why there should be water pipes in the field. After much thinking we came to the conclusion that the pipes were there so that the field might be easily flooded for the advent of the hockey season.



Now they are plowing up the land on the Simmons side of the building. We don't know what's going to happen there, although it appears that we may at last have at least the perquisites for an agricultural society with all the rights and privileges thereunto appertaining.

\* \* \*

The Literary Club heard its first speaker in the person of Professor de Mille, who spoke on sea poetry. In a brief hour he outlined the principal poets from the time of the Beowulf saga to our present day authors. After this President Barber announced that the Board of Critics had been selected. The Board consists of: Chairman William J. Callaghan, Daniel Francis Clare, Edwin W. Fuller, Jr., Jack Harrison and Sidney Olans.

Great thanks are due Chairman Sullivan of the executive committee for the fine way he is handling his department.

\* \* \*

Well, well! The "inevitable" has happened. Approbation cards have been banned, discarded, ostracised, chucked, expatriated—or at least as far as the upper classes are concerned. When the news first went the rounds of the school, it was greeted with a sort of wild, frenzied delight. However, this delectation was not mighty enough to drown the disgusted and disappointed "aw gees" of ambitious young gentlemen who felt cheated.

No doubt, the recent changes in promotion and programs are the reasons for putting the K. O. on approbation cards for the upper classes.

\* \* \*

Another new rule has descended on us with great force, causing consternation in the hearts of many. No boy can be in more than one major and one minor school activity. A boy who plays football cannot be a member of the dramatic club, for football and the dramatic club are considered major activities.

This new ruling is for our own advantage. It gives us more time after school than formerly when boys tried to join every club that would have them.

\* \* \*

Beginning with this year and continuing into next year and all the other years to come, Latin School will no longer furnish ushers for outside activities and city affairs. Henceforth and forever we stay here while someone else does the ushering. Only the governor's or the major's command will move us. They'll miss our sweet smiles and comely faces at Symphony Hall and Mechanics Building, but that can't be helped. Although the young men from the other schools are not nearly as attractive as we are, the patrons of the above named halls shall have to put up with their attempts until bigger and better Beau Brummels are born or until the Latin School will have deemed it proper to resume the function of ushering.

\* \* \*

There is a measure of distinction for the school in that a member of our faculty, Mr. Corson, was one of the few American citizens to receive mail from Europe via the first trans-oceanic air mail ship, the Graf Zeppelin.

\* \* \*

As it seems now, the Latin School Dramatic Club will present the "Mystery Man," by Morris Ankrum and Vincent Duffy. "Seventeen," "Tons of Money," "The Haunted House," "Tommy," "The Champion," and several others were considered, but the "Mystery Man" was considered the best for the club's purpose. A meeting was called recently, the cast will be selected and rehearsals will begin. The officers of the club for the 1928-29 season are as follows: *president*, Donal M. Sullivan; *vice-president*, Edwin T. Anthony; and *secretary*, John E. McDonald.

## FIRST AND LAST CHRONICLES

SYDNEY LA SAPPE, II

Now it came to pass in the days when the coaches ruled, that there fell upon the land of College-athletics a dearth of ends. And there dwelt in the land of Professionalism, Greg Rangc, of the tribe of Dough-seekers, he, and his father Brik-laya, and nothing more.

And Greg did read in the paper—woe was to him that did not—that in the realm of College-athletics dough did exist in abundance to be had for the asking. So he girt himself in vestments of hogskin, against the wrath to come. And he drew nigh unto the den wherein did repose the paternal lion to be bearded. And coming upon him as he lay at rest, counting his shekels, he spake unto him saying, “O, thou who hast made thy son what he isn’t, hear him, hearken unto him. O do read how such-and-such a one may get so much dough in the land of College-athletics where it is in abundance, to be had for the asking. Unto myself have I resolved to get some, being a son of my father, hence a dough-seeker.”

Now when Brik-laya heard what his son had said, he was wroth and sore vexed at heart. And he raised his foot, and kicked his son thrice, angered that he should insult his father by hoping to go to College. Thrice kicked he him, that “a kick may be felt where words would not.”

Wherefore, by night, with fear in his heart, lest he be caught, and Sli-kum on his locks, lest he be not scented, Greg set forth from the Farm-house, having kissed the cows, and received the farewell of the

swinidry. With him went forth his coon coat, his uke, and his tin Elizabeth. And he stepped on the gasoline. And he sped. And the cops followed him waving divers tickets. But eternal be his glory, for he disgraced not the tribe of Dough-seekers. He bribed whatsoever cop or copper or cops or coppers that came near him.

And it further came to pass that Greg arrived in College-athletics. But the Dean which was of the college, was ill-pleased with Greg. And Greg did hate him likewise, and hating him, passed by him in economics, so as to give him no pleasure.

The big game came. And the big varsity eleven got ineligible at the last moment, as it shall ever be written. And, needless it is to say that Greg—the big hick—waxed strong. And he became imbued with the strength of ten men. And he became a one-man team. And he scored the big touch-up, which won for his team the game. And he was a seven-day hero. And whatsoever of dough he did not get no other man got. And pleasure lighted his eye. And his heart grew light. And his head, ever empty, was empty. For he had been shown that in the beginning he was nobody and had nothing, unto which nothing had been added, whence nothing had been subtracted, hence he could multiply by nothing and divide by nothing. So in a mess of math, Greg waned and, waning, gave up the ghost and went west.

Thus that which ought to have happened from the first happened as it is ever written.



## MURDER

NATHAN LEARNER

In the year 1928, on the second day of May, a dirty roll of manuscript was found in a recently discovered underground cave in the vicinity of Athens. On it could be seen some very faint tracings which, as was decided, were old Greek characters. A great deal of speculation arose over this document, but only now has it been converted into sensible English.

This is what has been translated:

I, the second cousin of Pericles, once met my treacherous kinsman, Alcibiades. Clothed in a tunic of purple, he walked about with the air of a king, glancing this way and that.

I approached and asked of him, "Can'st show one the way to the grave of Cleon, our dead leader?"

Haughtily turning around he gazed at me with those green eyes of his which reminded me of the baleful eyes of a serpent; his trimly kept beard bristled at the sight of me, and were it permissible, I would have struck him down. As if understanding my hatred for him, he turned and called to his slave whom he commanded, "Throw the vagabond into jail."

But 'tis said, "he who laughs last laughs best." 'Twas in early spring that my kinsman returned triumphantly from the court of Tissaphernes, accompanied by the sailors of our once glorious fleet. When called upon by the worshipping crowd to address them, he mounted a platform, and with a sarcastic look in his snaky eyes surveyed the pushing crowd. Then he began: "Fellow countrymen, I lay myself at your feet—"

Unable to control myself any longer, I left the crowd and moodily entered my home, which was a dirty cellar. Seating myself at the broken table I began to plan my vengeance on the man who had killed my own children and had taken the very bread out of my mouth.

I then arrived at a decision. I would go in the middle of that very night to his chamber and spill a drop of some very powerful poison down his throat; then I, myself, would swallow the remaining fluid; for what had I to live for, with my children and wife gone?

Night came to the houses of Athens, and with it came my precious vial and I to that snake's home. Stealthily climbing in through a window, I found myself in the very chamber in which he slept. The still-burning brazier luridly lit up the scene and showed to me the face of that serpent. Approaching softly, I looked upon those scornful lips of his which would never bring evil upon man any more, upon his delicately molded face, with its slightly aquiline features, the face of a handsome devil, with his leering, jeering mouth.

While I thus watched him, he opened his mouth to yawn, and I, with fiendish glee, poured the mixture down his throat.

I shall never forget, even in death, what then happened. With an unearthly scream he sprang up and as quickly fell back; his bright eyes glazed. The poison had done its work!

I quickly escaped through the window to my home and nervously sat down at the table. Extracting the half-empty vial, I opened it, and with one last look towards heaven I swallowed the contents.

I cannot explain the change that is coming over me and is overpowering me; it burns, oh! how it burns; but my wife and children have been avenged.

I see them now, standing with hands stretched out toward me, beckoning, calling, and I approach, nearer and nearer.

I can write no more, my hand fails me. I now enter, hand in hand with my children, into the Kingdom of Darkness.

\* \* \*

A decayed skull and a few bones were found not very far away from the place in which the document was discovered.



## ABDUL EL SASSAFRAS

MAURICE LEADER

"Toughy" Calahan, the well known, and much feared, consequently respected coach of MacLain University football teams, paused in delivering his famous type of commands; "Hey, you boob, you're supposed to be playing football," or "Get down and play ball, you bonehead; you must have been absent at the distribution of brains." There before him, stood a swarthy being, nut brown and wiry, clad in football togs eagerly awaiting a pause in the football mentor's tirade.

"Well, what do you want?"

"Pardon, sir, but my name is Abdul El Sassafras and I have reported for practice in answer to your bulletin," replied the dark young fellow.

Almost speechless from surprise, Toughy managed to articulate, "Well do you want me to serve you a gold ball on a silver platter, and dance around because you've favored me by coming out for the team? Get out and get to work."

The innocent object of this attack went away, unabashed, and joined a squad of aspirants for the backfield who were practicing on the gridiron.

Mr. Calahan promptly forgot Abdul El Sassafras and continued about his work, conscientiously laying on his verbal lash, wherever needed.

Captain Ober, who was in charge of the "backs" presented himself to the coach to report the "finds" or otherwise.

After discussing the team the captain suddenly said "yes, I meant to tell you, a good looking Arab reported today, and say, can that baby run? He has never played before because he just came here this year. He was taught English by a private tutor. The ball seems to stick to him, but he's a little hard upstairs."

"Yeh, he's a queer bird," answered the coach ending the conversation.

The game with Dalton, the first of the season, came about, and with MacLain leading comfortably. Abdul El Sassafras, long since labeled by the coach, "Sass," was sent in. He promptly lost his head, forgot all the rules that had been knocked into his "beezzer," recovering the ball in a fumble, started back toward his own goal. His teammates endeavored to right his course and only succeeded in sending him offside, but he kept on, outdistancing his pursuers and crossed the line offside. He then turned expecting to be crowded with a wreath of victory but was only topped by a paragraph of Toughy Calahan's wind.

As the season continued Sassafras reported persistently for practice and seemed to improve, but "There's no trusting these dark 'uns," as Toughy said, and so he did not get into a game after his disastrous brainstorm in the game with Dalton.

So the season passed, with MacLain winning most of its games and the team looking forward to the annual battle with its traditional rival, Arnold College. It was fortunate for the team that Grady, the regular right half, had escaped injury since Sass was next and last in line.

\* \* \*

The sun rose on a wet world, that November day, and all the players, being on edge, needed just such weather to calm them down. As we know, the New England climate is very unstable and therefore, the weather was ideal for football, when the coin was tossed by the rival captains.

It was the middle of the last quarter, with the warriors on even terms, the score 12 to 12. The game had proved the best since 19—, and plenty of excitement had been furnished when, suddenly emerging from a brisk scrimmage, Grady was seen to limp very badly and wince noticeably.

*Continued on Page 24*



# Booke Reviews



## LENIN I

*Valeriu Marcu*

Some day a biography of Lenin will be written that will not only picture him fighting against odds to win liberty for his people, but will also tell the story of one of the greatest minds in all modern history. At present it seems too early for his biography. Russia is a young country, not yet completely free from turmoil. In the midst of a confused mass are found from day to day new bits of information concerning him. Someone, in the near future, will collect these facts and give us a true account of his life.

The great mistake of the latest of Lenin's biographers is that he treats Lenin as part of the revolution instead of considering the revolution part of him. From his early youth Lenin dreamed of the liberation of the proletariat. He read Marx's "*Das Kapital*" and immediately set out to find a way by which the German socialist's theories could be put into practice. He visited the exiled Plekhanov at Geneva and from there reaped the benefits of a mind

more mature than his own. He returned to Russia and started to organize his people. Patiently he addressed small groups until he, too, was exiled. Once more he returned to his fatherland and continued his work. Out of the soft iron of the masses he forged a steel bullet which he hurled at the aristocracy. The bullet unerringly struck its mark, and the working people, the tillers of the soil became masters of Russia.

Then came the problem of setting up a new government. The country was divided and Lenin, the recognized leader of his party, became the target for attacks from differing factions. But the work of revolution had left its mark; he became paralyzed, and, for a while, lost the power of speech. He recovered somewhat and immediately went back to work. Although his strong constitution had carried him through war and exile, it could not prevent a relapse, and Lenin went back to the town of Gorky. After weeks of suffering, he died, and the people of Russia mourned the passing of the power that had made them a nation.

## THE FIFTEEN FINEST SHORT STORIES

*Selected by John Cournos*

Mr. Cournos was asked by the *Forum*, a while ago, to give his choice of the fifteen finest short stories. The article that accompanied his choice is the introduction to the book which contains the stories.

Mr. Cournos considers Maupassant's *Boule de Suif* the greatest of modern short stories. Though this be a broad statement, there are very few stories that have attained its height in characterization, psychology, and dramatic situation. It would have been well if Mr. Cournos had used such sound judgment in his other choices. *The Hidden Masterpiece* by Balzac and *The Procurator of Judea* by Anatole France certainly deserve places on this list, but what of some of the Russian stories he has included. *The Overcoat* by Gogol might easily be supplanted by Tolstoi's *The Death of Ivan Ilyitch*, and Gogol has done much better than *Twenty-Six Men and a Girl*. Mr. Cournos seems to prefer Russians, for he has also included *The Alyss*, by Andreyev, *Four Days* by Garshin, *The Darling* by Chekov, and *The District Doctor* by Turgenev. Of these *The Darling* and *The District Doctor* should remain, the other two could be excluded from the list. Kipling is represented by a story which many might contend is inferior to some of his others,—*The Phantom Rickshaw*. It is difficult to put your finger on Poe's best, but Mr. Cournos, disregarding any number of Poe's which might be mentioned, puts *Telltale Heart* on the list, and lets it go at that. I suspect he flipped a coin on that choice. *Bontzye Shweig* by Perez and *Torture* by Hope by del Isle Adam are two great stories. And that leaves us *The Funnel* by Coppard and *The Triumph of the Egg* by Anderson. Why the latter was chosen is unknown even to Mr. Cournos himself. Conrad, Morand's *I Burn Moscow* and

Hudson's *Story of a Piebald Horse* might well have been on these. They are all fine, although some are not the finest stories. As Mr. Cournos says: "I offer a final test: once read, these stories are never forgotten." —P. B.

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## THE CHILDREN

*Edith Wharton*

When an author of the standing of Mrs. Wharton, having produced an *Ethan Frome* and an *Age of Innocence*, announces a new novel, it is awaited by a far more critical audience than the average novel attracts. Inasmuch as Mrs. Wharton's more recent books had fallen below her earlier high standard, it was hoped that "The Children" would mark a return to it.

And yet I believe that it cannot be justly so appraised. *The Children*, is a good novel—fairly well constructed, excellently written, and moderately well-conceived. But it is no more than that and cannot possibly be compared with the author's early work.

The book deals with the misadventures of a group of some seven assorted and misplaced children, the material result of two marriages, two divorces, and two remarriages. The heroine of the story is a sixteen year old girl, Judith Wheeler. The hero is a Martin Boyne.

Briefly, the plot consists of the efforts of the alternately sage and frivolous Judith to key the flock of children together. Martin Boyne concerns himself with the affair, conceives a most paternal love for the lot of them, breaks off his engagement, for no discernible reason, and leaves for South America, ditto.

The plot seems to me to offer very few possibilities to a novelist, but it is also quite certain that Mrs. Wharton has not realized all of them. The motivation of her characters is obscure and unconvincing. The "inevitability" of the *Age of Innocence* for example, is entirely lacking.

However the author's effective and finished style does much to redeem the production.

—W. J. C.

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### THE STORY OF CHEMISTRY

FLOYD L. DARROW

In the author's own words, *The Story of Chemistry* begins with the alchemist and moves forward through two centuries and more of scientific discovery, until the accomplishments of today foreshadow the actual realization of the dreams of that mystic proper after the "unattainable."

The book is a good one for the person who knows little about chemistry and would like to understand what it concerns, and who wishes to learn a little of the theory.

After the historical basis of the subject has been developed, the author gives an adequate explanation of the atomic theory of matter. He then considers power and its sources. He discusses the possible exhaustion of the world's coal and petroleum supplies, the search for an anti-knock gasoline, and the liquification of coal. When he has described several common gases and the peculiarities of that form of matter, he paints for us a picture of peace and destruction, namely the use of chemistry in agriculture and in war. Next we find Ehrlich and Pasteur, endocrine glands, and vitamins all treated in a chapter entitled "Chemistry and Disease." There is a very complete article on rubber—the possibility of sythecizing it and the means by which the United States can break away from the British monopoly by obtaining rubber from some other source than the caoutchouc tree. The chapter on colloids is hardly satisfying. To continue enumerating the subjects treated would be to mention most of the fields of chemistry.

If there is any fault with the book, it lies in the fact that the author is too enthusiastic in his treatment of his subject.

At times he fairly gushes over and expects the reader to join him in exclaiming, "Now, isn't that wonderful." He also gives the impression of being too sure of the facts in some highly controversial places. The chapter-by-chapter bibliography could have been improved by the addition of more books, because it is restricted almost wholly to recent magazine articles. Although better books have been written on the various fields of chemistry, I do not know any "popular" exposition of the subject that covers the whole science so thoroughly and so simply.

\* \* \*

### JACK KELSO

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

In *Jack Kelso*, the author of *Spoon River Anthology* has produced a form of literary art that is as interesting as it is unusual. It is a long dramatic poem of five acts and thirty-one scenes. The verse form is a swiftly moving iambic tetrameter for the most part. Beyond the rhythm and a rather haphazard rhyme, there is little of conventional poetry in it. The language is that of the average man simple and direct. The story itself is of a man who, in his search for truth and an explanation of life, travels from one side of the country to the other, and after living for over a hundred years, ninety of which are traced in the poem, dies with his quest unfulfilled. The story opens in 1832 and closes about 1923. During that time, a most amazing array of characters have passed before our eyes. Among them are Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, Ann Rutledge, and Brigham Young. Minor characters—scientist, farmer, robber, policeman, engineer, tourist, and many others—appear for a moment and vanish again, just as they do in real life. Their bad characteristics are presented as frankly as their good ones without any comment on either. The scene



shifts from one place to another. At one time we are in a small village, later on an ocean steamship, then on the top of a high mesa in New Mexico, then on the steps of the Capitol in Washington, in a Cathedral in New York, and, after many other places have been visited, end up in the cemetery of the little village we started from.

The author's method of treating his subject seems to change as the poem progresses, in a line parallel to the change in the character of Jack Kelso. Kelso's character develops from that of a poetical young loafer to that of a disillusioned old man. In the beginning of the poem, there is a good deal of rather obvious symbolism and dramatic irony which we from our superior historical position can appreciate. Later in the poem the symbolism disap-

pears, and the irony becomes more bitter. Throughout there is an intense hatred of hypocrisy and untruth of all kinds. Injustice and dishonesty, from that of the President to that of a common policeman, are attacked. The conservative and the radical are both examined and found wanting. The general attitude is that America, as a country of peace, justice, liberty and honesty, is doomed. Anyone who has kept abreast of current affairs realizes that the facts so plainly stated by Mr. Masters are true, although they may not agree with his interpretation of them.

Although the poem lacks unity and the emphasis seems to be misplaced at times, it may be recommended unreservedly to everyone, with the hope that it will be found delightful reading. —W. C. Q.

### ABDUL EL SASSAFRAS

*(Continued from Page 20)*

All that remained to be done was to send in Abdul El Sassafas.

The coach with a rueful expression on his face called, "Hey, Sass, report to the 'ref' and then tell Ober to send you around the end when we get the ball again."

Abdul then did as he was told, but since Arnold had possession of the ball, nothing could be done just yet. Then on the fourth down the quarterback on Arnold's team fumbled the ball as he was being tackled and who should recover it but El Sassafas himself. He then proceeded to do as he had done once before. He threw all his football knowledge to the winds and began to run toward his own goal, when, over the

bedlam, sounded the shrill, pleading voice of Toughy Calahan of MacLain, "Turn around 'Sass,' turn around numbskull, turn around Abdul El Sassafas."

Forthwith Sassafas turned on his heel, and because Arnold was quietly waiting for him to score their goal, he succeeded in shaking off all pursuers. He ran the length of the field and crossed the line for MacLain, and as the cheering was reaching its height and the teams lining up for the kick, the whistle blew, ending it all. The score was 18 to 12 for MacLain.

From that minute on, Abdul El Sassafas was courteously called by all—no exceptions—"Abdul El Sassafas."







### THE GROTON GAME

The result of the Groton game, played at Groton on October 13, was a scoreless tie. The air was wet, the field was wetter, and the ball was wettest. In fact, if we may be permitted the phrase, all was wet. As a result, as was to have been expected, there occurred many fumbles, which tended to keep the issue ever in doubt; and in doubt it was, even to the last second of play.

Latin kicked off to Groton's 35-yard line. Unsuccessful in an attempt to rush, our opponents kicked to our 15-yard mark. Feins again kicked to Groton, who, by the same method, put the ball one yard from our goal. Feins kicked out of danger; Groton rushed, then kicked offside to our 10-yard line. We kicked, the prolate spheroid evaded the grasp of the Groton receiver, and we recovered the moist morsel. Feins around the end, and Warren twice through center, brought the ball mid-field, whence, unable further to penetrate the defense of our worthy opponents, we kicked deep into their territory. They rushed, then kicked the aforesaid spheroid, to which, having advanced it eight yards, we administered another boot. This latest kick marked the inauguration of the second period. As may be ascertained from this

paragraph, the ball was the recipient of numerous kicks, and spent, as it seemed, more time being promulgated through the ozone than being transported over the *terra firma*.

Groton carried the ball around the end for four yards, lost them and one more on an offside penalty, and completed a forward pass which narrowly missed gaining a first down. The now long suffering pig-skin endured another kick which landed it on our 22-yard line. Warren hit the line, hurt his ankle, and was forced to leave the game. He had played well. There followed many rushes by both sides, for the most part ineffectual, which were punctuated by appropriate kicks. Toward the end of the period, however, we kicked across the Groton goal. They attempted a long end run, which gained but a yard, and followed it with a kick which was run back thirty-five yards by Rabinovitz, who weaved a labyrinthian path through a broken field. This journey ended with the ball on their 28-yard line. Lachacz then made the Groton line appear as if constructed of paper, performing five successive penetrations thereon for gains of eight, two, one, three, and two yards. Dolan was given the ball to go around right end, but the guardian of that section of the

field came in like a flash and wrecked the play. Lichtenstein was sent in to drop kick, but was hurried, and we failed to score. The half ended after two fruitless rushes by Groton.

In the third quarter, Groton kicked off, and fumbled the return kick after our unsuccessful rushes. Horovitz recovered the bounding pigskin, and we advanced it two yards to their 30-yard mark, where we fumbled. Groton picked up the ball, and carried it to our 45-yard line. Latin was offside on the following play, which brought the ball to the 40-yard line, whence they carried it forward three yards. We were again offside, and they followed this by carrying the ball to the 20-yard line, where it was surrendered on downs. Our kick was blocked by Groton, but we recovered, and kicked to within five yards of midfield. Groton again began a march down the field to the 33-yard line where the parade was interrupted by the quarter.

Resuming, they carried the ball to the 15-yard line where we took possession. We rushed, then kicked to their 48-yard line. (No, gentle reader, there was no *line*). They fumbled, recovered, and kicked to our 38-yard line. Lachacz carried it to the 44-yard mark, and on the next play, we fumbled. They marched to within thirteen yards of our goal, where they lost the ball on downs. We kicked. Groton brought the ball to our 30-yard line, where they attempted a forward pass which was intercepted by Tracy, who carried it to the 38-yard line. A forward pass, Lichtenstein to Lynch, put the ball on their 48-yard line. We attempted a lateral pass, which failed, then kicked to the 25-yard line, where Groton fumbled, and we recovered. We smashed through center to the 15-yard line, and there we stayed, for the whistle blew, and the game ended while our hopes were taking an unprecedented rise.

It was a good game. It was, for the

most part, a kicking duel between two foemen, Barnes and Feins, each of whom was worthy of the other's prowess. To say which was the better would be difficult; they were both very good.

The team has begun to show the benefit of its increasing experience. Its play was smoother, faster, and better executed than in the games previous. The ends were down faster under punts, the backs ran better, and the line was much more impervious than before. There were several blunders, of course, but they were not fatal, and should soon be eliminated. The tackling has improved.

That passing combination, Lichtenstein to Lynch, should gain us many yards. "Eddie" Horovitz played his usual fine game at right tackle; he is the only "iron man" on the team, having played throughout each game. Shea played well at right guard, and Weddleton was quite as good at the other guard position. "Dick" Gould, at center, playing out of the line on defense, performed Herculean labors with telling effect until he was taken out with an injury to his shoulder. His substitute, Downes, also did well. Cohen played well at left tackle, and Loughran was a team in himself at left end. Rabinovitz played a fine game at quarterback, and his running, on the few occasions when he had the ball, was sensational. "Speed" Lawlor and Lichtenstein played well as defensive half-backs, and Feins took good care of the full-back position. Lachacz found many holes in the Groton line, and Warren likewise. We are very hopeful. The summary:

BOSTON LATIN GROTON SCHOOL  
 Goodwin, Lynch, re. . . re., Turner, Crocker  
 Horovitz, rt. . . . . rt., Adams, Hare  
 Shea, Tracy, rg.  
 rg., Frelingheuvsan, Grenfell  
 Gould, Downes, c. . . c., Huffman, Thorpe  
 Weddleton, Tracy, lg. lg., Roosevelt, Bross  
 Cohen, lt. . . . . lt., Bacon, Hare, Drum  
 Loughran, le. . . le., Sanger, Paul, Brown

Rabinovitz, qb. . . . . qb., Barnes, Weeks  
Lawlor, Lichtenstein, rhb.

rhb., Whitney, Potter  
Warren, Lachacz, lhb. . . . . lhb., Cheever  
Feins, Dolan, fb. . . . . fb., Hyde, Pease

Referee: Fradd. Umpire: Heard. Lines-  
man: Peabody. Time: 4 10m. periods.

\* \* \*

### YET SO NEAR—

Three little inches was all that separated the Latin School football team from a tie score, perhaps from a victory, in the game with Norwood High School on October 20. 'Twas very sad.

Norwood kicked off, we rushed, then kicked. As if loath to hold the ball, Norwood kicked back, Rabinovitz received, and nearly got away to a clear field. We hit the line. Then "Russ" Lynch, playing end, dragged down a forward pass from Lichtenstein which brought the ball inside their ten-yard line. Lachacz hit the line for eight yards like a meteor, and put the pigskin six inches from the goal. Then Rabinovitz tried to slip through the center's legs, but a very wary Norwoodite descended like a plummet, and wrecked the play. The ball was three inches from the goal-line. Ah me! Alack! Alas! 'Twas very, very sad.

Norwood promptly kicked offside at the 20-yard line. Feins took the ball around the end; then a forward pass was intercepted by Norwood on the ten-yard line. They kicked about ten yards. We attempted a lateral, which failed dismally. On the next play, a forward pass was intercepted by Norwood on the 30-yard line. They were smothered on the next play for a loss of five yards. They tried the end, and met the same fate. Evidently realizing that all offense was hopeless, they again kicked, this time to the 43-yard line.

We attempted a lateral pass, which failed, and Feins followed it with a kick.

This ended the first quarter, during which Norwood not once brought the ball into our territory.

In the second period, neither side gained any great advantage, until, after a poor Latin kick, Norwood came within striking distance. They went around the end to the 12-yard line, and then carried it to the 7-yard line. A perfectly executed forward pass to Kelleher, their end, brought them the only score of the game, for they failed to kick the point.

An excellent kick-off against the wind by Feins, followed by a long end run by Norwood, were the only events of note in the rest of the period which soon ended.

After the half, they took the ball around left end for twenty yards, and were merrily on the way to a touchdown, when their runner was rudely interrupted on our 48-yard line by the fleet Rabinovitz. They tried a forward, which we appropriated. On the next play, we fumbled, but recovered. We decided then to get rid of the elusive spheroid by kicking, which we did. Norwood, using her criss-cross play with devastating effect, gained successively twelve, nine, and ten yards, to bring the ball to our 28-yard line. Here, they fumbled, and we recovered the bounding pigskin. After having failed to advance, we kicked. Again that fateful criss-cross was effected, and brought the ball to our twelve-yard line, where we took possession on downs.

Starting the fourth period, Warren was sent in to relieve Feins, and from the five-yard mark he kicked, aided by the wind, well over mid field and out of danger.

Our defense tightened up, and they were forced to kick. We returned the compliment and also the ball. Again they failed to make any great indentation on our line. We found their defense equally good, and kicked. They broke through, but were



halted in an abrupt fashion on our 20-yard line by Lynch. Upon receiving the ball, we rushed to our 40-yard line, and then to their 45-yard line, but were halted by the whistle which ended the game.

The line played better than ever before, and, during the first half, was almost impregnable. After a lapse in the third period, it resumed its former proficiency. Lynch and Loughran were good at end, and the backfield played well. It was not, to our mind, a game of individual performances, but more a game between two units. Our general play was good. We should provide a great deal of difficulty for the High School of Commerce. The summary:

NORWOOD	BOSTON LATIN
Kelleher, re. . . . . re.,	Lynch, Mellen
Silverman, rt., . . . . . rt.,	Horovitz, Tracy
Earle, Rock, rg. . . . . rg.,	Shea, Murmes
Newman, c. . . . . c.,	Downes
Taylor, Atonen, lg. . lg.,	Weddleton, Cohen
Koslowski, lt. . . . . lt.,	Cohen, Wilson
Donahue, le. . . . . le.,	Loughran, Kelleher
Conley, Ellis, qb. qb.,	Rabinovitz, Campana
Kelley, rhb. . . . . rhb.,	Lachacz, Balkan
O'Donnell, lhb.	

lhb., Lichtenstein, Block, Lawlor  
Smeltsor, fb. . . . . fb., Feins, Warren

\* \* \*

### DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

A solidly built half-back on the Groton team impressed us the most. He was as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar on defense, and almost irresistible on offense. He was no giant, but his ability more than compensated for his size. His name—Cheever.

\* \* \*

"It's a pleasure to play against teams like St. Mark's and Groton."

\* \* \*

"We want number 31!"

\* \* \*

"Pansy" Kopans and Captain "Bill" Adler are both out with the squad at last.

They have a large handicap to start with, but we feel they are equal to it.

\* \* \*

For the edification of those mystified individuals who did not understand the reference, "pansy," we explain that Kopans is the person to whom we referred.

\* \* \*

The feminine contingent is not, as it seems, as greatly in the ascendancy at Norwood as at Gloucester. For at Norwood, one noble male could be seen among the cheer leaders, while at Gloucester, all were of the other sex.

\* \* \*

We have seen Dave Kopans act in many capacities. We have seen him play, we have seen him act as linesman, but we could scarcely believe our eyes when we saw him perform the lowly function of water boy at the Norwood game. We know the reason. He just wanted to get as close as possible to the field of battle.

\* \* \*

Rabinovitz acted as captain in both the Groton and the Norwood games.

\* \* \*

John Joyce is out for the season with an injury. He was a candidate for halfback.

We have a great pair of defensive backs in Balkan and Lichtenstein. They can tackle. Balkan tackles as though he enjoys the business. Both can kick, and Lichtenstein, in addition to being good at drop-kicking, throws passes very well. A very useful duo, you may be sure.

\* \* \*

"Eddie" Horovitz, the man in the "iron mask," should be a candidate for all-scholastic honors, if we may make so bold as to voice this prediction. His running-mate, Cohen, is also good.

Little honor or glory is accorded those holding the position of guard. They do a great deal of work, but receive little recognition. When a back goes plunging



through, it is usually a guard who make the hole for him. This, of course, also works the opposite way, for it is a guard who lets him through, in which case the blame is laid at his door. When, however, the back does go through, it is he who is cheered—and deservedly so—while the linesman's work is not realized. Our guards have been improving steadily, and are now playing good football. Perhaps the best at this position are Weddleton, Shea, White, Eagan, Murmes, and Wilson.

\* \* \*

Were it not for the ability of our kicker, Feins, our path would have been more thorny than it has been. When we cannot advance, we kick out of danger, and here it is that the need of an efficient punter is manifested. Feins has thus far done well in this function, and he has an able substitute in "Bucky" Warren.

\* \* \*

Lachacz is, in addition to being one of the fastest men in our backfield, the best we have for hitting the line. When he hits it, it is aware of the fact.

\* \* \*

We like to watch Rabinovitz run back punts through a broken field.

\* \* \*

"Dick" Gould was out of the Norwood game with an injured shoulder. Downes took good care of his position.

\* \* \*

*"We'll win, by golly, we'll win!" (And by golly, we did!)*

\* \* \*

**Hats off to Coach Fitzgerald!**

\* \* \*

When we saw Bill Adler start practice the week of the Commerce game, we were skeptical about his chances. We admired him for his courage, but we thought that it couldn't be done. He has shown us the error of our way. With one week of practice, he was ready to lead his team on the field; and as soon as he got on the grid-

iron, it was clear that he was there to stay.

\* \* \*

"Al" Lachacz left the game early with an injury. We missed his bullet-like charges all day.

\* \* \*

The cheer leaders in the Commerce game were Dwyer, Sklaver and Winer.

\* \* \*

We never thought to see the day when English High would aid our cheering, but it happened in the Commerce game. No megaphones had been provided for our cheer leaders, so these of E. H. S. very graciously lent theirs.

\* \* \*

O'Neil of English had his shoulder knocked out of place in the B. C. High game, but the doctor in attendance reset it on the field. Very efficient.

\* \* \*

Our cheering section was somewhat divided due to early arrivals by the other schools. It would be well if some arrangement were effected whereby each school would have a compact group.

\* \* \*

The referee had both sides weeping at his decisions, which robbed Commerce of a sure touchdown and Latin of a probable one. He couldn't help it.

\* \* \*

Lichtenstein is a good man. He can run, pass, drop-kick, and tackle. His performance was one of the best in the Commerce game. Forward passing, though, is his forte.

\* \* \*

Very good at snaring his passes are Alder, Loughran and Lynch.

\* \* \*

Adler played a corking good game. His injury didn't seem to hamper him much, and he was on the job all the time.

\* \* \*

Bill Loughran is not spectacularly in-



# COMMERCE CONQUERORS



ADLER  
LACHACZ  
HOROVITZ

LICHTENSTEIN  
COHEN

FEINS  
DOWNES

RABINOVITZ  
BALKAN

KOPANS

LOUGHRAN



clined. He is steady, alert, and experienced. He is the ruination of many opposing plays, works every minute of the time, and is very fast on his feet. He displayed his usual sterling form in the Commerce game.

\* \* \*

Dave "Pansy" Kopans played his first game of the season against Commerce. When he tackled, the victim knew that no flower had hit him. He was particularly adept at recovering fumbles, and played a fine all-around game. We rejoice at his return.

\* \* \*

Eddie Horovitz, as ever, was hither, yon, and everywhere at the right moment. He is another chap whose tackling is felt rather keenly by the opposition.

\* \* \*

Cohen and Balkan were very good at guard, and did yeoman labors, to the intense chagrin of the opponents. They fit well with the two tackles whom we mentioned above.

\* \* \*

"Steve" Downes played a fine game, and his passing was very accurate. In the fourth period he was relieved by Dick Gould, who immediately got busy.

\* \* \*

Warren played well throughout. He did most of the kicking, and also served in running plays. He was on the receiving end of a perfectly executed forward at the end of the first half, when Latin first threatened. He hits the line hard and fast. Feins did little kicking, due, probably, to an injury received early in the week. He was there when the punch was needed for a touchdown.

\* \* \*

The best performance of the day was that of Rabinovitz, the quarterback. He was the best ball-carrier on the field, and it was he who paved the way to that long-

awaited touchdown. It was the first game in which he had carried the ball to any great extent, except in running back punts, and he has made a fine beginning. He ran the team well, but his individual play was the thing which to the greatest degree annoyed Commerce and pleased Latin.

\* \* \*

## NEXT VICTIM! !

\* \* \*

We have just learned that "Bucky" Warren sustained a broken rib as a result of an injury received in the Commerce game, and will be out of the lineup for at least three weeks. This robs the team of one of the best players we have.

We have also learned that Lachacz will be out of the game for a week. These are two bad blows to the team.

\* \* \*

## SUPRAVIMUS TRIUMPHAVIMUSQUE!

The day was cold. When we arrived at the field we were instantly aware of that fact. As the game progressed, we became more and more chilled. During the fourth quarter, however, we were insensible to the frigidity of the atmosphere and cared not for the chilly blast. There must have been a reason. There was. In the fourth period of the Commerce game, which was played on October 26, the Latin School football team scored its first touchdown of the year, and there was great rejoicing.

Latin kicked off, and the gentleman who received was promptly subdued by the very diligent Mr. Kopans, who seemed anxious to make up for lost time. Commerce immediately commenced battering our line, and, by a trio of first downs, reached our 40-yard line. Here our line stiffened, and held. Commerce was forced to kick. We advanced the ball to our own 48-yard line, but had to kick. It was a poor kick, and gave Commerce an opening, which, however, they failed to capitalize.

They kicked. After a few ineffectual rushes by both sides, the period ended. It was a colorless first quarter, and, except for the early advance by Commerce, there was little of great interest in it.

The second session bade fair to be a replica of the first. It was a see-saw affair until we were startled by the action of two Commerce linesmen. These industrious individuals, Price and Ahearn by name, broke through the Latin line and blocked a punt. Not satisfied with their signal service, Ahearn recovered the ball which had been so rudely blocked, and ran for a touchdown. Here the referee, *dear fellow*, intervened, and ruled that both teams were off-side, thus nullifying the play. Commerce expected us to kick, but we very cleverly fooled them. Lichtenstein threw a long forward pass to Captain Adler, who was brought down on the 20-yard line. Another forward, straight over the center of the line, Lichtenstein to Loughran, was good for ten yards. Then "Bucky" Warren ran to the far right side of the field, received a long forward from the same "Lefty," and was on his way to a touchdown when he was driven offside about a yard from the goal. Rabinovitz then went off tackle, and the ball was six inches from the goal, when the referee, *unspeakable*, blew the whistle, ending the half. Six inches to go, and two downs in which to make it. A golden opportunity spoiled by a nickel whistle!

After the half, during which English and B. C. High gamboled about the field, Commerce kicked off. Lichtenstein received, and ran the ball back twenty-five yards to our 40-yard line. He then threw a forward to Adler which brought the ball to midfield. Another pass, by the same combination, failed, and Warren kicked. Loughran was down like a flash and stopped the receiver in his tracks, said tracks being on the Commerce 23-yard line. Neither side threatened to any great degree

during the remainder of the period until Commerce, through the agency of a poor kick, which went only four yards, surrendered the ball to Latin on the Commerce 40-yard line. Rabinovitz shot off tackle for eight yards, and Warren followed that with a line-buck which gave us a first down. That ended the third period. Coming back, Rabinovitz again went off tackle for eight yards, and Warren followed that with a line buck which gave us a first down. That ended the third period. Coming back, Rabinovitz again went off tackle, this time for ten yards, which brought the ball to their 10-yard line. Taking the ball again, he made five yards, then four more. Then Feins hit the line and went over for a touchdown. Lichtenstein narrowly missed kicking the point after the touchdown.

Latin kicked off, the opposition fumbled and the redoubtable Kopans recovered the pigskin on the Commerce 25-yard line. On a poor pass from center, we lost five yards, and Warren followed this with a punt which carried over the goal line. Cowhig of Commerce went around the end for six yards, but on the next play fumbled, and Bill Adler recovered. We took it around the end, but on the following play, we fumbled. Then Commerce got on her toes. A forward pass, Nyhan to Ryan, gained twenty-five yards. Cowhig then went around the end like an express train for ten yards to our 30-yard line. But the end of the game put a stop to the Commerce advance, and we retired victorious.

The game was hard-fought, and well-played. The result of the game has a definite import for us. We are not out of the running. The team has steadily improved since the St. Mark's fiasco until it is now a smooth-working unit. Its worst fault was poor tackling. That has been remedied. The backs are running better, the ends are down faster under punts, the line is holding better on defense. We have



an effective forward pass. We have two good kickers. The greatest defect, as it seems, is that the line does not work as well on offense as on defense. However, that may be, if we improve as we have been improving, we should rank high among the teams in the City League. We have four hard games ahead. No one of them will be a sinecure. Hard work will do it. Let us gird up our loins. The summary:

BOSTON LATIN	COMMERCE
Lynch, Adler, re. ....	le., Schnabel
Horovitz, Weddleton, rt. ....	le., Gamer
Cohen, rg. ....	lg., Sullivan
Downes, Gould, c. ....	c., Price
Balkan, lg. ....	rg., McNamara
Kopans, lt. ....	rt., Gallop
Loughran, le. ....	re., Ahearn
Rabinovitz, Dolan, qb. ....	qb., Ryan
Lachacz, Warren, rhb. ....	lhb., Murray
Lichtenstein, Mullen, lhb. ....	rhb., Lawrence
Feins, Block, fb. ....	fb., Flaherty

## Memorabilia

THE AGONIES OF DECLAMATION A QUARTER CENTURY AGO

### A REVERY

*"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;"*  
*This is the hundredth time I've heard that lay,  
And it is growing wearisome to me.*

*"Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansioned call the fleeting breath?"*  
*Who would believe a fellow'd have the crust,  
To speak a piece which has been spoke to death!*

*"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean hear,"*  
*Would I could give full vent unto my spleen,  
By extricating all the speaker's hair.*

*"Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn!"*  
*If I could catch this follower of Gray,  
I'd make him wish he'd never been born.*

—W, '04.



The millennium had come. Lions went to sleep with lambs. Nations scrapped their battleships. Theater curtains rose as advertised at eighty thirty sharp. Ring-side seats for prize fights were no longer located six or seven miles from the ring. Waiters said "Thank you" when tipped. Permanent and restaurant menus were printed in plain, understandable English.

A railroad train pulled by a cinderless electric engine rolled slowly into an artistic station. A stalwart man with the physique of a puglist lightly swung himself from one of the Pullmans and stepped to the platform. In his right hand he carried a small satchel which could not have weighed more than two or three pounds at the most. His strong fingers carried it along as if it were no heavier than a feather. He walked briskly up the platform, swinging it easily from side to side.

And, as he neared the gate, he was *not* mobbed by a clamoring, perspiring, wrangling, insinuating, pesky crowd of presumptuous red-caps and porters who practically demanded that they be permitted to carry his tiny bag from the train to a taxi.

As, yes, the millennium had come.

\* \* \*

One-third of life is spent in bed and two-thirds of it is spent in bad.

It's a sure sign of summer when a Scotchman throws his Christmas tree away.

\* \* \*

It is easy to recognize an American at a bullfight. He cheers for the bull.

\* \* \*

"Please!"

"No."

"Oh, please do."

"Positively, no."

"Please, just this time."

"I said no."

"Aw, Ma, all the boys go barefooted now."

\* \* \*

An old Scotch lady looked out of a car window as the train drew into the station, and hailing a little boy, said:

"Little boy, are you good?"

"Yes'm."

"Parents living?"

"Yes'm."

"Go to Sunday School?"

"Yes'm."

"Then I think I can trust you; run with this penny and get me a bun, and remember God sees you!"

\* \* \*

"My office boy whistles while he works."

"Your're lucky. Mine only whistles."

\* \* \*

Sign up, gents. Learn that new dance—the postage stomp.

## HOW TO GET INTO AN OPEN-BACK DRESS SHIRT

1. Open with prayer.
2. Remove pins, being sure to leave plenty of thumb prints on front for indentation.
3. Suspend shirt in doorway; make desperate dive as if tackling dummy. If shirt evades capture.
4. Erect garment on floor in shape of army pup tent with aid of slide rule. Crawl in; in case of collapse.
5. Insert toy gas balloon in shirt, raising it to ceiling. Deflate balloon, allowing shirt to settle down on the shoulders. If air currents are unfavorable.
6. Call in Life Saving Corps with breeches buoy. Hang shirt at other end of rope and coast into it with outstretched arms.
7. Call in roommate to button the thing.

\* \* \*

Willie: "Ma, if the baby was to eat tadpoles, would it give him a big bass voice like a frog?"

Mother: "Good gracious, no! They'd kill him!"

Willie: "Well, they didn't."

\* \* \*

The room was dark.

It was 2 a. m.

Her father came to the top of the stairs and called.

No answer.

He came to the bottom of the stairs and called.

No answer.

Angrily striding into the parlor, he switched on the lights.

There was no one there.

\* \* \*

The cream of all absent-minded professors is the one who, about to start on a journey, filled his wife with gasoline, kissed his road map goodbye and tried to shove his automobile into his pocket.

You can tell what she thinks of your dancing if, after you pardon yourself for stepping on her toe, she says, "Certainly."

\* \* \*

"There's a sort of a bump on your chest," said the tailor, pausing in his measurements, "but we make the clothing so that you will not realize the bump is there."

"I know you will," sighed the customer. "That's my pocketbook in my inside pocket."

\* \* \*

Editor: "You have made your hero too hot-headed, I'm afraid."

Writer: "What do you mean?"

Editor: "He has a lantern jaw to begin with, and his whole face is lit up. His cheeks flamed, he gave a burning glance, and then with wrath and boiling with rage, he administered a scorching rebuke."

\* \* \*

Minister: "I pronounce you man and wife—the ring, please."

Magician (reaching in his pocket and pulling out a rabbit): "Gosh, the wrong act!"

\* \* \*

"If caught by traffic in the middle of the street, the best thing to do is to stand still," says an expert.

And if time permits scribble a farewell message on the back of a visiting card.

\* \* \*

Traveler: "Porter, I want to be called at 5 o'clock in the morning."

Porter: "Boss, ah guess you-all isn't acquainted with these heah mode'n 'nventions. See dis heah button, heah? Well, when you-all wants to be called, you jest presses dat button, an' we comes an' calls you."

\* \* \*

Last year gas killed four thousand nine hundred and fifty-two persons. Thirty inhaled it, nine hundred and twenty-two lit matches over it, and four thousand stepped on it.

## THE MODERN ARABIAN NIGHTS

*Tale No. 341679*

"How's the fish today, waiter?"

"The fish is not very good. It's been in the ice box about a week and even the cat refuses to eat it. I can't recommend it, sir."

"You don't say! How about the Yankee pot roast and spaghetti?"

"If you'll take my advice, you'll leave it alone. We've been warming over that pot roast for a week and the spaghetti is like rubber. I can't recommend it, sir."

"Well, well, I think I'll have a shrimp salad with Russian dress—"

"Please, sir, do not take the shrimp. It is positively dangerous to eat it. In fact, all our stuff today is not very fresh. If I were you I'd run over to Joe's for lunch."

"I appreciate your interest, and I want you to accept this two-bit piece as an evidence of my gratitude."

"Thanking you just the same, sir. I *never* accept unearned gratuities. Good day, sir, I trust you will dine *well*."

\* \* \*

We cannot help but admire the Scotch resident of San Francisco who married a lady Alpine climber, and thereby saved \$39.65 a year on carefare.

\* \* \*

"Don't you remember me, Mr. Tunney? I was in the same army regiment with you."

\* \* \*

Diner: "Waiter! Where's that steak! I can't wait all day!"

Waiter: "I'm sorry, sir, but you got hungry—we didn't send for you."

\* \* \*

There was a shy young man who wanted to propose to his lady love, but never dared. Finally he took her to his family lot in the cemetery and said: "Wouldn't you like to be buried here some day?"

Conductor: "How old is the little girl?"

Little Girl: "Mother, I'd rather pay the full fare and keep my age to myself."

\* \* \*

The New Orleans man eased himself into the chair and called for a shave. The little barber was of a swarthy complexion that indicated that he might be of Latin-American blood. As he stropped his razor he opened the conversation with: "What's your opinion of this Nicaraguan situation?"

"Same as yours."

"But how do you know what mine is?"

"Don't matter. You've got the razor."

\* \* \*

Packed in the oval was the colorful crowd, jammed in with scarcely room to breathe. Row on row, layer on layer, the crushing mob was packed in . . . packed in, as some would say, like sardines.

And the funny part of it was that they were sardines.

\* \* \*

Fresh Pork Sausage—From pleased pigs that made perfect hogs of themselves.

\* \* \*

Captain (frenziedly): "All hands on deck; the ship's leaking."

Sleepy Voice (from the hold): "Aw, put a pan under it and come in to bed."

\* \* \*

"Napoleon?"

"Here!"

"Bismark?"

"Here!"

"Calvin Coolidge?"

"President!"

"Alexander the Great?"

"Here I am!"

"Joan of Arc?"

"Oh, here I am!"

Roll call in the asylum was over.



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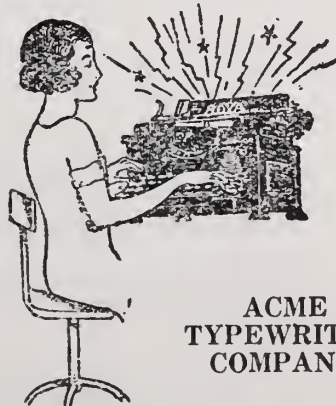
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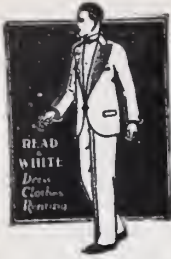
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 **CHRISTMAS**  V.M.

Vol. XLVIII

December 1928

No. 3

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AND

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# *The Register*

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No. 3

## Christmas Number



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*The Register Staff takes this opportunity to extend to the school and its friends its sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.*



# THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

## THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

EDWIN W. FULLER, JR.

Aaron Samuel Keating was somewhat of a cynic. He was somewhat of a pagan. In fact, he was somewhat of a sophist. He was president and owner of the Keating Supply and Provision Company, having chain stores throughout the eastern United States. He was rich—very rich. He had millions. He might not have had them had he not been left a penniless orphan at the age of sixteen. He too might have been a worthless no-account like his father. But he had seen his father's predicament and had resolved never to be caught in a like manner. He began as clerk in a small store. He had worked—worked hard. Soon he was made manager of the store, then manager of the district, then general manager. And he worked, worked! And *he* saved his money. Consequently when the owner died, Keating, though only forty or so, bought the business from the relatives, who had no desire to keep it going. He augmented and soon had a flourishing business with stores all over the East. At fifty he was worth millions. Yet in spite of his money, his friends were few. True there were some who were really sincere but Keating regarded them as hypocrites and after his money.

He lived in seclusion in a large old-fashioned house in that section of New York known as Chelsea. Its heart is on Nineteenth Street near Ninth Avenue.

There was a clinging mustiness about old Chelsea. It seemed half-hidden, half-forgotten, thought Keating. His house was set in a fairly deep front yard—one of the few left in New York. Each floor had its deep window in the French manner, with perhaps a balcony. It was well furnished in a costly yet not showy or extravagant manner. Keating had chosen this part of town as a means of escape from the rushing, bustling mob of Times Square. Of course he must live in the city to conduct his business. Yet he sought that part most different from the city itself. Chelsea with its drabness, its air of peaceful tranquility had been selected. Many residents are those whose family lived there before them and who were used to wealth and social prestige. They are now the relics of an opulent past—the last of the dwindling aristocrats. Its quaint antiquity, shown to full advantage in the gathering dusk, was one of the few things in which Keating took interest.

He lived alone, with the exception of his valet, Thornton, who did all the work around the house. Keating ate his meals out so there was no need of a cook. He seemed happy enough to be by himself without friends, yet those with whom he came in contact regarded him as a sour, sneering man with little or no feeling for anyone. The reason for this can be attri-

buted to the peculiarities that composed Keating's character. The greatest of these oddities was the thought that everyone was after his money; hence the reason for his self-inflicted solitude. And now as Christmas neared, he became more and more morose.

As Aaron himself said "What is Christmas? Flashy neckties, an endless stream of Christmas cards varying from the sublime to the ridiculous, unsmokable cigars and the insincere greetings of hypocrites who expect twenty dollar bills."

Everyone from the newsboy on the corner ranging through the elevator boy, porter, clerks, up to his general manager grinned a "Merry Christmas" and held out their hands hopefully. Money! That's all anyone wanted with him. The Christmas Dinner Fund for Orphans visited him yearly. What for? For money! And Keating coldly wrote out a check for a hundred dollars. He had to do it. Look at his position. The world expected it of the owner of a big corporation. So he did it. And the kindly looking lady smiled and said "Thank you. Merry Christmas," and left whereupon Aaron remarked sourly "That's that until next year."

Confound this Christmas business anyway. He couldn't spend another Christmas in New York. New York with its cheery "Merry Christmas," its mistletoe and holly, its gorgeous shop windows, its bustling crowd of money-mad people, who pat you on the back for what they can get out of you. Bah! He'd go away, away anywhere. He had tried to go to Europe once before over Christmas, but unforeseen business difficulties had compelled him to cancel the trip. Well, he wouldn't cancel another one. He'd surely go away this year. It was rather late though, the day before Christmas to be exact, but that didn't matter. He'd go to some small town where no one would know him and where he would not be bothered by that infernal "Merry Christmas."

Consequently, he had Thornton pack his grips. He telephoned his general manager to the effect he would be out of town for a week. Rushing downstairs he hailed a passing taxi. The machine swung from the streaming mass of traffic and pulled up to the curb. Keating opened the door and hurried inside.

"Grand Central Station" he called to the driver. The car swung back into the traffic. Down the street the taxi sped, winding in and out among the other cars, its horn shrieking a continual warning. Suddenly the car stopped with a shriek of brakes.

"Here you are, sir," smiled the driver tipping his hat politely. Keating jumped out. He pulled a bill from his wallet and thrust it into the driver's hand.

"Merry Christmas," smiled that individual. Keating sighed. Another one. He hurried into the station. He had no idea where he was going. All he knew was that he was leaving New York. He obtained a time-table and glanced through it. For several minutes he silently turned the pages. Then he stopped. His eyes were fixed on the page before him. Suddenly his face broke into a smile.

"Fairhaven" he murmured, "that's a pretty name. Let's see. A hundred and seventeen miles; guess I can make that." He rose and walking over to the ticket window, bought a parlor-car ticket. He glanced at the clock. Half-past twelve. The train would leave in about ten minutes. He'd eat lunch on the train and everything would be fine. He felt a sense of relief as he settled down in the huge parlor chair. He laid back in its soft cushions and closed his eyes. The train started. Aaron was on his way, leaving behind him New York and—Christmas. He was roused from his reveries by the raucous calling of the train-boy as he passed through the car, selling magazines, fruit, and other commodities. He glanced out at the swiftly passing landscape. Snow

was beginning to fall lightly. Snow—a real Christmas never seems complete without it. But then, it meant nothing to Aaron. Snow or no snow, he didn't care. He could remember with gladness one snowy Christmas a long time ago. It was one of the few he had really enjoyed. Billy Fitzpatrick, his old college chum had invited him out to his house one year to spend the holiday season. Aaron had no real desire to go. He wanted to be alone, yet rather than disappoint "old Fitzy" he went. There was Evelyn, Billy's wife, and Jane and David, the two youngsters. Then there was the tree, the presents, the holly, the big dinner—everything. And though Aaron would hardly admit it he had the best time of his life. Billy had invited Aaron several times since, too, but he had always refused. He felt like an outsider, even to "old Fitzy." And then—oh well, Christmas was a lot of bunk anyhow.

He picked up a magazine and scanned through it. "Merry Christmas," "Yuletide Joy," "Christmas Spirit" seemed to glare at him from every page. He slammed down the magazine, and rising, made his way through the lurching train to the dining car, only to be greeted by a "Merry Christmas, Boss" and an outstretched palm. Keating disdained a reply. After a hearty meal he returned to his chair in the parlor-car and settled down to a comfortable afternoon watching the snow drifting down on the quickly changing landscape.

He was soon awakened from his reverie by the loud announcement of "Next stop, Fairhaven." Aaron picked up his grips, allowed the grinning porter to help him into his coat and prepared to leave the train. There was a harsh grinding of brakes and a hissing of steam, as the train came to a slow stop. A moment's wait, for Aaron was the only passenger to get off and the signal to continue was given. Slowly at first then gaining speed, it soon rolled away in the distance, a trail of black smoke floating above it like a pirate flag. Aaron

set his grip down on the platform and surveyed his surroundings. Next he approached the station-agent to make inquiry about the town in which he had chosen to reside during Christmas holidays.

"I beg your pardon," began Aaron.

No reply.

He cleared his throat, but was still unable to gain a response from the station agent who was busily engaged reading the "Mystery of the Cheltonham Terrace Murder." A loud cough finally had the desired result. The agent lifted his head and looking over his glasses asked "What d'ya want, Mister?"

"I wonder if you could direct me to a hotel. The best, of course," he added.

The wizened figure in the chair remained motionless. The forehead contracted, the nose wrinkled. Silence. Then,

"I kin direct y' to *the* hotel. That is, if y' kin call it a 'hotel'."

Keating nodded, whereupon the station agent launched into a geographically complicated set of directions. Aaron interrupted to ask if there wasn't some means of transportation. The agent stared at him as though he had demanded the moon. The wrinkled brow became more deeply furrowed. Then settling back in his chair he growled, "Naw! you'll have tuh hike it!" Keating sighed and picked up his grips. He started toward the road; then turning around he asked meekly "How far did you say it was?"

"I didn't say," was the quick rejoinder. Then after a pause, "It's about fifteen minutes walk."

Aaron thanked him and started up the road. After a quarter of an hour's brisk walking he arrived at a large white frame-house which had a sign in its front yard announcing it to be the "Fairhaven Inn." "No doubt this is the hotel," thought Aaron as he surveyed it. He smiled as he mentally compared it with the flashy ones of the "Roaring Forties." He walked up the path and climbed the steps to the porch.



Setting down his grips he rang the bell. For several moments he stood there, awaiting an answer and regaining his breath. For Aaron was not used to a fifteen minute "hike" in mid-winter. The door suddenly opened revealing a middle-aged woman standing on the threshold.

"Won't you step in?" she asked cheerfully.

Aaron nodded and entered the house.

"The man down at the station told me I could find accommodations here for a few days" began Aaron. "I am—"

"Why of course," interrupted the woman. "I have a very nice room. We have so few guests over the holidays, I hardly expected anyone today. I'll show it to you, if you wish."

Aaron nodded and followed his conductor up the stairs to a pleasant room, comfortably furnished, meticulously clean, with an inviting fireplace.

"The room's a bit chilly," she said apologetically, "but I'll have my boy, Paul, build you a fire."

"Thank you very much, Mrs.—" hesitated Aaron.

"Mrs. Brewster," supplied the housekeeper. As she tidied up the room, Aaron had a good opportunity to observe her. She was small and slender, with wavy brown hair which the years had gently tinted grey. Her large brown eyes were filled with a tenderness which sparkled when she smiled. When she had finished, she announced that dinner would be ready in a few minutes and left. Aaron made a few essential repairs to his toilet and descended to the dining room, where Mrs. Brewster ushered him to a table, reciting the bill-of-fare as she walked. He ate alone, conscious of the scrutiny of several individuals who composed the other guests. As he demolished the last fragments of apple-pie, he decided to take a walk about the town.

It didn't seem like a bad place at all. It

was so quiet and peaceful. An air of tranquility seemed to envelop the entire village. It was a snowy night. Under foot the sidewalk was covered with a film of snow yet Aaron did not hurry. His walk was the slow pace of a man thoroughly enjoying a happy experience which he was loath to end. The snow fell in a picturesque and almost theatrical manner. Large, distinct flakes fell vertically, showing themselves to the best advantage in the light of the street lamps. Along the street the bare branches of the trees were marked in white. Pretty little snow-covered houses fairly breathed Christmas with their holly wreaths on the doors and in the gayly lighted windows. Brilliant red candles gleamed, and in the distance could be faintly heard some carollers. He felt imbued with new life as he contemplated his surroundings. In spite of all his efforts to the contrary, Christmas was finally getting a grip on Aaron. For the better part of an hour, he wandered about drinking it all in.

He returned home in time to find Mrs. Brewster arranging the last piece of holly in his room.

"Merry Christmas," smiled Mrs. Brewster beamingly. For once Aaron did not utter a sour remark. He had no cynical observation to make. A bit taken back by his own action, or rather lack of it, he managed to stammer, "Thank you. I hope yours too will be very merry." He looked at the decorations. Mrs. Brewster sensed his unspoken question.

"Just to make the room seem more cheery and more home-like," she volunteered. "I always feel so sorry for anyone who is unable to be at home with their family at this time of the year. I thought that maybe if I fixed up your room, you wouldn't mind being away from your family so much. I don't know what I'd do if I weren't with Paul for Christmas. We never have a very big one for," she hesitated, "you see we haven't got very much



money. But wealth isn't everything," she continued. "We've got health, happiness—everything. We're really rich you see, though we haven't much money. What little we make is saved to send Paul through college," she smiled. "We're working with that one object in view of giving him a good education."

Aaron nodded understandingly. There was a silence broken only by the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece.

"Well, I must hurry along now. Good-night," she smiled.

The door closed. Aaron walked to the big morris-chair and comfortably sank into it. For some time he remained motionless. Then he began to hum softly, so softly that it was but a whisper. Presently he rose and went to bed.

At eight o'clock Christmas morning, Aaron stirred in his comfortable bed. He emitted a yawn and drowsily turning over, surveyed his room. "Christmas," he murmured. He rose and quietly dressed. For several minutes he paced the floor, back and forth. He walked to the window and looked out into Fairhaven. He could not

deny the loveliness of it. Huge maples stood bare, towering above the houses. Streets meandered up gracious hillsides. In the distance he could see wooded mountains covered with snow. The sun was shining brightly in a cloudless blue sky. The snow had ceased but the mercury was still cuddling the bulb in the thermometer around zero. It was a pleasant place to be on this particular Christmas morning. One might rest here, one might pause to ask oneself important questions and find time to search for satisfying answers.

For a time he stood at the window drinking in the beauty of the scene before him. Then he suddenly wheeled about and sitting down at the desk hastily scrawled this note: "Merry Christmas! This will help see the boy through college." He sealed it in an envelope along with a substantial check. Putting on his coat and hat he seized his grips and softly descended the staircase. On Mrs. Brewster's desk he laid the envelope. Leaving the house he went to the station where he caught a train for New York. Aaron had found the *real* Christmas spirit.



## IT HAPPENED LIKE THIS

W. J. CALLAGHAN

Martin opened his eyes and blinked stupidly at the ceiling. It was, he reflected, very dark; it could not be morning yet. In spite of a vague sense of trouble he was fully prepared to go to sleep again when he realized for the first time that some one was shaking him impatiently.

He contemplated his brother irritably for a time before he recalled the occasion of all this fuss. Gradually the reason for this so early awakening came to him, and after thickly assuring John that he would get up, he arose and prepared to face the cold morning mists.

As he splashed his still drowsy face with ice water, his mind, stupid with sleep, quickened into action. His vaguely troubled mood deepened into one of acute worry. He cursed himself roundly for his stupidity of the night before. He remembered the whole silly affair now. He writhed inwardly to think of what an ass he had been. He had not been satisfied by losing all his money at picquet, he had to let himself in for this also.

Considine's pale handsome face grinning mocking through the haze of smoke appeared to him as vividly as if it were still midnight. His own boorish words seemed to be still sounding in his ears. He caught himself looking into his shaving-glass for the mark of Considine's slapping hand.

Think as he would, however, he could not seem to make sense of the rest of that ghostly muddle. He knew that there had been a terrible row, he remembered—he broke off, and gazed stupidly at the carmine gash which had followed his razor. This, he assured himself grimly, would never do. His hand was shaking now more than he liked to think. He steadied him-

self and concentrated on the job in hand—after all, he need only remember that it was pistols, at Willows at five o'clock.

Finally his face was shorn and except for the bit of plaster quite as it should be. Long before he had finished his other preparations John was at his heels urging him to hurry. His uncle Roger with the neat rosewood pistol-case under his arm soon joined him and together they hurried Martin into his long coat and, despite his uneasy sense of having forgotten his stock, into the carriage as well.

He huddled himself into the seat and, touching his throat, he was assured that he had put on his stock after all. He buried his chin in its lacy ends and gazed morosely at his boots while the carriage grated along the walk into the road.

Martin was very cold; he clenched his clattering teeth and buried himself in his coat but still he was shaken by cold, nervous shudders. He felt more and more that all this sort of thing was out of his line. What had he to do with duels or for that matter with the cards and claret that were responsible for this one? He had never liked these things. The gaming had always made him angry and the wine stupid and ill. He should never have allowed himself to be led around in this fashion. He assured himself that it would never happen again and then wondered uneasily if that might not be truer than he thought.

Despite his horror, he felt oddly certain that he would come out all right. He could not visualize himself in the fix of poor Rory Owen, for example. Nevertheless he felt a great dread of the ordeal which was now so few minutes ahead of him. He wished—

"I say Martin, are you deaf altogether? Here I've been talking for five minutes gone and not a sound do ye make."

Martin grunted something or other at his uncle and waited irritably for him to continue.

"I tell you Martie, pull trigger on that Considine buck the very minute O'Moore drops his dirty, old hat. The very minute, boy. There's nothing the rascals would like better than to nick you before you have a chance. Nail the fellow on the dot; if ye beat him to it why better an argument than an autopsy." His uncle grinned with a sort of worried cheerfulness.

Martin felt a sudden affection for the battered old reprobate. He wished he were as cool a hand as he at this business. He glanced at the road for the first time since they started and noted with a sickening qualm that they were almost there. A hundred yards on, the carriage stopped and Martin got onto the ground.

Lord, but it was cold! Martin leaned against one of the willows and shivered violently. A few yards away, John and his uncle were talking quietly with Considine's friends. He saw O'Moore among them; he remembered now that it was he who had stopped him from hitting Considine with the decanter. Apparently there had been no trouble about the weapons; he saw by the elaborate silver mountings that Roger's had been agreed on. They seemed to be agreed about the ground, too. At any rate there would be no nonsense about the light, the sun had hardly come up yet.

A minute later he found himself facing Considine. Old O'Moore handed him a pistol and gave them the usual warning. Fifteen paces and turn, raise pistol and fire on the drop of the hat. Martin had a disturbing view of the surgeon preparing lint and instruments and awoke from his reverie only when O'Moore shoved him in the direction he was supposed to go. He counted fifteen steps and then spun unsteadily around on his heel. Over the sight of his pistol he saw Considine's pale, impassive face. Old O'Moore, very red in the face, was holding his hat aloft and counting.

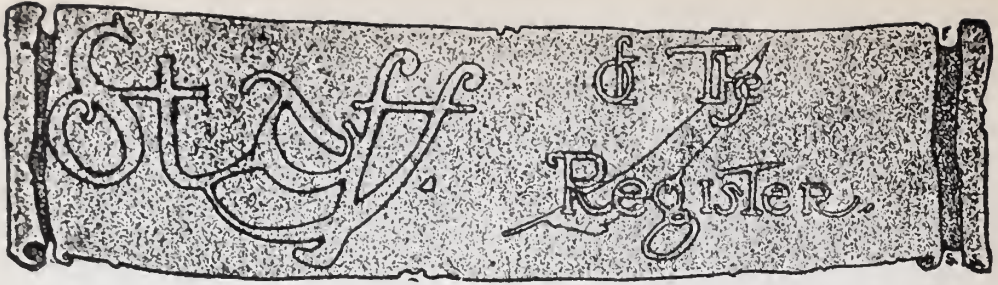
One, Two, Thr— Martin stupidly watched smoke puff from Considine's pistol. He had fired, then, he thought surprisedly. Why, he had missed. Why— He dazedly found himself sprawled on the turf. His sense of bewilderment increased. Roger was holding his head. There was an annoying babble of voices, punctuated by some strange sobbing. John, he realized suddenly, was crying. The surgeon, grown absurdly dim and large, was tearing his shirt at the neck.

With a shock of surprise he realized that he had been hit. The ground rocked dizzily; he felt deathly ill. He stared dully at a spreading crimson stain on his chest.

And then suddenly he was filled with fear. Death seemed very near and horrible. He struggled panic-stricken to his knees. He could not be dying! He would not die! He would not . . . and then the roaring darkness which had been threatening him, swallowed him up.







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## “WHITHER, DONKEY?”

The result of the election of November sixth seems to indicate to many people the end of the Democratic Party as a national organization. With Hoover's victory assured by 444 electoral votes to 87, the outlook is indeed black for the party of Jefferson. Dr. Work doubts jubilantly and almost ungrammatically, "if there is enough of the Democratic Party for seed or not." Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for president, believes that the Democrats have reached the end of their course, and he is confident that his party will take its place. Various Northern Democrats feel that three Republican victories since the World War—the last the greatest in that Party's history—are a sure sign that the Democracy has ended and that the liberal remnant should unite with the progressives of the central and far west to form a National Liberal Party. This last would probably be of great benefit to the country as the division of political thought here is rather between the conservatives and the liberals than between any of the other issues, which occupy the stage. Yet such a party is not likely to be formed in the near future, for it is doubtful if any of the progressives except Norris would have the courage to bolt his party. If the elder



La Follette were alive, such a course would be possible, but no other leader for such a party appears on the political skyline. Senator Norris, who is naive and unusual enough to believe that governments exist for the happiness of the governed, seems to have no presidential ambitions.

It is impossible for this country to have more than two major political parties until popular vote has been established or until a majority of the electoral vote is no longer required. Both of these are of doubtful value, although the former is almost sure to come at some time. It is evident, therefore, that we must be satisfied with the negative choice afforded by two parties, and I believe that these parties will for some time be the ones we now have, in spite of the prognostications of Dr. Work and Norman Thomas.

The Democratic Party is not in such a weak condition as the electoral vote would seem to indicate. While Cox in 1920 received 36% of the vote polled by both major parties and Davis in 1924 received 30% of the vote for the three major candidates, Smith in 1928 received 41% of the vote given the two major candidates. On the other hand Hoover's portion of the popular vote was only 58% to 65% for Coolidge in 1924. Furthermore, the Republican gains in other offices are not in proportion to the victory gained by their presidential candidate. They obtained three governorships and about twice as many senatorial seats but some of these latter will certainly be lost in 1930. Of course, much depends on what plan Mr. Hoover pursues in the next two years. The Democrats, however, elected governors in such Republican states as Utah, Colorado, and Montana.

In spite of the increase of the popular vote for the Democrats, they still have a hard road ahead of them. They are sharply divided between a dry agricultural south and a wet industrial north and east. If they nominate a wet, they have little hope in many southern states, while if their candidate is a dry they will have little chance to gain some northern states. Although the Republicans are likewise divided between the followers of Nicholas Murray Butler and Senator Borah, they usually manage to compromise. The Democrats, as the party out of power, must offer a program satisfactory to the majority, and that seems very difficult at this time.

They may have a chance if they can find a powerful liberal who believes in the political philosophy of Thomas Jefferson. Yet that man seems to be lacking. David I. Walsh and Franklin D. Roosevelt have been mentioned as possibilities. The former has, however, Smith's greatest liability in that he is a Catholic, and his nomination might mean the complete loss of states like Virginia. Roosevelt, as a candidate, seems faultless, but he is not acquainted with the dubious methods of politicians and might not be able to obtain even the nomination. Even if he were nominated, it is doubtful if his health would stand the strain of a campaign. Indeed the Democrats are in a predicament! But whatever the outcome, we may be sure that the next eight years will be much more interesting politically than the last eight.

—W. C. Q.



## The Football Dance

*"Pickin' cotton—lo-o-ow down.*  
*"Pickin' cotton wa-a-ay down"*  
*Ja-da-da-da, da, da.*  
*Softly glowing lights;*  
*The moaning, crooning, whining of a*  
*Hot sax; the silvery notes of a*  
*Muted trumpet; the crash of*  
*Cymbals;*  
*Vo-do-dio-do.*  
*Shuffling feet and a ja-da-da-da*  
*Rhythm that jerked them along*  
*Over the vast polished spaces*  
*Of the smooth floor.*  
*A crackerjack orchestra up there*  
*On the platform.*  
*Swaying, swinging, slapping thru the*  
*Muffled, hesitating slurs of—*  
*"Pickin' cotton—lo-o-ow down.*  
*"Pickin' cotton wa-a-ay down."*  
*A good racket.*  
*A great crowd.*  
*"Pickin' cotton wa—"*

*Yes, the Football Dance was a*  
*Big success.*

—E. W. F.

# THE BONDAGE OF MODERN LIFE

W. CARROLL QUIGLEY

A short while ago a junior at Dartmouth left the college for the solitude of the north woods. He left a note, in which he declared he was sick of the shams of modern life, the crass materialism, and the weak resistance to foolish conventions. This is something more than the outburst of an ego unable to cope with the conditions that confront it. It is a very real revolt against a very real bondage. Today has its slavery even as yesterday, but today's is much more cruel and subtle, for it is mental rather than physical.

In the old days we had an overseer, who cracked his black whip; now we have a timepiece that slowly and monotonously ticks off the seconds. The average man today is mercilessly bound to conform to a fixed and soul-wearing system. His day begins with the ringing of an alarm clock and is throughout a succession of time-clocks to be punched and whistles to be obeyed. The Latin School student, who has to jump for a dozen or more bells a day, can appreciate the thoughts of the average laboring man.

This lack of time has far reaching results. Most people no longer read anything carefully, digesting its meaning as they read. Instead, they skim through it, skipping difficult-appearing paragraphs and dodging unfamiliar words. This habit of "hitting only the high spots" is leading to a generally superficial attitude toward life and an aversion to any deep or sustained thought. This lack of necessary thought is clearly seen in the conversation of the average man. He generalizes and utters snap judgments in a syncopated collection of disjointed phrases that may be intelligible. He attempts to do so many things in one day that nothing is done thoroughly.

The result of this—or perhaps, it is the cause—is the modern American mania for speed. Hurry is no longer considered a method of obtaining leisure for more valuable accomplishment; it is becoming an end in itself. We have only to look at most of the automobiles on the streets to realize that. Americans now strive for quantity rather than quality. A curious reporter recently asked a Rhodes scholar at Harvard what he particularly noticed here. He replied that in England the students start for their classes some minutes before it is due and saunter slowly along conversing with their friends. In America the student waits until it is almost time for the class to commence and then makes a rush for the lecture hall, hoping to reach there on time. In other words, everybody here is in a hurry for no good reason. It would be difficult to find in this country an example of the calm peace found in some Old World villages. Most country towns here have a smooth road passing through them, and the stream of cars madly whizzing by has increased the tempo of the whole atmosphere of the town. There is such a scarcity of time here that we are rushing through our lives, and the worth-while things of the world are being missed.

Another example of modern bondage is the present subordination of the laborer to the machine. It is this which such philosophizing radicals as Mahatma Ghandi are gallantly fighting. In the old days a man took a certain joy and pride in his work, for it was the product of the skill of his own hands, and his pride and reputation depended on its being as good as possible. Even the blacksmith took pride in his work although the shoes he made were out of sight under the feet of a horse.

He had a peculiar joy if the curve was more accurate than usual. We wonder if the worker who had some small part to play in the manufacture of our automobile tires cares how well constructed they are as long as they pass the inspection. Those tires were not made by him, so he takes no personal pride or joy in them. They were made by a machine that could have been run by any one of thousands of workers in the country. The result is a crushing of individuality whose effect can be anything but good.

The modern worker goes to his job because he must earn his bread. He grows to hate his work, because it is the same

every day due to over-specialization. He has one little task to do, and he does it thousands of times a year with no hope of next year being any different. He has no personal interest in how it is serving, for he does not know the user of it. Our blacksmith friend knew his customers personally and had an interest in his product after it had left his hands.

If the junior from Dartmouth can find relief from the bondage of modern life and obtain peace of mind and time to think carefully and profoundly rather than to live richly and shallowly, all our sympathy is with him in his quest.

## OUR LOSS—DORCHESTER'S GAIN

It is with genuine regret, though also with felicitations upon his new and well-merited position, that the Latin School views the departure from its halls of Ralph Maurice Corson. Beloved by students and teachers alike, he leaves behind him a record of faithful devotion to his work, of sincere interest in the welfare of the boys, and of unstinted generosity.

Entering our portals from the Rice School in 1900, he graduated in 1904, receiving, among other honors the Howard Gardner Nichols prize and the Franklin Medal. At Harvard, he received Second Year and final honors in classics, and was chosen for the much-coveted honor of membership in the Phi Beta Kappa. He graduated in 1908 with the degree of A. B. (*magna cum laude*).

From 1908 to 1915 he was instructor at St. Paul's School in Concord, N. H. In the latter year he once again entered B. L. S.—this time as master in Latin, and later in German. In his first two years he also coached our hockey team, and in

1916-17 acted as manager for the football team. It was he who introduced "L" pins to aid in securing funds for athletic equipment.

Mr. Corson has acted as Vocational Counselor since 1918. During the summer of that year he was employed in the statistical department of the U. S. Housing Corporation, and returned to the school in January, 1919, having secured a short leave of absence at the Corporation's request.

He has received two recent honors, that of the degree of Ed. M. from Harvard, and election to the Phi Delta Kappa.

Chagrined as we are to see him leave, we can only voice our hope and expectation that at the Dorchester High School for Boys will he find pleasant surroundings and the road to well-earned success. Beyond a doubt the Latin department of Dorchester High, to the head of which he was appointed last month, will reap immense benefit from his leadership.



## MOODS

JOHN HASTINGS

I come up the lane at bleak midnight.

\* \* \* \* \*

I come up the lane at bleak midnight.  
The hush of God falls through the twilight,  
Increasing the eerie ghostliness  
That stares at me through the horror-  
stricken leaves.

The stores are left behind me;  
Now my soul is uplifted  
To that ominous parchment people call  
the sky.

A pensive moon pales in and out of  
The sullen clouds. A weird beauty charms  
me.

Ahead of me is a little winding fence  
With a tumbling gate. Scattered  
On the path are leaves fallen but yester-  
day.

A serenity and calm come laughing up to  
meet me,

They fade away into the cold night.  
Myriad little faces gone but yesterday  
Crowd up, caress me, dry my tears.  
Across the placid, gleaming river.

A bell is tolling the midnight hour,  
The tragedy that pervades each lighted  
window

Seen in the distant lavender hush of night  
Floats up from the mist and fog to meet  
me.

I look back toward the proud cathedral  
tower,

Powerful, stretching out its long arm,  
As if to hold silent communion with the  
passing clouds.

My feet crunch upon the curious gravel,  
A ragged urchin up the street stands,  
Peering through the iron gate to some pa-  
trician mansion,

He hears my footsteps, frightened, turns  
and runs,

His hard, rough shoes clatter down the  
pavement.

Darkness! A few leaves tumble across  
my face

I view the moon flitting in and out

Among silver clouds, musing at the absur-  
dity of it all.

# OBSERVATIONS OF AN OLD GRAD ON THE GREAT PIGSKIN GAME

SEATON W. MANNING

I am sorely grieved about the present state of affairs in football. I shudder every time I read of the horrifying deeds of violence and bloodshed that constitute the major part of present day football contests. My voice chokes with pity and my eyes become dimmed with tears as I read with heavy heart the blurred headlines:—

“Bill Spankus out of game with dislocated thumb.”

“Tick Durpin pushes rival center on his haunches.”

“Rube Daggie, in a moment of anger, forgets himself and tackles runner.”

“Tarvard doubts football integrity of Hale.”

“Percy Archibald of Crinceton breaks wrist watch in game with Pornell. Rival left end blamed. Was unnecessarily rough.”

A foreigner, reading the above, would really think that football is a rough pastime. And no one could blame him for so thinking. Football is getting rough. For the past few years the game has been losing all its finer qualities. From innocent amusement it has degenerated until now it is nothing but a free for all fight between twenty-two bloodthirsty bipeds who, in their madness, even go so far as to slap each others' wrists. The game now serves as a means by which one may murder his dearest enemy and be cleared of all blame. Young hoodlums, roughnecks, and yeggs in the making, toss forward passes and break each other's index-fingers. Just imagine! A player giving his rival a push! O that I had never been born to live in such an age of brutality, violence, and licensed murder. Horrors!

If this sad plight continues, who knows but that we'll be slapping each other's cheeks yet!

The colleges can help to right this wrong. But they, too, are bickering. Each charges each with harboring ineligible players. O ye gods, preserve us from the hypocrisy of present day colleges and universities. My heart is filled with grief. There is a lump in my throat, and I must stop until I swallow it.

But things were not always thus. Back in the good old days B. V. (before Volstead), football players were gentlemen and the game was played as it ought to be—gently, purely for the fun of it, with no underlying desire to win, or to kill the opposition.

I remember way back in 1880 when I played tackle for Hokus. That year we had the championship team in our section of the country. Brindell University also considered themselves champions and challenged us to a game. Being gentlemen we obligingly consented to play them.

In those days we didn't have forty or so substitutes on one team. In fact we, i.e., Hokus didn't have any; so you can imagine what a fix we were in when three of our players got injured.

As I've said before, we were gentlemen, and as gentlemen, we never entertained a thought of postponing the game until our injured should regain their health. But we were worried. We thought we couldn't very well play with eight men against eleven. But our coach, an honest, able man solved the difficulty.

There was a lumber camp near the col-

lege. One day the coach went there alone and returned with three of the ruggedest, biggest and huskiest specimens of the male biped that I've ever seen. He had hired these fellows to fill in the gaps in our line.

"I'm doing it for Hokus," he said with an altruistic light in his frank blue eyes.

The day of the game arrived. As far as we could guess, Brindell had not learned of our lumbermen football players. Crowds came from far and near to witness the contest.

As we were ready to take the field the coach said, "Boys remember that you are gentlemen and that you have your own individual honor as well as the school's to uphold. Bear in mind that you are playing for the fun of the thing. Victory is a secondary matter, but so help me I'll ruin every mother's son of you if you don't win. Above all things, play fair, but for heaven's sake don't forget to use your fist when you can and don't forget to aim for a vital spot. Go, dear lads, and do your bit for Hokus."

During the first half, Brindell played us to a scoreless tie despite the holes our lumbermen made in their line. We had never played such gentlemanlike football before. On the first play, I rammed my knee in the opposing tackle's stomach and swung on his jaw. He was done for. Brindell rushed in a substitute, a giant. He kept me busy warding off a doctor's bill.

During the rest of the half the two teams toyed with each other. We broke their center's left fibia, gouged their right half back, and administered similar small

discomfitures on other members of their team. But they had subs and rushed them in. During this half three of our men died on the field.

While resting between halves, we eight survivors (remember, we had no subs) changed our boots for track and baseball shoes—the spikes were of metal and therefore sharper.

Our primary objective in the second half was the quarterback's head. We got him. Brindell was out of subs by this time, so this made it eight men against ten. On the next play we took care of the extra two.

In five plays we spiked and ripped our gentle way to a touchdown. Brindell prevented us from kicking the goal by puncturing the ball with an ice pick.

From then on to the end of the game we used strategy to prevent them from scoring. Every time they had the ball, one of our men would drop from exhaustion and time would be called until we took him off the field. Meanwhile the rest of us obligingly inflicted mutilations on the opposition just to keep the numbers even.

When the whistle blew to end the game there were only three Hokus and four Brindell players left on the field. The final score was 4—0 favoring Hokus. (If I remember rightly, a touchdown counted only four points at that time.)

The list of casualties including the Brindell substitutes was: dead—7, wounded—15, missing—0.

As I started out to say, the grand old pigskin game isn't as gentle as it used to be. Football like everything else, is going to the dogs.

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# OUR DEFICIENT NEW ENGLAND

JOHN HASTINGS

We have long been wishing to defend New England from an indictment published in the October issue of the *Register*. This criticism bewailed the fact that our six "modest little states" have been deficient in genius in the past fifteen or twenty years. May we evidence our opinion of the indictment by the observation that the author neglected to include among the literati of New England the name of Edna St. Vincent Millay, who has been authoritatively referred to as one of the greatest lyricists the world has ever produced? Thomas Hardy once remarked that Miss Millay and skyscrapers were America's two contributions to civilization.

As we pondered the scant list in the indictment we became acutely aware of several glaring hiati. May we respectfully call attention to the fact that Amy Lowell, Richard Burton, Anna Hempstead Branch, Winifred Welles, and Herbert S. Gorman all were born and spent a large part of their lives in New England, most of these, we may be pardoned for adding somewhat jubilantly, in Massachusetts. But to judge this group of poets as an aggregation of geniuses would be an absurdity. But then, we hardly adjudge the group including Thoreau, Hawthorne, Howells, Poe, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, "and more recently still Adams" (this being the list in the indictment) as all unquestionably bearing the stamp of genius. It seems to us that genius, despite the production of these past few years, is a somewhat infrequent phenomenon. Oscar Wilde has been called "the greatest genius of our time." The word genius has also extravagantly

been applied to Zola, Maupassant, Andreyer, Nietzsche, Dostoievsky, Heine, Balzac, Tolstoi, Anatole, France, and more recently to Schnitzler, Shaw, and Dreiser. But we shall refrain from dissertation on the probabilities of these conclusions. We shall leave that to the devastations of Ernest Boyd.

We who still feel what we believe to be a pardonable pride in the present literary status of New England of course are of the opinion that we may proudly accept Robert Frost as one of New England's products, although he was born in San Francisco. But Conrad Aiken, one of the greatest writers of descriptive and whimsical poetry that we have encountered, though born in Savannah, Georgia, August 5, 1889, was developed, may we say, in New England, studying at Harvard, and later living in South Yarmouth, Massachusetts, (Aiken is now an instructor at Harvard). He has also written distinctly delicate prose, which is as brilliant as it is charming. Such short stories as "Your Obituary, Well Written," "The Woman-Hater," "The Moment," and "Spider, (which recently appeared among the stories in "Costumes By Eros") are evidences of Aiken's tremendous ability. "Blue Voyage" and "Bring! Bring!" are outstanding among his more recent presentations.

Although a very small part of the United States, New England may well be classed as among the outstanding intellectual sections of America. In comparing the productions of New England's men of letters of today with those of other parts of the United States we must take into ac-



count that New England is the smallest section of our country, and, as an afterthought in our defense, that the list of men of literature of the nineteenth century, as given in the essay under discussion, covers more than seventy-five years, while the list of the modern men of letters of

New England, given in this paper, covers less than one third of that period. We feel that this section of the country is producing more and more "stars of the first magnitude" every year, and shall, we of New England believe, eternally.

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## THE MESSAGE THAT WOULD SAVE THE WORLD

SEATON W. MANNING

I have felt for a long time that I have been in a position to perform a great service to humanity; in fact the greatest deed since the invention of safety pins. I have seen that, in spite of all modern inventions, the world is lacking something it should have had generations ago; a thing that would have immortalized the name of its originator.

Although I was aware of this great deficiency, no one else seemed to realize it and much to my astonishment the world and the people thereon did not perish from lack of it. On the contrary, the public thrived on in its own blissful ignorance, while I worried for its safety.

I would gladly have labored to enlighten the world concerning this situation but fear and modesty prevented me. I thought that were I to perform my great deed, the public, realizing that it had been duped and victimized for all these many years would denounce all their guises and set me up as their idol. That is the part I dreaded most. Although I knew that I would deserve it—and more besides, still my natural modesty would not permit

me to be the people's hero and hear my name and fame sung in all parts of the world.

But the time has now come to throw aside my cloak of modesty. I can no longer stand back and see the world march unhindered to its own ruin. I shall and will prevent it. Now will I obey that indomitable urge within me to enlighten this semi-cabalistic world so that it may move in the light of greater knowledge. I will not rest until my message shall have penetrated to the remotest corners of the globe and shall have saved the world!

If the millions and millions of pounds of energy that every individual wastes yearly were utilized, civilization would advance thousands of times faster than it does now. Cities would arise where now the jungle beasts roam. Factories, mills, and dwelling houses would stand where now are raging waters, scorching sands, and impassable mountains. My breath is taken away and I am left dazed and gasping when I think of the age of prosperity that would ensue, the era of contentment that would come. Surely it would be the beginning of the millenium.

But just imagine! The world has been deprived of this golden age because of the ignorance or criminal negligence of its inventors and engineers. Nothing has ever been done to save at least a part of our inherent power. The "geniuses" have been content with producing such useless trifles as radios and telephones and to build such toy structures as the Woolworth Building and the Holland Tunnel. But it remained for me who am no genius or engineer to present that thing by which the world might be saved.

Through my own efforts—though 'tis true, how I do balk at self praise—I have devised a small machine for the utilization of wasted energy. Though simple in appearance, this machine has the most intricate mechanism of any apparatus known to man. It is the work of a mastermind, the product of a great brain.

It can be worn on any part of the body and will register in foot-pounds and will store up the amount of energy wasted. A yawn, a nod of the head, a wink—everything is recorded. At the end of a week or so the machine can be taken to a special station where the stored up energy is

transformed into electricity by a lengthy process I cannot discuss here.

The more I think of it the more I realize my own brilliance. I know that I've earned first place in the hall of fame. The machine itself is a marvelous thing. Of course I haven't invented it as yet, but when I do—

Now, that that is done, I feel easier in my mind. The world is now saved for future generations. I have done my share so I'll sit back and reap the benefits.

In a little while I'm going out on the porch where all may see me and afterwards tell their children and grandchildren that they saw the most noble, nobler, noblest, etc. I ought to prepare for the host of newspaper reporters and cameramen whom I expect in a short time, but I want them to see me—as I am—modest.

I have already decided what make of automobile I am going to buy with the money I shall make endorsing cigarettes, chewing gum, and fountain pens. I think I may even run for president sometime, and if I should ever be elected, it would only be the just reward of the man whose momentous scientific accomplishment saved the world.

## WHAT MAY WE EXPECT?

DONAL M. SULLIVAN

An honest man there was.

He starved.

A crooked man there was.

He thrived.

But when Eternal Justice took his toll,

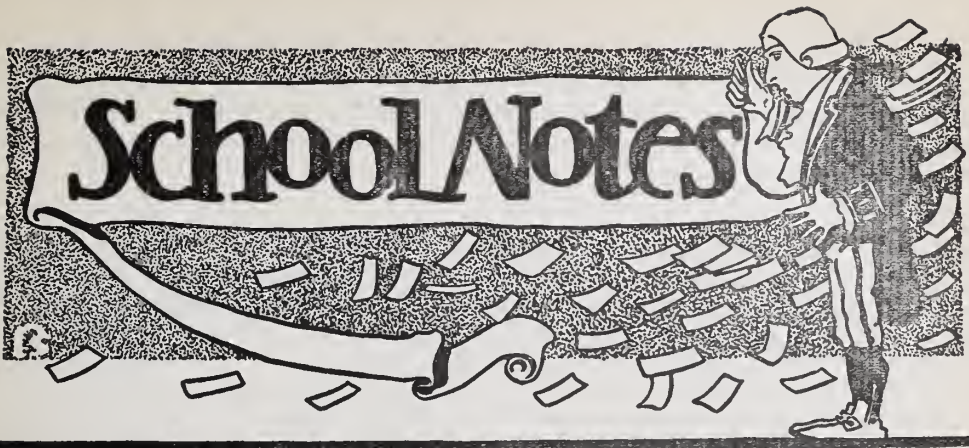
As to the first,

He lived.

As to the other,

He burned.

Which was just as it should have been.



For the fourth successive year, Boston Latin School has won the scholarship trophy offered by the Harvard Chapter of the National Phi Beta Kappa Society. The competition for this trophy is open to all schools in the United States which prepare not less than seven boys for college, but the competing school need not send any boys to Harvard.

Each school, under the terms of the award, must present the best seven men of its graduates as a team, and these teams are ranked according to the weighted average based upon the highest examination grades obtained from the college entrance examination board in four selected subjects.

The members of the Boston Latin winning team with their individual averages are:

Benjamin Halpern, 92.90; A. Isenberg, 92.30; C. A. Brenner, 89.76; H. L. Hinckley, 89.66; P. H. Kozodoy, 88.83; J. F. Ellsbree, 88.78; J. Sawyer, 88.40. Average for the team, 90.09.

These boys are deserving of highest praise at our hands for this great honor they have brought to the school.

On Monday, Nov. 19, Classes III, IV, and V attended a meeting in the Assembly Hall. After the devotional exercises, Mr. Campbell told the boys a most interesting

story—namely, that the face of Alma Mater, the statue on the first floor of the main building, directly facing the middle entrance, was posed for by the wife of the late Dr. John Collins Warren, a descendant of the Joseph Warren of Revolutionary War fame and one of the founders of the fund which made it possible to erect the splendid buildings of Harvard Medical School, on Longwood Avenue.

This fact, according to Mr. Campbell, was thus learned:

About a year ago, a distinguished appearing personage entered the head-master's office, introduced himself as Dr. John Collins Warren, and asked to see our statue of Alma Mater. Upon being asked what brought him to this school on such an errand, Dr. Warren explained that he wished to see the face of this statue, the features of which had been modelled after the lineaments of his wife's face. When he had been led to the statue, he asserted, after intently regarding the face, the resemblance between the features of his wife and those of the statue.

A few months later, Mr. Joseph Warren, the son of Dr. John Collins Warren, entered Mr. Campbell's office and told him that he had found among the legacies of his late deceased father, a bust of Brutus which he wished to present to the school. Mr. Campbell expressed his appreciation;



and, while conversing with him, mentioned the statue of Alma Mater.

Upon hearing this, Mr. Warren asked to be led to the statue; and, after looking at the head for a short while, he tremulously exclaimed, "Yes, that is truly the face of my mother."

Members of classes III and IV filed from the Assembly Hall that morning cherishing another of the many narratives which constitute Latin School's tender and splendid heritage in tradition.

Boys of the upper classes are urged to join the glee club. Although this organization has a large enrollment, there is a dearth of bass voices. This matter could soon be remedied if the gentlemen from the first and second classes were to take an active interest in this club.

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On Wednesday, November 8, 1928, the band had its first inspection in the drill hall. Every member appeared in full uniform. Mr. Campbell and Mr. Sordillo inspected the musicians.

The officers for the year have not yet been chosen.

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On November 7, the Debating Club held its first meeting of the year. Mr. Roland, the faculty adviser, conducted the meeting. According to present indications, the club will be restricted to three debates with other schools, one of which will be at home.

Inter-club debates will begin at once with two men on a side and a two-man rebuttal. Open forum will also be held on various subjects, of which the first will be on "The Electoral College."

Negotiations are in progress for debates with Exeter here, and with Groton and Dartmouth '33 at Groton and Hanover.

The officers for the 1928-29 season are:  
*President* ..... Edward H. Hickey  
*Vice-President* ..... Donal M. Sullivan

*Recording Secretary* .... David W. Biller  
*Corresponding Secretary*

William J. Callaghan  
*Treasurer* ..... Edwin W. Fuller, Jr.  
*Sergeant-at-arms* ..... Leonard Kaplan

\* \* \*

The first meeting of the *Cercle Francais* was devoted to the election of officers for the 1928-29 season, with the following results:

*President* ..... Oscar Zarkin  
*Vice-President* ..... Donal M. Sullivan  
*Secrétaire-Tresoirer* .. Edward H. Hickey

With reference to the large group which attended, Mr. Henderson predicted a very successful year for the club.

At the next meeting, we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Max Levine of the faculty who related interesting incidents of his summer in France, among the best of which were some comments on the Olympic games.

At this meeting, the Committee on Programs was announced. It is as follows: *Chairman* George Noss, William J. Sullivan, A. Duncan Rogers, Sidney Olans, and Joseph Wassersug.

\* \* \*

The first meeting of the Chess and Checker Club was held Oct. 30 in room 317. The officers are J. Harrison, President; J. Goldring, Vice-President; J. D. Wassersug, Secretary; W. Shapiro, Treasurer. The club has had the good fortune this year to have as its faculty adviser Mr. Drummey. Tournaments are now being held for positions on the Chess and Checker teams.

\* \* \*

In the Armistice Day Parade of the American Legion, these cadet officers braved the very chilly blast to represent the Latin



School: *Captains* Joseph W. Dolan, Donal M. Sullivan, Edward L. Doyle, Christos J. Tsesmedzis, Jonathan I. Morrison, Willard F. Corscadden, and *Lieutenants* Oscar Zarkin, Max Zelmeyer, and Harry M. Rosen.

\* \* \*

On the eve of the game with English High School, a football rally was held in the Assembly Hall, which was well-filled with enthusiastic Latin School boys. Mr. Campbell first addressed the meeting, urging proper conduct at the game, and early arrival thereat. He then turned the meeting over to Cheer Leader Donal M. Sullivan, who introduced Coach Charles S. Fitzgerald. The Coach paid a high tribute to the team, saying that it was the hardest-working, most reliable team of his seven years as coach at this school. His address was not without humor, and he was cheered roundly.

Next was introduced Mr. Frank Ryan of the Sports Department of the *Boston Traveler*, captain and fullback of the Latin School team of 1917. He delivered a splendid talk, and gave his definition of "spirit," making reference to the lack of that quality which is appearing in college ranks. He convincingly "spiked" the idea that cheering is superfluous because the players are seldom able to hear it, saying that, though they may be unable to hear the actual cheers, they are immediately aware of the change when the stands are silent. He, too, was accorded a most enthusiastic ovation.

Following that, the other two cheer leaders, Philip Barber and Oscar Zarkin,

ascended the platform, and the three cheer leaders, accompanied by the band for whose presence Mr. Sordillo had very kindly arranged, led the gathering in the singing of "On the Field of Many Colors." This done, they proceeded with the cheers. A "B. L. S. for the Team" was heard, then a "short cheer" for Adler. This last was accompanied by thunderous applause and cries of "speech." Captain "Billy" Adler was persuaded to ascend the rostrum, and he delivered a short address which was greeted with resounding acclaim. Warren was clamored for but, as was remarked, a continuation of such practice would have kept the meeting in the hall until midnight, and "Bucky" was spared. Then the team departed for the field, amid the cheers of the school. Following their departure, the rest of the cheers were run through, and the meeting was closed amid the strains of "On the Field of Many Colors."

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Of extreme importance to students of French is the fact recently made public of the presentation to the school of a new prize for excellence in that study. The class of 1904, at their twenty-fifth annual dinner, held November 28 of this year, voted to give a gold medal to the student who gives evidence of the greatest excellence in French for that year. It will be in form of a gold medal. The engraving on one side will consist of a statue of Alma Mater, a scroll and the numerals 1904. There will also be engraved the words "Boston Latin School" and "French." On the reverse side there are the words "Presented by the class of 1904 to ——— for excellence in French."

# OUR NOTE BOOK OF TWO DECADES

JOHN HASTINGS

A few Saturday mornings ago, as we rambled about the city on one of our periodic "adventures of contentment," we ran across a little second-hand book-shop, situated on one of those delightful crinkly little streets that wind down into nowhere. The shop was a dark little fox's hole winding about mysteriously beneath the street, with busy little clerks bustling nervously about, with their coat-tails flying, dropping their handkerchiefs, whirling about with an air of importance, and giving the general impression of a vastly extensive trade. We became intensely interested in the dusty little books on the street book-shelf, those that looked at the passerby so anxiously and hopefully, as if to say, "You look nice. You must have a pleasant home. Please buy me." There they all sat in a desperate plight, waiting for some reassuring caress, some loving hand to take them and love them and live with them. We seized upon an old volume of Giovanni Pascoli's poems and bought it. On our way home, even amid the ceaseless tumult of the trolley car mob, we thought deeply upon the desperate condition of those contrite little volumes. We resolved to avenge their unmerited subjugation. And here we are; which proves the miraculous significant things today.

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## THE CATHEDRAL

HUGH WALPOLE

We read this with a marked skepticism. It was the first of Walpole's books, except for the first of the delightful "Jeremy" books, that we had read. In a recent criticism of "Wintersmoon," Walpole's latest novel, Carl Schrifftgiesser says, "Mr.

Walpole has produced at least four really good novels, reaching his zenith, despite whatever he himself may say about it, when he produced "The Cathedral."

It is the greatest novel that Walpole has written. It is, perhaps, a bit presumptuous to compare the novels of this master novelist, since all of his productions are so infinitely dissimilar. But in power, in influence, in sagacity, it surpasses his other presentations by a very wide margin. In emotion it is admirably devoid of maudlinism; in description, which is superb, it excels in mavelously expressive and powerful phrases.

The plot of the novel appears to be one of the minor elements. Archdeacon Brandon, the idol of almost every cynical eye of Polchester, the apostle of power, of intellect, and of influence, is subjugated by a jealous God. His son elopes to London with the daughter of one of the most disreputable citizens of Glebeshire. His wife discards him for one who can sympathize with her. He is insulted in the very nave of his beloved Cathedral by the town drunkard. He is involved in a vulgar brawl with the town saloon-keeper. Through it all pulsates tragedy, despair, the acid sting of frustration.

The book, it seems, would endure if but for its description. Walpole lives intimately with the long, somber twilights that creep up from the sea toward the little red houses on High Street. He relishes the choking dust that settles terrifyingly among the fallen leaves in the street, and the confusion of tumultuous humanity; he cherishes the sounds of water splashing onto some court of brick on a summer

morning, and the crash and sullen roar of a great city. His versatility is made more and more apparent as we wander on through those glorious pages. He knows beauty, is acquainted with the eternal symphony struck on human heartstrings, sympathizes with the tragedy of human frailties. He knows the beauty of humanity, and does not humanity constitute in large part the thing we call beauty?

But the most significant, the most powerful element of the book is the reverence in these people of dignity and propriety for this strange God and his Cathedral. . . . It is not our actions through which we monotonously stagger day after day that is the essence of life, but love, and enduring sympathy, and cheerful ac-

ceptance of that blank mystery that knocks at our door and moves on in the night. And there are the canons and the deacons and the archdeacon sitting about their meeting table in the Sanctum, babbling violently over some newly arisen issue, while God looks beneficently down upon them. But the officers, struggling among themselves for selfish power, cannot understand the love of Him, nor the anguish from Him which raises them up, and qualifies them to be men.

Then one night came thunder—a crash, and the Archdeacon was dead. . . .

\* \* \*

“The Cathedral” is not a novel; rather shall we say, life?

## *Alumni Notes*

On Wednesday, November 28, the class of 1904 held its 25th annual banquet. There were twenty-two members present. The guests of the evening were Mr. Henry Pennypacker, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Henderson. Speeches were rendered by the guests and by some members who had not attended the regular meetings for some years. A large part of the evening's talk centered about the medal which is being donated by the class in commemoration of its twenty-fifth anniversary. Mr. Levine, although not a member of the class, attended and distributed copies of last month's Register, which were gratefully received. The president of the meeting was Mr. Frank Johnson.

\* \* \*

The 21st Annual Banquet of the class of 1907 was held at the University Club

November 28. Mr. W. G. O'Hare, a former member of the School Committee presided. Mr. Max Levine, the secretary of the class, brought the good will of the Latin School and talked at length of the present activities of the school.

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'09. George H. Gifford, A.M., Ph.D., has been appointed Professor of Romance Language in the School of Liberal Arts, Tufts College.

\* \* \*

'22. The Charles Downer Scholarship has been awarded to Lawrence E. Bunker, a first-year student at the Harvard Law School.

\* \* \*

'28. Ernest J. Vogel of the freshman class at Harvard has been awarded one of the Harvard Club Scholarships.



# Booke Reviews



J.C.M.

## GOETHE: THE HISTORY OF A MAN

EMIL LUDWIG

The person, to whom Napoleon is more than "The Corsican Ogre" and Bismarck is more than "The Iron Chancellor" because of Ludwig's former works, will doubtless seize upon *Goethe: The History of a Man* to learn more about the author of *Faust*. They will not be disappointed. They may learn so much about him that they cannot see the man because of the facts; which means merely that the book requires careful reading.

The story traces Goethe's life from about his sixteenth year until his death as an old man. His youth was not admirable. His vacillating disposition often plunged him from the heights of joy and gaiety to the depth of despair. He early had confidence in his own genius, and scorn and mockery for others. Yet at times, he could be a model of kindness. Ludwig's love of contrasts has full play in the character of this enigmatic and contradictory poet. Goethe hungered for friendship and intimacy, and, at the same time, longed

for peace and solitude. At this time, he was living passionately and violently. He did everything to extremes. He had many love affairs, and, just as he was about to win the object of his attentions, he would renounce her and go away to revel in his melancholy loneliness.

One cannot admire or feel sympathetic toward him at this period of his life because of his arrogance, and especially because of his unfilial attitude. He ordered his parents about as if they were servants. We cannot become affectionate toward him, for he is capable of egoistically supplying all the affection he needs. After being raised to a powerful and honorable position by the Duke of Weimar, he feels no gratitude, for he regards himself as the Duke's benefactor in ministering the portfolio. This was a period of violent emotion and great poetic work.

The next period in his life was lacking in literary accomplishment. It is in this period that we first begin to feel admiration for the great German. The years led to simplicity and a mellowing influence, although his nature would never allow him



to become a lover of mankind for its own sake. As he matured, his whole world became smaller. He became more solitary, and, as his world decreased in size, his mind increased proportionally, most of this change came about during the years of comparative literary sleep between his thirty-second and fortieth years, when he was actively engaged in state duties, but really massing his resources for greater literary deeds. There was still discontent in his life due to the fact that he always wanted what he lacked. He thought Italian the only beautiful language, merely because he was not adept in its use. When in Italy, he longed for his German associations, and, when he had returned home, he declared that the only time he had ever been happy was in Italy.

Then came his period of greatest productivity, when he wrote his finest works with his vision clear as a seer. It was then that he completed *Faust*, which he had been working on for a life time. During this time, he met Napoleon, who, with Byron and Schiller, occupied most of his thoughts in his old age, until he died at the age of eighty-three.

Ludwig has been careful to make his work as valuable as possible. Indeed, it is the most valuable of all his works, because of his subject and his treatment of it. He has tried to trace many characters and incidents in Goethe's works to persons and happenings in his life. He has included scores of extracts from Goethe's poems in the original German. These have been cleverly translated into English verse in the foot-notes. This book should be read by everyone not only for the information contained in it, but for its remarkable picture of a remarkable man.

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### PALM SUNDAY

ROMAIN ROLLAND

In 1774 the nobility of France were headed straight toward tragedy. A few

feared, but the majority dismissed the matter, with a smile, or thought that any charge could not increase their boredom. In *Palm Sunday*, a play by Romain Rolland, the author of *Jean-Christophe* has presented an episode on the estate of Prince Louis Armand de Bourbon Courtenay. It is convincingly handled. The Prince, who is historically the Prince of Conti, cousin of Louis XV, is a man, regal and indomitable, to whom living and dying is a great art, in which disappointment and success, hope and despair, love and hatred are all accepted with an appearance of quiet, impersonal interest.

One of the greatest of the Bourbon princes—soldier, statesman, and gentleman—he had espoused the cause of parliament against the king and his court. Deserted by the members of his own class, and on unfriendly terms with his only legitimate son, he did not assume relations with any other social class, but retired to his estate and surrounded himself with such representatives of arts and letters as Mozart, Diderot, Beaumarchais, and Rousseau.

The drama in twenty-two scenes depicts the silent, yet no less deadly struggle between the prince's heirs for his property, while several members of the proletariat stand about and wait for the rich prize to fall into their hungry maws. It seems likely that their patience will be well rewarded. Everyone is kind, gracious, and polite, yet there is a powerful undercurrent of hate, hypocrisy, avarice, revenge, and intrigue. Over all is the gloomy shadow of the suspicious, egoistical, Rousseau, "The Father of the Revolution" whose eye of genius "penetrates the veil of a mannered existence, of tolerant irony, of politeness and good taste.

Rolland who at his best is hard to surpass, is not as good here as he can be, yet the play is well written. His characters

retain their characterization throughout. The plot, which, hardly more than a single picture, is a coherent whole. The action ends at the highest point and does not give one a chance to get back to earth before it is over. This may be explained by the fact that the play is intended as a prologue for a companion piece *Leonidas*, which has not yet been published. Also, it may have been done deliberately, as there is an element of suspense in the fact that the Revolution is yet to come. Rolland has added eighteen pages of preface and notes, which may be more valuable than the drama itself.

W. C. Q.

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### WHITER MANKIND

*Edited by* CHARLES A. BEARD

Compendiums of information designed for the general public have been extremely common this year. A very wide range has been covered—one book even purports to cover every phase of human knowledge in some seven hundred papers. Lest the reader, wearied of such productions, should scorn *Whiter Mankind* as a typical representative of them, let me call attention to the fact that the editor is the Charles A. Beard of *Rise of American Civilization* fame, and that the list of contributors includes such names as Havelock Ellis, John Dewey, Bertrand Russell, Hu Shih, Emil Ludwig, Hendrik W. Van Loon and several lesser lights. Articles by men such as these are not at all likely to be the usual sort of claptrap.

Furthermore the book is really an homogeneous production with a definite aim to fulfill. Mr. Beard claims that the modern machine-world has gone a bit beyond most of us. The changes in the fabric of civilization in the last half-century have been really tremendous. While it is true that most of us are products of that changed environment, it is also true that most of us have no clear idea of the deeper

changes that have occurred. Our concept of civilization is usually an outmoded one.

The purpose of this book is to supply an outline, inevitably a limited one, of the conditions of the modern world and the movements which have produced them. To do this, Mr. Beard brings forward many things for our consideration. The book is opened by a very general discussion of the *Civilizations of the East and West* (by Mr. Hu Shih.) Then follows Van Loon's chapter on *Ancient and Mediaeval Civilizations*, a chapter on *Science* by Bertrand Russell, one on *Business* by Julius Klein, chapters on *Labor, Law and Government*, an excellent discussion of *War and Peace* by Emil Ludwig, *Health* by C. E. A. Winslow, a discussion of *The Family* by no less an authority than Havelock Ellis, *Race and Civilization*, by George Dorsey, *Religion, The Arts, Philosophy* by John Dewey, *Play, Education* by Everett Dean Martin, *Literature* by Carl Van Doren and an Epilogue by the editor. As you can see, the book is quite ambitious, too much so to be reviewed in detail; let me say, however, that the chapters on Education, the Family, Religion, Philosophy and on Ancient and Mediaeval Civilizations are particularly well worth reading. However, the whole book is good, one of the best of its kind in fact. While it cannot be used as an authoritative textbook on all of its topics, it forms an excellent guide for study of the various subjects it considers.

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### YET DO NOT GRIEVE

*An Historical Novel*

CONAL O'RIORDAN

There have been several excellent historical novels written this year, but none, I believe, which can be ranked with this one. Possibly this is because Mr. O'Riordan never loses the proper proportion of history to novel. His characters have lives of their own, apart from the history of

their times. One outstanding fault of the average historical novel is completely lacking. I refer to the superfluity of famous characters which one usually encounters in these books. If the story is of a Grecian cobbler, he is almost certain to have Socrates and Xantippe as customers; if of England in its "Merrie" period, the hero is found bumping into Shakespeare or Jonson or Queen Elizabeth at every other step he takes. Mr. O'Riordan's characters are nothing like this. They lead reasonable lives and avoid inordinate concern with affairs of state. That is one recommendation of the book, and there is another somewhat similar one. Mr. O'Riordan can really produce the atmosphere, shall I say, of the time of which he writes and he does it without the not unusual grandiloquent gestures. As far as I can judge he does this by taking it for granted, just as a contemporary would, and giving it no more attention than it would draw from him. However, regardless of the method, the effect is all that can be desired. The author certainly makes the years 1790 to 1820 a vivid setting for his book.

In addition to all these virtues, which are in a sense those of an historian, Mr. O'Riordan also possesses the attributes of a very good novelist. He has a genuine feeling for character and a real ability to depict it. The characters of his novel are all very convincing, there is not a single lay-figure among them. From his hero, David Tyrconnell Quinn to such a minor figure as the vendor of corpses, all are living and three-dimensional folk.

The author's workmanship is very careful and detached; he allows himself plenty of space for his effects, consequently the novel is a buxom 500 pages rather than the usual 300. His style is dignified and effective.

Lest even all these merits should fail to recommend this book, let it be noted

also that Mr. O'Riordan possesses a remarkable ability to tell a story. In fact I have read few books which, considered simply as adventure stories, were superior to this one. Much can be forgiven a man when he is interesting, and when in addition he is an excellent writer and a first class artist he is irresistible. Thus, Mr. O'Riordan.

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## BARON VON DER TRENCK

BRUNO FRANCK

This is the second of Franck's historical novels to be published in this country. The first, *Tage des Kounigs*, appeared last year. *Trenck* is written along much the same lines. King Frederic the Great is a major character in each, for example; the period is the same in both volumes. Both are excellently written; it is, of course, difficult to obtain any idea of the style of an author read in translations, but if the original approaches the English version, it is very well written, indeed.

The hero of the book, Von der Trenck, was at one time the favorite of King Frederic the Great. His rapid and startling rise to fame, however, is more than balanced by his equally rapid fall from favor. Trenck was so unfortunate as to begin a love affair with Frederic's sister. It has always been more or less a riddle why Frederic, never illogically severe, should have rewarded such a comparatively innocent affair with such severe punishment. Mr. Franck turns to the physiologists and psychologists for an answer and it must be admitted that his solution is logical.

After a quarter of a century of terrible sufferings in prison marked by a near-escape that approached the miraculous, Trenck was released. After some years of uneventful life, Trenck, spite of his seventy years, went to France to aid the cause of liberty, the French Revolution being then in progress. Like all Revolutionists,



the French had an acute distrust of genuine liberty. They evidenced their feelings by guillotining Trenck among the thousands so served. The speech of Trenck before his execution is also contained in the book. It reveals a dignity and sense of proportion sufficient to mark any man as great.

W. J. C.

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### SQUAD

JAMES B. WHARTON

This is a story of the great war by a man who "went over." Mr. Wharton is a new author, yet he makes a fair bid to rank among the country's leading fiction writers. The book itself is a striking picture of the hell of the trenches. It is vividly portrayed in the frank picturesque vernacular of the soldiers. Sordid tragedy and abandoned gayety follow each other in quick succession in this startling saga of the doughboys.

It destroys that illusion that "the boys" went "over there," shot up a few "Huns," received a medal or so, and came home heroes. It shows war as war is—horrible, ghastly, terrible, heart-rending. The author takes you into the trenches with him, lets you look straight into the eyes of a determined foe, lets you gaze in terror at the advancing hordes, lets you see bullets and shells find their marks in the bodies and plot materializes with a biting realism that brains of humans.

The book portrays the lives and deaths of the eight men who comprise a squad. The plot materializes with a biting realism that leaves one gasping for breath. Mr. Wharton has put in his novel an atmosphere of impending tragedy which haunts the reader.

"Squad" is a remarkable book. It is not alone thrilling and gripping, but educational as well. But it is a glowing tribute to the boys who are maimed for life and confined to our hospitals; it is a tribute to the Gold-star mothers who lost their loved ones in the big drives. Yet more, it

is a tribute to those men who went "over there," gave their all, and now are resting "somewhere in Flanders." —E. W. F.

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### MOSES

LOUIS UNTERMYER

After successfully publishing anthologies and, now and then, a volume of his own poetry, Louis Untermeyer has turned to the novel. Being a poet, his prose shows evidences of his first love. A poet's prose can usually be described by such tritely general adjectives as beautiful and exquisite, and in this first novel we have specific proof.

At the first sight of colloquial language, we were tempted to say: "Oh, it's another one of those is it?" But Mr. Untermeyer's book unquestionably transcends Erskine's and Davis's books. *Moses* is not coated with a superficial veneer, but is a substantial piece of reading. It becomes a vivid drama, for which the reader breathlessly awaits an outcome.

Mr. Untermeyer, for the most part, follows the biblical version of Mose's life. Here and there he changes it to suit his story. It is not a religious story; it is not given to us in Sunday school installments. Rather it is a remarkable interpretation of a human being—of a man who sees opportunities and grasps them. There is something of the dreamer in him, yet when necessity called he could become only practical.

Mr. Untermeyer's prose grows better in the latter part of the book, and particularly in the last chapter. Here the impatient Isrealites are ready to leave for Canaan, and Moses in a long sermon gives them the benefits of his wisdom—wisdom gathered through many years of leadership. There is a fine touch of irony in that the recipients of his valedictory give a sigh of relief when he finishes, and leaving him, they depart for the Promised Land—the land into which the Lord has forbidden his entrance. —P. B.





# ATHLETICS

## TROUNCING TRADE

Very few spectators were on hand at Brookline Field when, on November 10, there was administered to the football team of the Boston Trade School a severe trouncing at the hands of Boston Latin. The score, which was 13-6, does not begin to indicate the conclusiveness of our victory. Only once during the whole contest did Trade advance the ball into our territory, but that one time was sufficient to gain for them a touchdown.

Trade kicked off, and the ball was carried down to our 25-yard line, where it was clutched by the swift-footed Rabinovitz, who ran it back to the Trade 45-yard line. Lichtenstein then passed to Adler and we found ourselves on the Trade 33-yard line. Rabinovitz then went off tackle for four yards. On the next play, we fumbled, and Trade recovered. They took it through center for a gain of four yards; then carried it to the 40-yard line for a first down. Being discouraged by a meagre gain of half a yard on the next play, they kicked. The kick did not advance far, for it was blocked by Dave Kopans, and the reaction thereby acquired promulgated it back to Trade's 20-yard

line, where they recovered the bounding spheroid. Very loath to retain the ball in that precarious position, Trade kicked, and the ball went through "Rabby's" hands. Whereupon, a Trade man joyously retrieved the elusive pigskin, and scooted merrily for a touchdown. His joy was short-lived, for it was found that our receiver had not touched the ball, and it was therefore quite dead for Trade. Rabinovitz then went off tackle to the Trade 40-yard line. A lateral pass, Lichtenstein to Rabinovitz, gained five yards. With two more plays, we had a first down on the Trade 28-yard line. Two off-tackle slants by "Rabby" brought the ball to within seventeen yards of the Trade goal, whence Mullen took the ball to the 15-yard line; but on the next play, though we made a substantial gain, we lost the ball on downs. Trade then kicked to her own 30-yard mark, a futile boot of about twenty yards. Thus ended the first quarter.

Three end runs and an incompleated forward pass brought the ball to the Trade 23-yard line, where we lost on downs. The opposition lost thirteen yards on the next play, and this, no doubt, induced them to

kick. "Rabby" ran it back from center field to the Trade 33-yard line. Gould hurled a forward pass to Lichtenstein which gained eleven yards and a first down and Rabinovitz gained six yards around the end, but on the following play, Trade was in fast, and nailed Mullen for a loss. A short forward, Lichtenstein to Adler, gained about five yards. Rabinovitz then went off tackle four times in succession for gains of five, four, one, and two yards, to bring the ball to the three-yard mark. A change of tactics, a lateral pass from "Lefty" to "Rabby," fooled Trade, and the latter went over for a touchdown. "Lefty" then kicked a placement for the point-after-touchdown with "Rabby" holding the ball. First blood for the purple.

Gould kicked off to Trade's 30-yard line, and Balkan felled the receiver after he had advanced but five yards. After an unsuccessful try at center, Trade lost five yards when Downes came in fast to stop their play. We were penalized five yards on the next play for running into the kicker, and Trade followed that by carrying the ball to their 42-yard mark, whence they kicked. Rabinovitz seemed about to embark on one of his winding journeys, but he slipped on some damp turf and fell, on our 33-yard line. A lateral pass, "Lefty" to "Rabby," would have been good for ten yards, but it was called back, both teams, no doubt, being offside. While waiting for a receiver to get free, on an attempted forward pass, we lost four yards. Lichtenstein carried the ball seven yards to the 36-yard line, and, on the following play, passed forward to Adler, who advanced the spheroid eighteen yards to the Trade 46-yard line.

We hit the line, and we were stopped. Dick Gould hurled a very long forward pass to Adler, but it barely eluded Bill's hands. Then we tried center for half a yard, and though, on the next play, Lichtenstein gained six yards, we failed to

make first down. Trade tried a lateral, which lost a yard, and then were driven back seven yards to their own 32-yard line. This was the last play of the half, during which Trade not once carried the ball as far as mid-field.

Gould kicked off, a mighty boot, which Trade received on their 10-yard line. They plowed through the line to the 30-yard line, whence, unable further to advance, they kicked to our 45-yard line. At this point a penalty was registered against Latin, and Trade received a first down on their own 40-yard line. They went forward three yards, but on the next play, Campana hit them for a loss. Kopans blocked their kick, which Adler recovered and carried to their 20-yard line. Rabinovitz shot off tackle for seven yards. We tried a pass, which failed; and on the next play, Lichtenstein was about to try a goal from the field, but Trade was in fast and forced him to throw a forward pass which they intercepted, and carried to their 15-yard line.

In two plays Trade gained seven yards, but on the following play, kicked to their 45-yard line. Lichtenstein then made two rushes for a total of seven yards, but the following plays were good for nothing, and we lost the ball on downs. Two Trade attempts brought the ball to their 44-yard line, and thence they kicked to our 40-yard line. Here Gould hurled one of his mighty passes, but Gusson, the Trade quarterback, appropriated the ball, and carried it to our 8-yard line, where he was bowled offside by Gould. He had run forty yards. A center rush was good for three yards, but on the next two plays they were pushed back to the 8-yard line. We seemed to have stopped their attack, but on the next play, Gusson scored with ease on a hidden ball play. Spack tried to pierce our line for the point-after-touchdown, but was unsuccessful.

Rabinovitz ran back the Trade kickoff

to our 35-yard line, then went off tackle for gains of six and three yards, which gave us a first down. He went around the end and off tackle for three and four yards, and then we kicked to their 27-yard line. Trade lost a yard on an end run, gained three off tackle, lost five on a fumble, then kicked to our 43-yard line.

Rabinovitz went around the end for five yards, off tackle for eleven, and again off tackle for two. We tried a long forward which failed, and on the next play Rabinovitz was nailed for a loss, so Gould kicked to the Trade 18-yard line. They could make no progress, and kicked, a poor kick. Trade interfered with "Rabby's" fair catch, and suffered a fifteen-yard penalty. Rabinovitz went off tackle for six yards to their 29-yard line, then repeated the performance for a gain of two yards. Lichtenstein gained three yards through the center of the line, and Rabinovitz followed that by dashing off tackle for twelve yards, which placed the spheroid on Trade's 6-yard line. Here the Trade defense tightened. Rabinovitz tried the line for no gain, and Lichtenstein made a yard through center. Rabinovitz gained a yard off tackle, but on the next play, with Dick Gould clearing out a couple of Tradesmen, he went around the end for a touchdown. Lichtenstein's attempt for the point-after-touchdown failed its mark. Gould made another mighty kickoff, this one to their 12-yard line, and it was run back to the 27-yard Trade line, where the game ended.

\* \* \*

Every Latin man played a fine game. "Rabby" Rabinovitz deserves the most credit for our victory. He did most of the ball carrying, and piloted the team well. His off-tackle and end slants were superb, and it was seldom indeed that he failed to gain when he took the ball. "Lefty" Lichtenstein played excellently. He made several good gains, his forward passes were

very effective, and his drop-kick was a great help. He hits the line very fast.

\* \* \*

Dick Gould, playing his first backfield game, did the kicking. Considering his inexperience, his punts were very good, and his kickoffs defy description. His best work, however, was in interfering for our lighter backs, and it was a common sight to see him take out two men with remarkable dispatch. He certainly can throw passes, which, like his kickoffs, are very, very long.

\* \* \*

Mullen did a fine job in clearing out would-be tacklers, and he works hard all the time. He tackles well.

\* \* \*

The two "Bills," Adler and Loughran, were good. Adler received a couple of passes that he turned into good gains, and both these boys did well on defense.

\* \* \*

Dave Kopans was there with a vengeance! When he was not bowling over the Trade men, he was tackling their backs, and the Trade kicker was only too well aware of his presence.

\* \* \*

Eddie Horovitz is one of the most, if not the most, consistently good players on the team. His playing is not often spectacular, but few plays are missed by him, and he is on the job every minute.

\* \* \*

This description fits admirably his running mate, Herb Cohen, who works like a Trojan.

\* \* \*

Harry Balkan! Thunder! Lightning! He tackles like an avalanche, and buries his victim. Ask the Tradesmen. "Oh, for eleven Balkans" tells his story very well.

\* \* \*

The cheer leaders in the Dorchester game were "Don" Sullivan, "Phil" Barber, and "Wes" Fuller.



Steve Downes is a good center. His passes are accurate, and he is a power both on offence and defense.

\* \* \*

Our line played Trade's off its feet. Without it, our light backs would be quite, or at least, to a considerable degree, lost. We have noted the performance of individual members, but that the team acts as a unit is the significant factor. We have a good team.

\* \* \*

The summary:

BOSTON LATIN                      BOSTON TRADE  
Loughran, Campana, Lynch, le.

le., Hutchins

Kopans, lt.

lt., Shanning, Holland, Zablocki  
Balkan, lg. .... lg., Perkins  
Downes, c. .... c., Hynes, Perkins  
Cohen, rg., .... rg., Malley  
Horovitz, rt. .... rt., Quirk  
Adler, *Capt.*, re. .... re., Moriarty  
Rabinovitz, qb. .... qb., Gusson, Kline  
Lichtenstein, lhb. .... lhb., Spack, *Capt.*  
Mullen, rhb. .... rhb., Cheney  
Gould, fb. .... fb., McArdle

\* \* \*

### DORCHESTER'S DOWNFALL

On Thursday, November 15, Latin School advanced one more rung on the ladder leading to supremacy of the city schools, by defeating Dorchester High by the score of 6-0. It was an ideal day for football, and a very hard fought game ensued, as the score indicates.

Dorchester kicked off. Adler received on his own 35-yard line and ran to his 40-yard mark. After gaining two yards at center, Lichtenstein twisted his way off tackle for a first down. Here Dorchester's defense stiffened, and Warren was forced to kick. Failing to gain, our opponents returned the compliment and the ball went to Rabinovitz, who ran it back fifteen yards to the Dorchester 35-yard line. Rabinovitz

gained seven yards through the line, Warren penetrated the opposition's defense for three more, and Lichtenstein's ten helped advance the ball to the Dorchester 15-yard line. At this point, Dorchester's defense again stiffened, and they repulsed the onslaught of our backs sufficiently to take the ball on downs. Our opponents kicked to midfield, where the ball was downed. On a fake play, Lichtenstein made ten yards through the line. Failing to gain further, Latin punted, and, in their turn, Dorchester kicked, being unsuccessful at her attempts to gain yardage. Rabinovitz then ran fifteen yards to our opponents' 30-yard mark. He gained eight more on a line play as the first period ended.

On the first play of the second period we fumbled; Dorchester recovered, and immediately kicked. Here Latin began a march down the field and reached the 28-yard line only to have Hayes intercept a forward pass, and halt our parade.

In the beginning of the second half Rabinovitz ran back their kickoff to his own 38-yard line. After two plays, Dorchester was penalized and Latin had the ball on the Dorchester 45-yard mark. Rabinovitz went through for nine yards, Warren for a first down, Lichtenstein for eleven more, and it was again first down on our opponents' 11-yard line. But to our great dismay the Dorchester team successfully resisted and took the ball on downs. They kicked out of danger, and the runback of that kick plus nine yards off tackle by Rabinovitz put the ball on the Dorchester 19-yard stripe. Latin was penalized fifteen yards, but this was made up when Warren carried to the 25-yard line. Lichtenstein hit the line for eight more and Rabinovitz circled his left end for ten yards, placing the pigskin on their 8-yard line as the third period ended.

On the first play of the final quarter "Bucky" Warren found a gaping hole and



plunged through Dorchester's line for a touchdown. The try for the extra point failed. The remainder of the period consisted of an exchange of punts with Dorchester, for the most, on the defense within her own territory.

During the game Dorchester made only three first downs, two of which occurred late in the final period, while our backs made several first downs, due to their excellent running.

The summary:

BOSTON LATIN	DORCHESTER
Loughran, le, Campana	re, Marshall
Kopans, lt	rt, Fitzgerald
Balkan, lg	rg, Meaney
Downes, c	c, Hayes
Cohen, Murmes, rg	lg, Howard
Horovitz, Shea, rt	lt, Lydon
Adler, re	le, Norton
Rabinovitz, qb	qb, Joy
Mullen, Gould, Lachacz, lhb	rhb, Pimenthal
Lichtenstein, Goodwin, rhb	lhb, Cummings
Warren, Lachacz, fb	fb, Aieta
* * * —H. L. A., '30.	

The team did not have nearly so great an advantage over its opponents in the game with Dorchester as in the Trade contest. To express our candid opinion—it is but an opinion—the team did not play as well. Perhaps this was caused by superior opposition, for the Dorchester line seemed stronger than Trade's, their backs fought harder, and their secondary defense of their rather mediocre punts was very effective. We were the stronger team, but our play was not as good as our strength might warrant. We showed frequent flashes of excellent playing, and one of these flashes brought us our score, of which some of our adherents had begun to despair; but to offset our good moments there were many bad ones. We won, but our play was not the best of which we are capable.

The play of the individual members of the team was, to a certain degree, like that

of the group. There were flashes of sterling play, and moments of mediocrity.

In the line, there were no particular performances which seemed outstanding against the others, and here again the comment that we were a bit erratic is applicable.

The backfield, however, whose work is more easily perceived than that of the line, may be discussed as to the individuals. "Bucky" Warren played a fine game; his punts were good, and he carried the ball very well. He crowned his return to the team with a touchdown, and he showed courage in appearing on the field so early in his convalescence. "Rabby" Rabinovitz played another fine game, which was characterized by his excellent running. The boy *can* dodge and sidestep. "Lefty" Lichtenstein, as usual, was very good; he carried the ball with telling effect, and did some splendid interfering for the other backs. Jim Mullen plays a good game as a defensive back and as an interferer; he tackles well. "Dick" Gould's work is very useful indeed; opposing ends seldom elude him on their attempts to stop our play. He did good work in this game. "Al" Lachacz was not in the game long enough for us to appreciate his playing, as he entered the game late in the second period, and did not return after the half. He still feels that leg injury, but he will be in good shape for the next game, and we have no doubt that he will give a good account of himself. "Big George" Goodwin was in a similar situation, but we saw him take a little trip around left end that startled both the Dorchester team and our rooters. And thus ends the story.

\* \* \*

### THE MECHANIC ARTS GAME

On Wednesday, November 21, an audacious, determined, and rather weighty aggregation from Mechanic Arts High School attempted to impede Latin's march toward the city championship, and were very nearly successful, for it was not until the

final quarter that we were able to score. There now remains only the blue shadow of English High on our horizon, only one more obstacle for us to overcome.

The weather smiled on us, though it was a chilly smile, and the air seemed charged with a spirit of Latin confidence, as manifested by the enthusiasm of our supporters.

The first period saw a very tight, closely contested struggle, neither team being able to make any great progress. Beginning the second period with the ball on the Mechanic's 48-yard line, Latin attempted two line plays without any great success, and was forced to kick. Warren punted to their 23-yard line, whence, by rushing, our burly opponents succeeded in advancing the required ten yards for a first down. Here, however, the stalwart Loughran threw an opposing back for a four yard loss. Another failure at the line convinced our victims that it was best to give us a try at carrying the ball. They kicked to our 37-yard line; but, anxious to start on the way to victory, an over zealous Latin lineman ventured offside and we were penalized. Failing to gain, Latin kicked to the opposition, who, in their turn, booted the spheroid over our goal-line, placing the ball in our possession on our own 20-yard line. A line play gained two yards, a forward pass failed, then Warren kicked to our 47-yard line. Here, by a series of forward passes, Mechanics reached our 24-yard line, but at this point, "Steve" Downes cruelly squelched the aspirations of our opponents by intercepting a short forward on the 21-yard mark. Latin failed to gain on a line play as the half ended.

Block received the kickoff at the opening of the second half and ran to his own 28-yard line. Latin was penalized five yards, so we kicked to the 45-yard line. They returned the ball immediately to our 30-yard line. Warren hit the line for five yards, followed that with three more in the same place, and then added four more to make

a first down. A forward pass, Lichtenstein to Adler, netted eight yards, but our opponents held us for downs, and took the ball on their own 18-yard line. They kicked to their 42-yard line. Warren tossed a forward pass to Lichtenstein for a gain of twelve yards as the third period ended.

Lichtenstein gained a yard through center, then threw another forward to Rabinovitz, whose trip made Mechanics rather pensive. But Latin was not to be denied. Warren hit the line for three yards, then made a fine off-tackle dash which put the ball on their 2-yard line. Their defense stiffened momentarily, but, on a line plunge, Rabinovitz crossed the line as the Latin adherents showed their appreciation by cheering steadily for that fighting team that has successfully defeated Commerce, Trade, Dorchester, and Mechanic Arts. Lichtenstein, on a poor pass from center, made a splendid dropkick which narrowly failed its mark. Mechanics again kicked off, and the play continued evenly till the end of the period neared, when our opponents opened up a forward passing attack which brought the ball to our 5-yard line. At this point, however, they grounded a forward pass in the end zone, and thereby forfeited the ball to Latin on our 20-yard line, as the horn sounded, ending the game.

The summary:

#### BOSTON LATIN

le, Lynch, Loughran, Campana  
lt, Kopans  
lg, Balkan  
c, Downes  
rg, Cohen  
rt, Horovitz, Weddleton  
re, Adler  
qb, Rabinovitz  
lhb, Mullen, Lachacz, Block  
rhh, Lichtenstein  
fb, Warren

H. L. A. '30

The story of the Mechanic Arts game can be summed up very briefly. The team played well. The line played well and hard in surpassing a very strong opponent. The backfield play was fine, and the backs worked untiringly and fiercely, and finally their efforts were rewarded. Mechanics had a splendid team.

Lichtenstein's carrying was good, his passes were effective, his tackling was superb, and that hurried drop-kick for the point-after-touchdown, though it failed, was, nevertheless, a splendid attempt.

Lachacz was in the game for but a short time when his leg injury was aggravated, and he had to be taken out. Tough luck is keeping this boy, one of our best running backs, down.

Block, who relieved Lachacz, did good work in the secondary defense.

Warren's running was, perhaps, the greatest factor in our victory, and his kicking was, for the most part, good. He is full of fight and football, and shows it by his fine playing. His rib injury is now quite healed, and he will face English High in fine shape.

Rabinovitz, as did the other backs, found it difficult going through the line, until the second half when we began to wear down their defense. He made several good gains in spite of this.

Captain Adler played well, made several spectacular tackles, and was on the receiving end of some ground-gaining forward passes. He is an able leader.

"Eddie" Horovitz played as good a game as he has ever, to our knowledge, played. He was in on every play, and did much splendid tackling.

"Herb" Cohen did well, as is his custom. We thought we would be without his services at one time, for he received a bad cut in the hand. However, it was bandaged on the field, and "Herb" went right on playing.

"Steve" Downes played an excellent de-

fensive game. On offense he was good, though that pass of his on the point-after-touchdown play was not up to his fine standard. He is a good man.

Harry Balkan, as usual, battered all and sundry to submission. He is one of our outstanding linemen.

From where we stood, it seemed that two mechanics were trying to stop Dave Kopans. They needed more than that, for he came in like a thunderbolt on many occasions, and foiled the opposition. He is all-scholastic timber.

Bill Loughran played a corking good game, and his tackling was very fine. He seems to sense the direction in which the play is going.

\* \* \*

## DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

*"We want Goodwin!"*

\* \* \*

*"Slay that guy in red."*

\* \* \*

We saw "Bernie" Feins, prevented from active participation in the game by a badly injured hand, act as linesman's assistant in the Dorchester game. He is a very sprightly corpse, that is, if an injured hand can make a corpse of anyone.

\* \* \*

There are fellows who are intentionally mean, and some who thoughtlessly act in that fashion. If you are so low as to fasten upon a person an appellation odious to him, be it merited or not, it is not the most charitable, the most intelligent, the most decent, the most civilized, or the most prudent course to apply such an appellation to him in a public place within the hearing of his fellows. In fact, it shows a deplorable lack of all of these attributes, and also shows that one lacks sadly the decencies of polite behaviour. If you are one of these persons, through intent or through heedlessness, it would be well for you to mend your course.



In the game with Trade, the field was soggy in places, the spectators were very sparsely scattered through the spacious stands, and the gate officials were extremely zealous, but failed to prevent from sneaking into the stands several embryonic "One-eyed Connollys."

Coach Daley and several members of the English High team were interested spectators at the Latin-Trade game. We hope they enjoyed what they saw.

\* \* \*

Green, Tasker, Rodman, and Goldman were the semi-finalists in the senior division of the Fall Tennis Tournament. Of these, Green and Goldman survived, and Goldman was victorious by the score of 6-4, 6-2.

In the intermediate division, Rodman, Wolper, Zonderman, and Agoos reached the semi-finals. Rodman and Agoos fought it out in the finals, and Rodman, who reached the semi-finals in the senior division, was the winner, 4-6, 6-3, 6-0.

The juniors who reached the semi-final round were Rosenthal, London, Zeserson, and Levenson.

Zeserson was the victor over Rosenthal in the final, 6-4, 6-4.

\* \* \*

A small group of Dorchester adherents lodged their undesirable persons in the heart of our section during the game with that school, and, with singular rudeness, emitted catcalls, jeers, hoots, and vulgar ejaculations when the Latin cheer leaders called for a cheer. They were permitted too long thus to persist in their evil way, but were finally subdued.

\* \* \*

No matter what your personal opinion of those leading the cheers may be, no matter what you think of their ability, you should remember that it is not they whom you are cheering, but the team; you should keep in mind that it is not the cheer leaders whom you are failing to support, but the team.

This bad spirit evidenced itself in the games with Commerce and Dorchester, and was not conducive to the best effects.

\* \* \*

*Queer people, these photographers.*

\* \* \*

Full many a "sub" is born to blush unseen, and waste his sweetness on the first team.

To that unsung group of heroes, the second team and the other substitutes, little glory is accorded. They are known by different names in various schools; this year, they were dubbed "the pot-wallopers" at the Latin School. However unimpressive their expressive name may have been, their service to the school and its first team was very beneficial and faithful. "They make the first team possible." Hail, ye "pot-wallopers"!

\* \* \*

The support given by our rooters to Sullivan, Barber, and Zarkin, the cheer leaders in the M. A. H. S. game, was good.

\* \* \*

Our neighbors across the field have not taken a great deal of interest in the exploits of our football team, judging by their scarcity at the games. The few that were there seemed satisfied with the results, however.

\* \* \*

If our team does not win the championship, it will not be the result of a lack of hard work. Many, many times during this season have we seen them industriously practising even after the shades of eve had fallen. They are a faithful organization.

\* \* \*

Whither do our athletes untimely go from here? To English! Aye, ever to English! Would that they would go to Chelsea or East Boston or some equally un-English haven where they could not augment the blue hordes.



The Dorchester adherents cried "Sis ki yi and hold 'em" till their throats were hoarse, but to no avail, for they couldn't hold us, no matter how hard they tried.

## Sleep No More!

Most of us have doubtless seen posted on bulletin boards throughout the school posters containing a representation of two figures—one, *Track*; the other, *Football*.

In that representation, *Football* is making its exit while *Track* is sleeping peacefully. *Football* is now over for the year, but *Track* is just beginning. The potential giant there depicted has been aroused, but he must be made wide awake, and put into action, or one more Latin School track team will have been a failure; that is, as a winner of meets, for there are always individuals who show to advantage. To have a successful track season, we must have many such individuals. You may be one of them; why not come out for track, and find out?

Last year, track athletics as a whole were a failure. True, there were several good men, but their numbers were so small that we did not win a meet. This, to say the least, was discouraging, but the greatest discouragement of all was the attitude of the student body, which did not give adequate support to the team, either by participation in the meets or by attendance.

This year, we hope it will be otherwise. A large squad will inject new life into this major sport, which was so sadly neglected last year. Many do not, perhaps, realize the fact that track is an extremely beneficial mode of exercise. Training for this team will keep one in fine condition during the winter months. Football and baseball men should all come out for track, for it helps them to increase their speed; and the man who is fast on his feet is always one or two jumps ahead of the others in the race for a position on a team. It affords an opportunity for organized exercise, under effi-

cient direction, which can not fail to benefit the individual. It is *the* sport in which everyone is on his own, in which the coach "can't have it in for you," in which ability is sure to be perceived. Now, if you have the ability to walk, it is a fairly safe wager that you can run, and a half an hour's practice every day with the track squad will bring that truth to light, so come out for track!

There is a crying need for recruits in every division, and a chance for everyone. A well-balanced team will win meets, and to ensure this, every division of the team must be strong.

In the junior division, we have only two letter men: Paul Brabazon in the high jump, and Harry Spotnitz in the shot put. We need new men for every junior event.

In the intermediate division, we have six letter men. Of these, Burton Tarplin in the hurdles and Charles Ross in the high jump are just up from the junior ranks. "Jack" Cohen in the dash, "Jack" Brody in the hurdles, Max Goldman in the shot put, and John Joyce, outdoor winner of the "220" and high jump in his division, are the other letter men. Here again, there is a great need for new blood in all the events.

As to the senior letter-men. Melvin Adams should do well in the broad jump and in the dash. Joe Dolan will run either six hundred yards, or the thousand-yard run. He is a veteran track man who should give a good account of himself. The captain of the team, Donal Sullivan, will run three hundred yards. "Joe" King, undoubtedly the best runner on last year's team, will not be seen on the track this year, as he is over age. This is a distinct

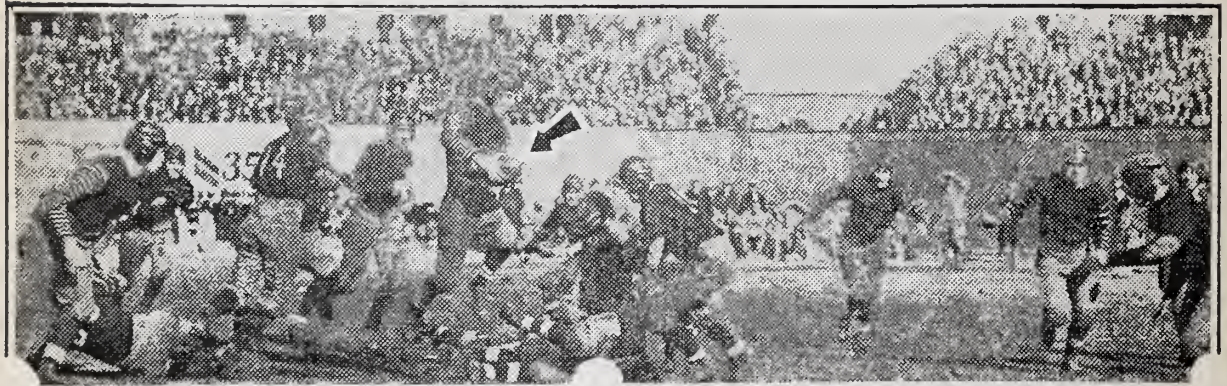
loss to the team. "Eddie" Devin has competed four years, and is therefore ineligible.

"Billy" Wellock, alternate on the championship relay of two years ago, has departed to English. He is an all-around runner, and his loss is a crushing blow. What is worse, he will probably compete against us, and he is a potential scorer.

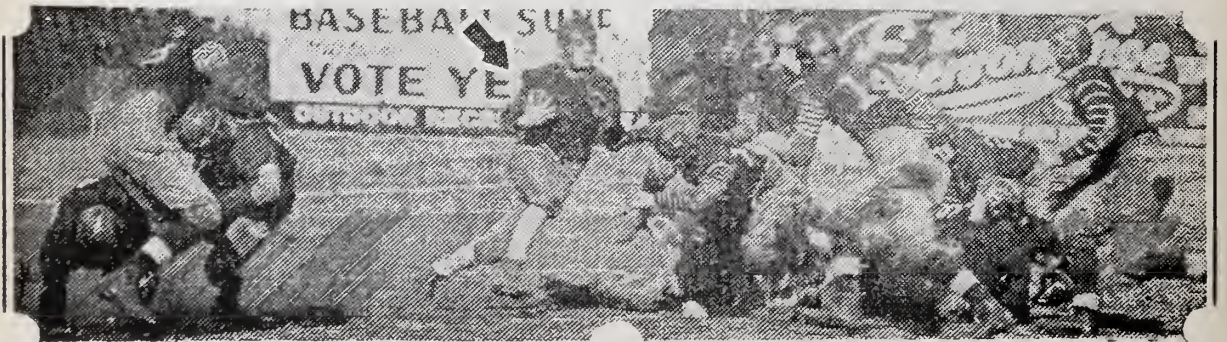
Good prospects in the senior division

are Adam Mednis in the "600," "Bud" Joseph in the "1000," "Al" Lachacz in the dash, W. S. Murmes in the shot put, John Moynahan, and William J. "Bill" Sullivan, the youngest of the famous brothers, who should do well.

These are the names which come to mind now, but there are many others; and upon these and the newcomers to the squad depends the success of the track team.



McCARTHY HITS OUR LEFT TACKLE



RABINOVITZ SHOOT'S OFF ENGLISH'S LEFT SIDE



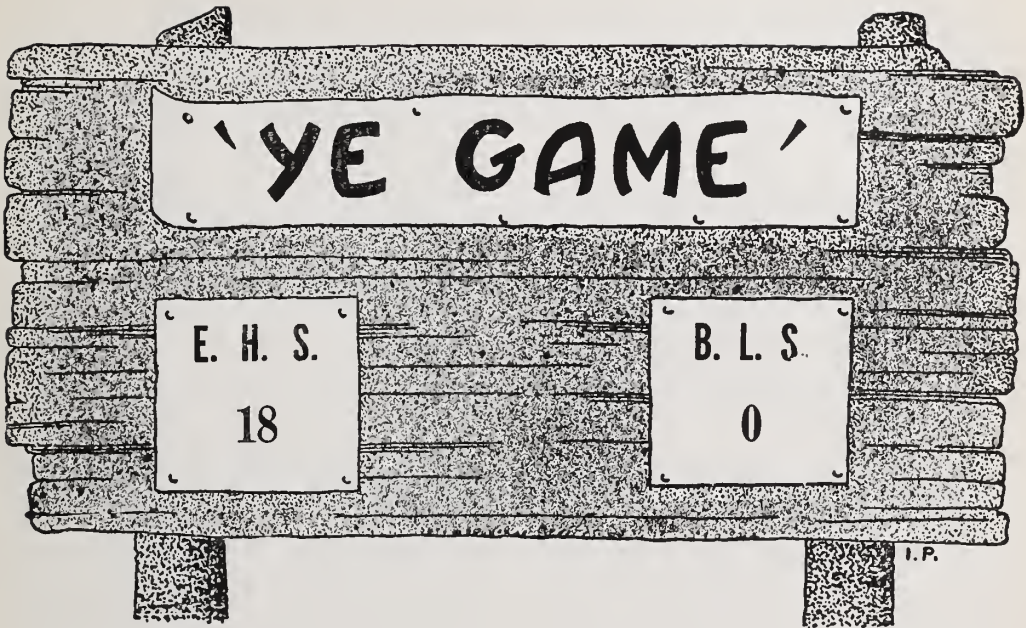


RABINOVITZ	MULLEN	LICHTENSTEIN	WARREN
ADLER (Capt.)	HOROVITZ	SHEA	DOWNES
		BALKAN	KOPANS
			LOUGHRAN









We were all disappointed. However, we are not moved, as have been *some*, severely to cavil at the spirit of the team, to say that they failed to show the traditional "Latin School Spirit," or to remark that the coach was at fault. We hold this opinion: The Latin School team was surpassed and defeated by a vastly superior aggregation. The stronger team won. Our boys fought hard, but the result was inevitable. The line, which had been the greatest factor both in our offense and defense, was outplayed by the English line, and our light backs were unable to penetrate the strong defense of the opposition. English, on the other hand, had both the advantage of a superior line and that of having a quartet of backs who were of themselves very powerful. The result was, as we have said, inevitable.

English kicked off. Rabinovitz received and ran the ball back twenty-five yards to the Latin 37-yard line. Warren hit the

line for three yards, but further attempts to advance were unsuccessful, and "Bucky" kicked to their 40-yard mark. Bill Adler nailed the receiver, Captain Doherty, of English, in his tracks. Kenney shot off his right tackle for twelve yards and from there they advanced to our 39-yard line whence they kicked offside to our 19-yard line. We kicked. They tried a forward, which Warren intercepted. He kicked to their 30-yard line, and English, by a series of rushes, reached their own 44-yard, whence McCarthy got off a mighty boot of sixty yards which carried over the goal-line. We failed to gain, and kicked. English brought the ball to our 24-yard line for a first down as the period ended.

Opening the second period, English gained two yards, but on the next play fumbled. Campana recovered for Latin and advanced the ball ten yards. We failed further to gain, and kicked to their 20-yard line. English advanced the ball

to their 35-yard line, whence they kicked to our 39-yard mark. We kicked it right back. Then English rushed to center field, and added to that a journey to our 32-yard stripe. After three losses, they kicked. Latin was penalized, but English again kicked, this time over the goal-line. We failed to gain, and Warren duplicated McCarthy's feat of the first quarter by kicking from our 20-yard line to the corresponding English marker, a sixty-yard kick. English was penalized, and followed that with a kick to their 45-yard line, ending the first half. Neither side had threatened to any great degree, and Latin had stood up rather well.

Latin received the kickoff, and on the next play, Lichtenstein passed to Adler for a gain of thirteen yards. Rabinovitz gained seven yards in two rushes, but on the next play, we fumbled, and English recovered. Doherty and McCarthy brought the ball to our 36-yard line. Musco made five yards, and then they were stopped for two plays. But on the one following, Kenney went through our line for thirty yards and a touchdown. They failed to kick the point. By rushing, we brought the ball from our ten to our thirty-five yard line. Here we tried the air, and Toomey intercepted on our 45-yard mark. Doherty leaped high to catch a forward from McCarthy on our 22-yard stripe, but they failed to make the required ten yards in the next series, being halted by a splendid tackle by Lichtenstein. We kicked to our 40-yard line, after gaining seven yards by two rushes. With a forward-passing game, they brought the ball to our ten-yard line, where the period ended. McCarthy opened with a seven-yard gain, and Musco followed that with a touchdown. They again failed to make the point.

English kicked off, and in two plays, we gained twenty yards, but then tried a forward, which Musco intercepted and carried to our eighteen-yard line. We held them on downs, and kicked out of danger, but in six plays, they brought the ball to our 25-yard line. Thence Doherty made another leaping catch and carried the ball to our one-yard line. They lost two yards, then Katz went over for the score, to which they again failed to add the extra point. We steadily advanced the ball fifty yards to their thirty-yard line, but there another Latin pass was intercepted, and they carried the ball to midfield. Thence, we battered our way to their 15-yard line. A forward pass to Warren put the spheroid on their five-yard line, but "Bucky" was knocked out on the play, and they recovered the fumble. Then the English substitutes began to rush into the game in droves, like scared sheep, and after they had frittered away a few plays, the game ended.

The whole English team played well. For us, the best players were Warren, Adler, and Downes. "Bucky" played a wonderfully brave game, and so did Bill, who did some fine tackling. Steve was good, too. Lichtenstein and Rabinovitz tried hard, and played as best they could, but their small size was a great handicap against the powerful English team. The best team won, and though, in the first half, we showed some power, the second half was completely dominated by English.

BOSTON LATIN — *le.*, Loughran, Campana, Lynch; *lt.*, Kopans, Tracy; *lg.*, Balkan, Shea; *c.*, Downes; *rg.*, Cohen, Murmes; *rt.*, Horovitz; *re.*, Adler, Mellen; *qb.*, Rabinovitz, Block, Ingalls; *lhb.*, Mullen; *lawlor*; *rhb.*, Lichtenstein, and *fb.*, Warren, Lachacz, Feins.

## SHREDS OF BLUE AND PURPLE

The cheering, which was lead by Donal M. Sullivan, Philip Barber, and Oscar Zarkin, was the best we have had for some time. The Latin School boys watched their team go down to defeat, nevertheless, cheered till the bitter end. They deserve great credit for the brave spirit which they showed.

\* \* \*

For English, the three best players were Bill McCarthy, John Kenney, and Captain Doherty. They were the main cogs in the English offense. Of the three, two are former Latin School boys; McCarthy and Kenney. It is the same old story, growing sadder and sadder each year: They may not have been able to learn our Latin, but they taught us a bitter lesson in English.

\* \* \*

Men may come, and men may go ;but "win or lose, Commerce forever."

\* \* \*

If the Commerce and Dorchester bands were as good as they were persistent, they would be without equal in this vale of tears. It seemed to the suffering audience that they, like Commerce, would be there forever, but finally, no doubt all out of breath, they ceased their blaring.

\* \* \*

English High had as cheer leaders four sport captains.

\* \* \*

Coach Daley of English High was evidently well pleased with his team, for he sent in a stream of substitutes which looked like a game of tag. The felt factory will be working overtime to supply "E's" for that thundering herd which swamped the

referee toward the end of the game.

\* \* \*

In our stands there were a great many of those individuals who are classed as "the weaker sex." There were also a few groups of English adherents, who, whenever they attempted to burst unto rejoicing, were promptly squelched; which was quite all right, and just as it should have been. In fact, we think it was rather fine. They deserved their lot for thrusting their persons into our hallowed domain. It is about time that the authorities discovered a way to segregate the various factions.

\* \* \*

The Thanksgiving Day game is satisfactory, but we don't like the double-header idea. Must two grey-bearded ancients, Latin and English, be compelled to play in conjunction with such comparative youths as Commerce and Dorchester? And what is worse, we must wait while they settle their little game, before we engage in our heroic conflict.

\* \* \*

A great many were surprised at the apparent failure of Dave Kopans to play his usual fine game; for their benefit, we have to say that there were at least two men pitted against him on every play.

\* \* \*

*The Sports Department is indebted to George F. Keenan, '31, for his play-by-play chart of the English game. Thanks are also rendered to Herbert L. Addelson, '30, for his accounts of the Dorchester and M. A. H. S. games.*





"Is he of a nervous disposition?"  
 "I should say not; he's harder to rattle than a feather pillow."

\* \* \*

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," says the surgeon.

\* \* \*

1st Stude: S-Say, c-can I have about twenty m-m-minutes of your t-time-

2nd: Sure; what do you want?

1st: 'Bout f-f-fifteen minutes' conversation.

\* \* \*

"So you think you're capable of being a mechanic. What makes you think so?"

"Well, I know one of the rules is to smear grease on the steering wheel."

\* \* \*

Pericles noticed a recruiting officer rejecting an applicant because of excessively large feet. This guy Pericles, who surely was no dope, up and spoke to the recruiting officer.

"Charlie, don't turn this man down because of his big feet. He can be of use to the land."

"Will you please tell me how, Pericles?"  
 Stamping out forest fires."

\* \* \*

Doris: "The Jacksons had a mind reader at their house the other evening."

Clarence: "What a dull time he must have had."

Drill Sergeant: "Hey there, Blinks!"

Corporal Blinks: "What's the dope?"

Drill Sergeant: "Straighten up that line. What do you think this is—the rainbow division?"

\* \* \*

Bob: "How long does it take you to dress?"

Hank: "About ten minutes."

Bob: "Gee! I can do it in five. What takes you so long?"

Hank: "I wash my neck."

\* \* \*

He: "This fellow fell off a six-story building, passed the sixth, the fifth, the third, the second and the first stories before he hit the ground, breaking his neck and—

She (interrupting): "But what about the fourth story?"

He: "Well, that's another story."

\* \* \*

Dentist: "Open your mouth wide and I won't hurt you a bit."

Patient (a few minutes later): "Now I know what Ananias did for a living."

\* \* \*

"I was quite upset when Teddy kissed me."

"Rubbish! You've been kissed before."

"Yes, but not in a canoe."

\* \* \*

Speaking of famous athletes, "I'm always on the team," said the horsefly.



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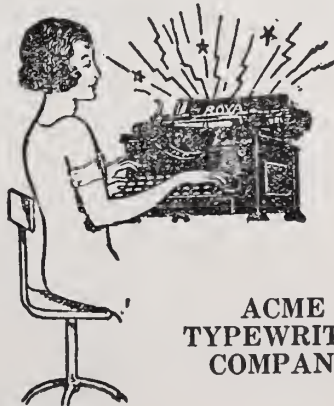
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It is with profound sorrow and deep regret that we announce the death of one of our oldest Alumni, a man whose name and glory are a vital part of the School and its traditions. We have lost him, yet his spirit will continue to be a guiding influence and a lasting inspiration here and elsewhere. Thus we, the School, respectfully dedicate this issue of our publication to the glorious and beloved memory of

**Dr. Charles Montraville Green**



DR. GREEN

## CHARLES MONTRAVILLE GREEN

*"The sun may set, but it ever shines—."*

Charles Montraville Green was born in Medford, Massachusetts, December 18, 1850, the son of George Bent and Melinda (Wetherbee) Green. He was a descendant of distinguished New England stock. He prepared at the Boston Public Latin School, from which he graduated in 1870. He graduated from Harvard College in 1874 and three years later received the degree M. D. from the same institution. He married Miss Helen L. Ware and both went to Europe where Dr. Green spent several years in study. In 1879 he returned to Boston where he set up his practice destined to make him one of the leading physicians and surgeons of the city.

His specialty was gynaecology. He was on the staffs of the Boston Dispensary, the Free Hospital for Women, the Boston Lying-in Hospital, and the Boston City Hospital, and for a long time was the head of his department in those institutions. He was also consulting physician to the Adams Nervine Hospital, and consultant to the State Hospital at Tewksbury. From 1886 to 1915 he was on the teaching staff of the Harvard Medical School, and advanced from the post of instructor to that of Professor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology; since 1915 he was professor-*emeritus*. He was also secretary of the Faculty of Medicine from 1897 to 1907. He was president of the Obstetrical Society of Boston and of the Boston Society for Medical Improvement, secretary, censor, and councillor of the Suffolk District Medical Society, and vice-president of the Massachusetts Medical Society. He was a fellow of the American Gynaecological Society and of the American College of Surgeons. He was also Surgeon of the Massachusetts Society of Colonial Wars since 1899 and Surgeon-General of the General Society for the past eight years.

While in College he joined the Lawrence Life Guard of Medford and in 1877 joined the first Corps of Cadets and served 18 years as surgeon with the rank of Major. In 1905, after thirty-four years military service, he was commissioned a Lieutenant-Colonel on the retired list.

He was the president of the Royal House Association of Medford in which he was deeply interested. He served as president of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, a republican institution in Boston, and was a director and member of many historical societies. He was secretary of his Harvard Class and prepared for publication in 1924 the report of his Class, giving extensive biographies.

Forty-five years ago he was admitted to the Masonic Fraternity, later serving as Worshipful Master of the Lodge of St. Andrew, of Boston, was appointed Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Masons in Massachusetts; was elected Commander of St. Bernard Commandery, Knights Templars. In 1915 he was licensed by the Bishop of Massachusetts as a lay reader, and during the World War undertook some of the duties of a Rector who was serving as a Chaplain overseas.

He belonged to many learned societies and other organizations and was especially prominent in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

He was president of the Latin School Association and was our oldest living Alumnus, prior to his death, November 20, 1928. Funeral services were held at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Boston, November 25, 1928.

We say with one accord as we contemplate this dispensation of Divine Providence, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."



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No. 4

JANUARY, 1929

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# THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

## REVOLUTION

*A Play*

EDWIN W. FULLER, JR.

### Characters

### A GUARD.

### BOLSHEVISTS AND OTHERS.

VLADIMIR III, *Czar of Travania. He is a large, powerful man of unlimited physical strength. His beady, shifty eyes betray his keen mind. He possesses a sort of underlying strength of will, a hardy, self-reliant confidence in himself that inspires respect. In manner, he is shrewd, suspicious, evasive. He is cunning, cruel and tyrannical, hated by his subjects and retaining the throne only by deceit and treachery. He is too weak to rule his country which is on the verge of a revolution.*

COUNT BORIS KRIZHANOV, *right-hand man of the Czar and Commander of the Imperial Guard. He too, is treacherous and cruel, his only redeeming feature being his loyalty to Vladimir.*

IVAN NIKOLAUF, *Leader of the Bolsheviks and Commissary-elect of Soviet Travania. He was formerly a sergeant in the Imperial Guard but now chosen for his military ability as leader of the Communists. A peasant by birth, he is given no recognition during the rule of the Czar, in spite of his high qualities. Being jealous and revengeful by nature, he bides his time and awaits the day patiently when he can overthrow Vladimir and establish himself at the head of the government. His cruel, relentless nature makes him a dangerous enemy to the Czar.*

*The time is early morning of a cold January day. The scene is the "Blue Room" in the palace of the Czar at Lorenz. It is a large room artistically decorated with tapestries and costly paintings. The furniture is of the Louis XIV period with blue upholstery. A blue Arabian rug covers most of the highly polished oak floor. A door on the left which is now closed is the only means of entrance. On one side of the room is an open grand piano; on the other a large buffet. At the rear of the room are large glass doors across which blue velvet curtains are now drawn. An elaborately decorated writing desk is in the center of the room. The only light is from a candle which sits on the desk and causes ghostlike shadows to dance across the walls with its flickering. The large antique clock in the further corner strikes five.*

*As the curtain rises VLADIMIR is discovered writing at his desk. He wears a cream colored uniform adorned with gold buttons. Heavy gold epaulets rest upon his broad shoulders; gold braid is on the collar, cuffs, etc. His trousers also have gold braid. He wears shiny, patent-leather riding boots and a corresponding belt. Silver spurs are at his heels and several gaudy*

medals are displayed on his breast. He writes for some time in silence. There is a knock at the door. He heeds it not, but continues to write. The silence is broken only by the scratching of his quill pen. The knocking is repeated, this time louder and rather impatiently. VLADIMIR turns in his chair and surveys the door critically.

VLADIMIR

Enter. (*The door opens and a GUARD enters*)

GUARD

Count Boris Krizhanov to see his Excellenz, the Czar.

VLADIMIR

At this ungodly hour? (*He muses a moment.*) Admit him at once by all means. (*He rises and presses a switch flooding the room with light. The GUARD withdraws and a moment later KRIZHANOV enters. He is a man about forty, five foot ten in height, but looking much shorter on account of the enormous proportion of his shoulders and chest. His face is massive and deeply lined, with grey-blue eyes of a bleak hardness, and a tightly clenched, thin-lipped mouth. His hair is close-cropped and grey.*)

KRIZHANOV

(*With a low and ceremonious bow*)

Your Excellenz will pardon this untimely intrusion, but a matter of the greatest importance involving the welfare of Travania and the life of her sovereign brings me here. A powerful and determined mob has assembled in the square. They are fully armed and are brandishing their weapons. Fiery orators have spoken, the Communists have sung the "Murka" and a general air of foreboding seems to envelop the mob. As I passed, with black scowls they glared at me. A few would have attempted violence but their wary leader and Commissary-elect, Ivan Nikolauf, hastened up and mockingly bade me good-day, whereupon the others began to laugh and then shake their clenched fists

at me. I made no reply, but hastened to bring you this word.

VLADIMIR

(*Thoughtfully*)

What do you suppose is their intention?

KRIZHANOV

(*Hastily and with determination*)

I would not be surprised to see a strong blow struck at the Empire before the day is over. When this rabble assembles and begins to rattle their swords it bodes no good for Your Excellenz. They seem more confident than ever before. I would have called out the Guard to disperse them but for your orders to avoid any semblance of—

VLADIMIR

(*Interrupting quickly*)

Yes, I wish to avoid a struggle as long as I can possibly retain my grip on them without force of arms.

KRIZHANOV

I fear Your Excellenz has delayed too long already. A strong blow will—(*a significant pause.*)

VLADIMIR

(*Quietly yet with decision*)

That is for me to decide.

KRIZHANOV

(*Hastily*)

Pardon, Excellenz. My anxiety for your safety prompted me.

VLADIMIR

(*Continuing*)

Your advice to me has always been correct, Boris. I have no reason to doubt the sincerity of your counsel. Perhaps you are right. I have hesitated too long. They must be taught to respect the power and light which has lifted them out of the gutter to a sense of understanding. (*He rises and paces back and forth nervously.*) My people were the scum of the earth; a herd of starved, miserable wretches with little in life for which to live. The monarchy established peace and dragged the people from their rut. And now—now

they turn against the Czar! Their appreciation is remarkable to say the least. (*There is a silence broken only by the ticking of the clock.* VLADIMIR continues to pace the floor. KRIZHANOV stands to one side in deep thought.)

VLADIMIR

(*With determination*)

Yes, Boris, you are right. Too long have I appeased them. Now they shall taste the lash and be ground back into the dust where they belong. Call out the Imperial Guard, disperse the crowd, and bring Ivan Nikolauf to me. I shall not tolerate their impudence longer. We shall see who is master—the mob or Vladimir! Go at once and report to me as soon as the mob is dispersed. (KRIZHANOV salutes stiffly and leaves. VLADIMIR sits in the armchair. He takes a cigarette from the table and lights it.)

VLADIMIR

Ivan Nikolauf . . . . . the mob . . . I . . . revolution! Nikolauf, the traitor . . . . . the dog . . . . . stirring up the Communists . . . . . urging my own people, the mob whom I have raised from the gutter—and him with them—urging my people to rise against me! Me, Vladimir! Revolution! The impudent curs! Let the Guard disperse them . . . . . let Nikolauf starve in a salt mine for his treason! We shall see who holds the ace—that rebel or I. Picture him as Commissary . . . . . he and those idiots of his cabinet . . . . . and they think that they can rule Travania — mighty Travania whose very self will overwhelm them. (*He crushes his cigarette on a silver tray on the table. Reflecting.*) Still he has the people behind him . . . . . I have not . . . . . they are powerful . . . . . the recent encounter between the Guard and the rebels showed that . . . . . our victory, yes, for they dispersed . . . . . but the loss. But what are a few peasants when the life of Travania is at stake? Travania, my Tra-

vania . . . . . I will . . . . . I will save you! With my life I will protect you . . . . . your destruction . . . my death . . . . . for Travania. (*There is a sound of running footsteps. The door is flung open and a GUARD enters the room, bowing hastily.*)

GUARD

(*Shouting*)

Excellenz, Excellenz, the Communists are coming. The Guard has been defeated! They're coming here now. Excellenz . . .

VLADIMIR

(*Sharply*)

Stop that bawling! Where is Count Krizhanov?

GUARD

(*Excitedly*)

He's dead. They've killed him and they'll kill us, too. We must flee. (*He runs out.*)

VLADIMIR

(*Motionless*)

Boris dead . . . . . it does not seem possible . . . . . Boris . . . and they are coming to get me . . . . . useless to resist . . . . . Travania is doomed . . . I'll go with her! (*He rises and walks to the buffet, where he pours a glass of vodka. He now opens the drawer and takes a small vial, the contents of which he empties into his glass. He is about to drink the poisoned vodka when the French windows at the rear of the room fly open and a flurry of snow falls into the room. He sets the glass on his desk and goes to the back of the room where he shuts the windows. There is a wild yell from without and NIKOLAUF and some BOLSHEVISTS appear at the door. There is an atmosphere of medievalism in their garb, drab and colorless. NIKOLAUF wears much soiled and torn dress. He is pale, power-be-grimed, sunken-eyed, with every mark of weariness of body and of soul. Yet he seems to possess hidden power and*



*strength. For some time they stare silently at VLADIMIR, who returns their steady gaze.)*

NIKOLAUF

*(To the BOLSHEVISTS)*

Wait in the courtyard below; I will be down presently. *(He waits while they withdraw. Then locking the door behind them, he turns around and faces VLADIMIR.)*

VLADIMIR

Who are you who dares to enter the private chamber of the Czar in this manner?

NIKOLAUF

I am Ivan Nikolauf, Commissary of Soviet Travania. *(He pauses a moment.)* Are you aware that your empire is gone, your army slaughtered, and that I am at the head of the government?

VLADIMIR

*(Brazenly)*

Well?

NIKOLAUF

Be seated. I have a long story. *(VLADIMIR's tall, strong body sags wearily in the chair, his head sunk forward, his chin almost touching his chest, his eyes staring sadly at nothing. There is a short silence.)* Travania has been under the yoke long enough; from now on she is going to be free and live her own way, the way her people want her to live, unburdened by some idiot on a throne who calls himself Czar. You think that you have freed Travania from oppression. On the contrary, you have increased her sufferings. The worst chaos exists throughout the entire country. Conditions are terrible. The whole country is going to ruin. Everybody is disgusted. There has been no prospect of a brighter future; the next day would be as drab as the previous. The people feel, and justly so, that there is no use overworking, for overwork is not appreciated, nor is it remunerative. People

were afraid to open their mouths lest some one of your paid officials would overhear them and even those who could safely protest realized the futility of it. More than a page of the *Izvestiya*, the official Soviet paper, is filled with bitter complaints against graft, criminal negligence, and red tape. Our agents follow these with intent earnestness and do a great deal to remedy the situation but Travania is vast, and graft is deeply rooted in struggling, semi-Asiatic Travania, and there seems to be no end to it. The people are so disheartened that they are leaving the city in droves. I have seen them lying about on the docks waiting for the boats. It was a pitiful sight, those men and women bound for God knows where—Sevastopol, Feodosia, Odessa—in quest of a better atmosphere, more congenial surroundings, different ways of living, bigger incomes, or perhaps a stranger death. This revolution with its ultimate change of government will alter all these conditions and thus benefit the country. Your aim has been to improve Travania, I admit; but you tried to reach the point where you could obtain recompense for your services. You wanted everyone in Travania to be rich. Noble, but unfortunately impossible. All we aim for is to see that every man has a shirt. You were selfish, greedy. And instead of benefitting Travania you are directly responsible for the present state of affairs. We, the Communists, have decided that you are the root of all our recent difficulties. We feel that it is for the good of Travania that you, the greatest impediment in the road leading to the success and prosperity of Travania, be removed. Therefore, we demand your life! You gave Travania no chance even to gasp her farewell. On the contrary, if you have anything to say, say it now, for in one minute you die! *(He draws his revolver from beneath his rag-*



ged jacket and waits for VLADIMIR to speak.)

VLADIMIR  
(*Rising slowly*)

I . . . . I can only say that I die for . . . . Travania . . . . the very . . . . .  
(NIKOLAUF *fires directly at VLADIMIR, who clutches wildly at his throat and sways unsteadily on his feet.*)

VLADIMIR  
(*In a whisper*)

Travania . . . . my Travania . . . . .  
(*he falls heavily and dies. NIKOLAUF coldly shoves the gun in his belt and surveys the corpse.*)

NIKOLAUF  
(*Triumphantly*)

The last obstacle is gone. Now we have a clear path before us. Travania, your dawn is here. (*His eye falls on the glass of vodka.*) Ha, a toast! A toast to the success of Travania. To Travania and her children, the Communists, who have started her on the road to everlasting fame and glory. (*He drains the glass. Suddenly he utters a shrill shriek and staggers back, flinging the glass against the wall.*) God, I'm poisoned . . . poisoned . . . . . the vodka . . . . . it was a trick . . . . . (*He kicks the corpse and falls to the floor with a dull thud. Outside can be faintly heard the singing of the Murka. At the back of the room the French windows burst open. The low, monotonous chanting increases in volume. A flurry of snow blows into the room as*

## THE CURTAIN FALLS

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### THE STONE

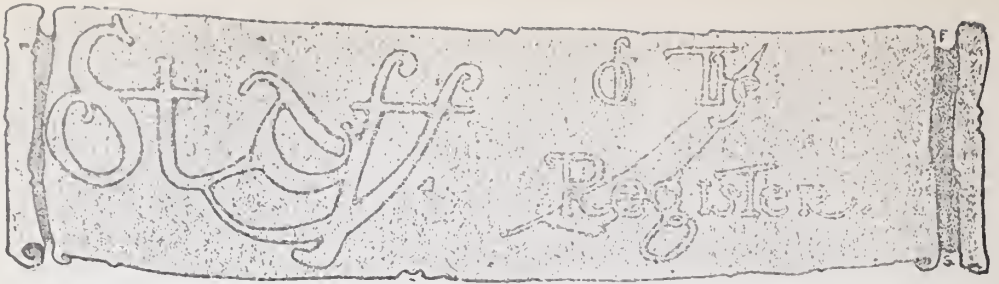
MANUEL A. BENSON

*Amidst the Desert, on a lonely Spot,  
There stands a Stone. The weary Traveler, caught  
By some imagined Phrase, retracts his Way  
And finds that on the Stone is written—naught.*

*Reflect, Despairer, ere thy Race is run  
Thou hast not lived if this remains undone;  
To carve upon that Stone the guiding Word,  
Is thy great Task, but thou hast not begun.*

*Thou Dallest in the sombre vales of Doubt.  
Awake! and put these weakling Ways to route.  
Ask not, "What is our Life, and what our Death?"  
Thy God perhaps hath not yet found these out.*

*To leave but one lone Word of Hope and Cheer  
By which the forlorn Traveler may steer  
His way from out the Desert's blinding Maze—  
Make this thy Reason for remaining here.*



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If you were compelled to choose four books to last you the rest of your life, which ones would you prefer?

This was the question asked of the Library Association Conference held recently in London. Dr. A. D. Lindsay was the curious gentleman. The question brought forth some amazing answers, from the literary geniuses of London. After all the responses had been listed and duly counted, it was found that the Bible is certainly a most popular volume, and not only for its divine teachings we learn, for it is said that the story of the Prodigal Son is one of the best constructed short stories in the world. Its language is beautiful, its meanings profound, and its greatness unrivalled. Truly, the Bible is deserving of being one of the chosen four.

Next came the works of "sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child." His marvelous insight of human nature and his splendid characterizations make his works such that they cannot be overlooked in the choice of the world's four best books.

After these two selections had been made, the voters began to disagree. Some wanted one book while others favored volumes of an entirely different type. It was unanimous that "Alice in Wonderland" is the funniest book of all, but many of those casting their ballots evidently did not consider anything of a humorous nature worthy of being among the chosen few.

Interviews with leading authors at the convention evinced the following replies:

Miss Radcliffe Hall, author of the book "Wells of Loneliness" which was recently banned in England, exclaimed "What an awful predicament if one really had to make the choice. I should want Plato's "Republic," the Bible, "Alice in Wonderland" certainly, and there must be a poet, so we will have Browning."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, spiritualist and creator of Sherlock Holmes, agreed to the Bible and Shakespeare, "because you can dig into them again and again." He took as his next choice Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Then, the great exponent of detection admitted that the fourth book baffled him. When asked if he would name the four best detective stories, Sir Arthur said that he hardly ever read books of that type, but that he enjoyed immensely the works of Edgar Allen Poe.

According to an eminent librarian, the most popular authors of the present time are John Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw, Eugene O'Neill, and Sir James M. Barrie. Other authors whose works have been considered in this selection of four books are Rudyard Kipling, Alfred Lord Tennyson, John Locke, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Charles Dickens, Chaucer, and Victor Hugo. This same man stated that the most popular book in the library at the present time was the Oxford Dictionary. Other books in great demand are the Dictionary of National Biography and the Dictionary of Ethics and Religion.

In order to get the consensus of opinion of the Faculty of the school, each teacher was asked the question. Eighty-five percent wanted the Bible and seventy percent wanted Shakespeare. But there all agreement ended. Twelve percent wanted the "Golden Treasury of Verse" by Palgrave. Some of the other books desired are Cardinal Newman's "Idea of a University" the Poems of Longfellow, Emerson's Essays, Dante's "Divine Comedy," "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khaiyam," Thompson's "Outline of Science," Wells' "Outline of History," and Papini's "Life of Christ." Dickens, Dumas, and Stevenson also claimed some attention in the choice.

Among the ancient writers, Plato's "Philosophy," Plutarch's "Lives" and the plays of Aeschylus, Euripedes, and Sophocles led by a good margin. Some of the selections are well-balanced and really excellent reading matter for the rest of one's life. Others leaned toward philosophy, and similar subjects, while still others favored lighter reading. No two selections that we could find were exactly alike. Of all we have heard to date, perhaps the most interesting and amusing is the selection of one of our exotic friends, age sixteen. Although he is an avowed atheist, he places as his first selection the Bible. And while he thinks Shakespeare rather boorish and absurd, he places his works second "for no good reason at all" as he explains it. And then he desires two blank books for "really he admires his own stuff so much more than anyone else's." There may be others not sixteen, but sixty, who would make the same selection. Who knows?  
—E. W. F.

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#### NEGLECTED BOSTON

Most inhabitants of this Hub of the Universe, the Athens of America, are not proud of it. To be sure they do not actually hold it in contempt, but they would never think of comparing it with Paris, New York, or Chicago. The only thing they

have to say for the City of Censors is that it has some deucedly crooked streets, courteous guardians of the law, and expensive bootleggers. It would not surprise us to learn that the only ones who really know Boston are those who come from other cities. One million, it would be safe to say, of the one million eight hundred thousand eight hundred forty-five inhabitants of Metropolitan Boston have never seen the Bunker Hill Monument. How many have ever been inside the Central Library, the Museum of Fine Arts, the State House, or the Franklin Park Zoo? How many ever saw the airport before Lindbergh came? Several million people did see these sights last year, and see them every year; but they are the tourists from cities like Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, and New York!

The figures published recently by the Chamber of Commerce ought to prove of interest if not a revelation. It seems that the Puritan City, settled in 1630, now has a harbor that can accommodate the largest ships afloat; that it has the largest dry dock in the world; that it is the largest wool center in the world; that it stands third in the field of book publication; that it is one of the three greatest rubber manufacturing centers in America; that it leads America as a leather market; that it is the birth-place of the copper industry; that it was the first city to establish a municipal airport in America; that it is an educational center, being the home of about half a dozen colleges and three universities, no other city in the world can compare with that; that its park system was called by H. G. Wells, the finest in the world; that, in short, that Boston is on the map; that Boston is nothing to be spoken of disparagingly.

It is a plain case of "familiarity breeds contempt," though perhaps it is due more to ignorance than to familiarity. In all probability we should find the same state of affairs existing in other cities of the United States. Not every New Yorker has seen Grant's Tomb or the treasures of the Metropolitan Museum. Not every Chicagoan can direct you to the Union Stockyards, for which Chicago is justly famous. However, that is no excuse for our delinquent Bostonian. He is ignorant; therefore he must be educated. He is indifferent; therefore he must be stimulated by the press and other such means. His education, however, will probably cure his indifference; for he will be taught not only that his town ranks among the leading villages of the world, but also to take an interest in its development. If it is lacking in some respect, he will feel bound to remedy its defect. There is no reason why Boston should not lead in more fields than it does at present. Of course, there are certain ones from which it is barred by reason of its natural handicaps. It can never become an automobile, steel manufacturing, or cattle center like Detroit, Pittsburg, and Chicago respectfully. But does not have to develop in those directions. It is second among United States ports in the volume of ocean borne traffic. Why can't it be first! Its harbor is superior to that of New York; its dry dock is larger. Now that bigger and better ships are being built, Boston's dry dock is assuming an importance that it never did before. We can accommodate twice as many ships as enter our harbor at present, coming from Europe. The reason that they don't is not that the New York harbor is better. Here evidently is a case of deficient civic responsibility.

—H. S.



# THE FINANCIER

JOHN HASTINGS

Christopher looked out the window toward the fields. He felt again that summer was coming on. He could feel the little tremulous rushes of flies and bees and insects hissing fitfully over those thick brown meadows in the distance. Even as he stood at the open window a bumble bee, half-awake, came blundering up, then whirled away into that warm and lazy air. A friendly cow, whose back he used to rub with a stick last summer, lay in the brown moss of the field beyond, drowsing in lazy happiness, and whisking away the flies with his tail. Chickens in a rickety coop at the border of the meadow quarreled and clucked and every once in a while let out a long shriek. Beyond that white farmhouse those great solemn oaks that he thought had died last autumn shook in the fragrant morning chill, and flashed their gay little leaves to the sun that was coming up over the hill. Beyond the hills lay a town Christopher had never been to, but he could see that lovely old white steeple. "I thought they only had white steeples in America," he mused. He continued his dressing. The curtains at his window flapped drowsily, while little flies came in and lighted on his comb and hair-brush. How dull that wallpaper is compared to this new summer and new nature, he thought. He could hear other people getting up, people who were probably thinking about summer, too. He could hear doors closing and latching, clicks of high heels on some bare place in the floor where there wasn't any rug, people murmuring good-morning, running water in the bathroom, little footsteps meeting and stopping in the hall. One heard such things as these only in summer, only then could one revel in that sleepy smoke and mist that wasn't smoke

or mist at all but just the dreams of children coming out of corners for an airing. He heard the click of croquet balls on the lawn, and knew, by the sound, that the children were up early, fascinated like the rest, by this funny thing that grips one so tremendously. Martha was probably getting breakfast ready; downstairs he could hear the laughter of dainty little breakfast knives and cereal dishes and plates. Breakfast dishes always sounded so delicate to him. The livingroom clock sounded eight. Why did he always think of men sitting about in leather-covered chairs smoking pipes and filling the room full of dreamy smoke every time he thought of the living-room? He wound his little watch, the wrist-watch that Joan had given him last Christmas, put his key, that tinkled against some money, in his watch pocket, and sauntered downstairs. A fine day for golf, he thought.

\* \* \*

Christopher's life was made up of a brass band, a rolltop desk, and a golf course,—particularly the golf course, from spring to fall—and it never widened to anything greater than just practical things.

Christopher was a practical man. He had good hard old-fashioned sense, and he had always been a success in business. He was a hard worker, and had very high ideals—in business. He must be an atheist, he is so successful, people thought. Others thought he was probably the kind of man that locks his bedroom door at night. People who lock their bedroom doors are always successful.

He had a funny habit, every Tuesday evening, of going across the street to the cathedral. "He's really an amazing man," said Mrs. Frobisher to Miss Clyde, as the

two sat at tea one Thursday afternoon." I really can't seem to make him out. It isn't right for successful business men to go into churches. They look so ridiculous. It just isn't done."

"Yes," said Miss Clyde, and took a sip of tea that was too hot for her. "It really isn't done. I suppose great business lights are aware of how ridiculous they would seem humbling themselves at altars."

"True," said Mrs. Frobisher, and pulled down the shade.

This particular Tuesday evening Christopher took a walk around the cathedral grounds before going in. Always an exhilarating walk, he thought. Walks always help one's health, and really make one very stout and ruddy.

He could see off across the valley the snake-like river that he used to paddle on when he was somewhat younger. Joan always liked it down there under the willows, he mused. I wonder why? Farther in the distance the river ran into the sea, the cold, green water that thundered all day long, and crashed upon little white sandy shores that one couldn't see very much of from there.

Nearing the cathedral and approaching the little side door that he had always been accustomed to enter, he met the bishop just coming out. He had some presentiment that the bishop liked him. Really not much reason why he should, he thought. He rarely went to services. But the bishop *did* like him.

Yes, a fine evening, Bishop, wonderful. Not a cloud in the sky all day long. The bishop bobbed his hand up and down violently, and beamed very warmly. Good evening, Bishop, good evening. He listened to the pompous sounding footsteps die away on the flagstones. A rather friendly person, he thought. Then he went in.

He always had a frightful time finding his way around in there. Confound the

sexton! Why doesn't he light the place up? Really quite absurd to have it so dark here. Ah! Here's the pew where he always sat. He took off his coat and scarf and laid them with his hat farther in in the pew. He always sat in that same pew every Tuesday evening. Haven't much use for people that change around all the time, he thought. He sat down. Hm, he contemplated, I must be the kind of man that takes a little ride on the back of the pew before sitting down. He chuckled a little, and settled into his customary position.

Looking at his watch he discovered that it was about seven and a quarter. Just as he looked up the organist crossed the chancel. He was a funny little man who always wore strange-looking spectacles, brown ties, and dark suits. He was very stout and quite deaf. Deaf people are always boring, thought Christopher.

What do I come here for I wonder, he mused. One must admit church is a funny place for a business man. But Tuesday is always an easy day, and there is never anything to do, and so I might as well be here as any other place. Funny how I got in the habit of coming here. Funny place, he thought. The organ light went on, and the organist bumped around on the bench awhile before he tapped "Vox Humana," "Flute," and the others.

The organist's fingers wandered dreamily, at first, as all fingers do when about to play. The first few notes wandered airily down the aisle like little wisps of lost dust, and vanished in the dusk of the cathedral. Improvising, thought Christopher, disgustedly.

The notes grew a little louder, then sank into the soft strains of that great "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord of Hosts." The sounds vanished, then came again, singing triumphantly Dunham's immortal "Amen." The fellow's dreaming again, thought Christopher. Imagine playing "Amen"

when one hasn't even started. Ridiculous!

The organist rumbled into something else Christopher didn't know, but which, Christopher sensed, was not being made up. He listened as the music trembled a little, creeping up the long, high windows of the church, slowly gathering force and volume. The notes grew louder and louder, and higher and still higher, until, at last, the organist, filled with the whole bursting glory and beauty of living, thundered out the notes, which ran up the sides of the church, shrieking triumphantly, rumbling and crashing, and screaming "God! God! God!" to the great heavens that looked down, to the great Almighty,

who was listening beyond the clouds. Life! Life! It was all there! And more than life! It was the whole sentiment of the world, released in one glorious and majestic crash, and telling people that everything was worth while. Every note struck triumphant and magnificent, every chord burst into the air like a great bubble, every phrase screamed joyously aloud, taking away the sins of the world. Then, as gradually as it had ascended, the music receded, more and more softly, until the black dusk swallowed it up. The organ stopped.

Christopher slipped quietly from his pew and went home.

## THE DELUGE

EDWIN W. FULLER, JR.

It rained that night.

It was a whipping, slashing rain; under it pedestrians crouched, as they scurried for shelter. It had grown dark faster than usual, as heavy clouds had rolled up from the East and overspread the entire heavens. Suddenly the rain had descended in huge drops.

Now it was raining in sheets, driving the most daring wayfarer to take refuge in some forsaken doorway or under some projecting eaves. Far up in the dim dome of the heavens, a driving East wind squalled angrily. It was the kind of night that emphasized the cheery comfort of a big arm-chair and a good book before a blazing fire. Only the incessant *pitter-patter* of the rain as it struck the pavement was audible. Then came an ominous roll of thunder from the leaden sky. And again only the *pitter-patter* of the rain. The storm lessened somewhat as the wind

died down. Like a huge blanket, a fog came in from the nearby ocean and settled down on the city. The yellowish lights on the street corners gave a fantastical weirdness to the atmosphere. The water gushed down the gutters and gurgled into the sewers. Four dull, non-resonant *bongs* penetrated the misty gloom to announce the hour to a clammy and slumbering world.

The streets were absolutely deserted except for a policeman who loomed out of the fog like a ghost. Presently, a stiff breeze sent the fog scattering in all directions. The rain ceased, but the surging of the sea was still audible and the smell of rain still pervaded the atmosphere. The clock tolled five as the first streaks of red appeared in the East. A milk-cart rattled down the street. The rain-soaked city awoke to another day.

# IN REGARD TO THE WILSON PRIZE

EDWIN W. FULLER, JR.

We read in the papers the other day that no award of the Wilson prize for peace was made for 1928. The Trustees of the Foundation to whose judgment the award of the prize is left, evidently did not think, or perhaps and more probably, they could not agree that any man's achievement was sufficiently outstanding and distinguished to be deserving of this special recognition. Does this imply that no courageous work was done for the organization and extension of arbitration on a broad international basis? Hardly so. Perhaps the trustees feel that since nearly all the competitors have done practically an equal share toward extending international jurisdiction, it would be unfair to award the prize to any one man, for it really seems to have become a labor of co-operation in which many men, representing countries from all over the world, are engaged. It surely is much better to be thus. In the words of an eminent writer, "Instead of having a single voice crying in the wilderness, we have a great body of men and women in all countries looking hopefully for peace and combining their individual efforts so as not only not to seek it but to ensure it." A new orientation of the world has been in progress. Public officials are willing to say, "Peace is the fairest form of happiness."

It would require pages and pages to enumerate the list of agencies and organizations now seeking to embody, in one way or another, the world's great desire for peace. The newspapers have been filled with articles regarding the more prominent suggestions. First of all, there is the Kellogg Peace Pact with its "unavowed but implicit relation to the League of Nations."

This latter body has done much good in the past and is now functioning in many useful ways. One of the best examples of this was its prompt and effective appeal to Bolivia and Paraguay when they were on the eve of what might have been a tremendous war. The League's suggestion of substituting arbitration for arms in settling the dispute concerning territory was accepted and thus the impending conflict was avoided. Another example of an organization for the progress of world peace is the Pan-American Conference which was in session in Washington at the time. The delegates were fortunately not bound by implicit instructions from their government, as is usually the case, and they, too, contributed materially to this worthy cause. Slowly but surely, step by step, in spite of discouraging set-backs, the movement of the nations of the world toward an agreement through whose terms armament may be lessened and military burdens be lightened on the shoulders of the tax-payer, goes forward to its ultimate success. The Preparatory Commission of the League of Nations has arranged on their program a meeting for early April. Their purpose is to promote international co-operation and to achieve international peace and security. The United States will again have her representatives present.

There are still more examples of attempts to create world peace, and it is clear that the spirit of peace exists throughout the civilized world today even if there is no Wilson Prize award for 1928.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, former Prime-Minister of England, recently delivered a speech before distinguished guests on the history of the Labor Party of which he is

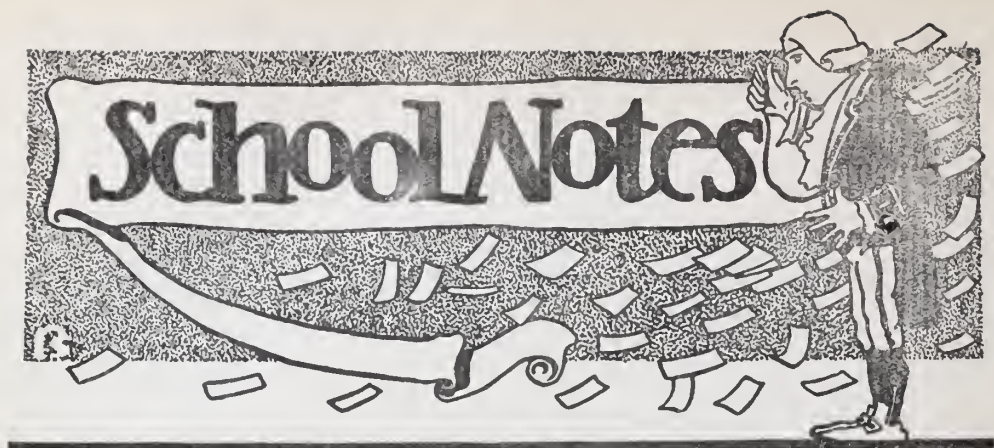


an eminent member. The attitude of this party in regard to world peace of course could not be neglected. He remarked that the old British policy of standing apart in isolation had been broken down by modern conditions, "not only as affects to military operations but as changing the whole conception of economic and industrial interdependence." He went on to say that England can no longer successfully follow a plan of isolation, for successful industrial development depends entirely upon a comprehensive international policy. He added: "The Labor Party did not believe that the peace of the world could be kept by any attempt to secure a balance of power or by any form of bilateral treaty or alliance. Its view was that the League of Nations must be regarded as a co-operative attempt to enlist every nation in the pursuit of peace. This could be done only when each one felt confident that its cause whatever it might be, would be considered on its merits, and when in response to that confidence which it itself felt it in turn treated in a similar spirit the cause of every other nation. The Labor party would never support any attempt by any country to make any changes in the peace settlement by force of arms. It would do every-

thing it could to hasten the proper liquidation of the temporary obligations imposed by the treaties of peace and the notes of assurance given before the signing of the treaties. It would stand by the principle of nationality, and, as political boundaries could never mark with absolute accuracy the division between one race or nation and another, it would never cease to enjoin upon States their obligations to treat minorities in such a way that those minorities would find comfort in their political allegiance."

His words were of peculiar weight and significance coming from a man of his standing in the political life of his country. Mr. MacDonald's words seem to state the opinion of the world today. Such sentiments as these, echoed by nearly all the countries of the world, give us high hopes that in spite of overwhelming odds and numerous difficulties world peace will be obtained. The world is thinking of peace more than ever before; it is prepared to work for it vigorously and whole-heartedly. Results will not be long in forthcoming. The Trustees of the Wilson Fund may not deem it just to award a prize, but it cannot be denied that peace is gripping the world.





Tuesday, December 18. Mr. Fred O'Brien, Associate Director of Physical Education, gave an informal lecture on the care of the body before classes I and II. He entertained the audience with anecdotes of athletes of a decade or so ago. Many a master of the school gained in prestige when he named several who had represented their Alma Maters on the athletic field. English, Math, French, German, and History teachers turned out to have been once prominent in football, track, baseball, basket-ball, boxing, and other sports. Mr. O'Brien emphasized the necessity of cleansing the skin, which regulates the heat of the body in the same way as a thermostat controls the temperature of a room. He also urged more boys to go out for track, if only for the exercise.

Talks of this kind are not only interesting but instructive and we should have more of them.

\* \* \*

The first Monday in December at its weekly meeting the Literary Club had the good fortune to hear a short talk by Prof. Loveland on "John Brown's Body," a long narrative poem by Stephen Vincent Benet.

\* \* \*

The first intra-club debate was held on December 19, on the subject, "Resolved: That the Baumes Laws should be upheld in New York State." The affirmative side of

the question was supported by Charles F. Donovan and Leonard Kaplan. The advocates of the negative were Edward H. Hickey and Donal M. Sullivan. The affirmative was given the decision of the club. An Open Forum followed.

After the discussion, Chairman Edwin W. Fuller, Jr., of the Committee on Questions announced the selection of the other members of his committee. They are Leonard Kaplan and William J. Callaghan. Donal M. Sullivan, Chairman of the Committee on Interscholastic Debate, made known his appointments to his committee. They are David W. Biller, Charles F. Donovan, Philip Barber, and William F. Eagan. Negotiations have been commenced for debates with Exeter, St. Marks, Andover, Groton, and Roxbury Latin.

At the next meeting there was a debate on the question "Resolved: That the United States should enter the League of Nations." William J. Callaghan and Edwin W. Fuller, Jr. upheld the affirmative. William F. Eagan and David W. Biller supported the negative. The negative was victorious.

\* \* \*

The French Club has had several interesting speakers recently. Foremost of these was Professor D'Andrea of Boston University. He spoke on the difference between education in France and in the

United States. Several more speakers are planned for the rest of the year.

\* \* \*

The New England Association of Teachers of English held their twenty-eighth fall meeting December 7 and 8 at Springfield, Massachusetts. Mr. Benson, head of our English Department, was a member of the Executive Committee. Mr. Marson, another teacher of English in the school, delivered an address on "Boys and Poetry."

\* \* \*

Don't forget, you members of Classes II and III, any contributions received will count toward *Register* Staff appointments in May. You need only devote two or three hours to the writing of a story or an editorial, something similar to what is done at least once a week by every member of every English class in the school, whereupon you may become a full-fledged editor. Come on, fellows, snap up this golden opportunity before it is too late.

\* \* \*

The "Alumni Number" and "Fiction Number" this year will be edited respectively by William J. Callaghan and Seaton W. Manning of Class II. Any assistance in the way of contributions which you may give to either of these gentlemen will be gratefully received.

\* \* \*

The school has recently been visited by several of her Alumni whom she harbored for so many years. George R. Dunham, Jr., former Editor-in-Chief of the *Register*, William E. Harrison, last year's Managing Editor, and Norman Ziegler, another Managing Editor, all dropped in at the Sanctum to see their friends. Frank Gartland, home from Notre Dame for the holidays, also paid us a visit. It was fine to see them again and we hope that many

more of our friends will remember the School, as we know they will.

There seems to be an apathy, inexplicable, among the artistically inclined boys in the school. They show their aesthetic talent by drawing portraits(?) of their classmates. But when it comes to drawing a cover for the *Register*, a page of cartoons, a new School Notes cut, or a Sports cut, they decline to display their gifts. The present cuts are for the most part rather ancient, to say the least. Such a note as this has been printed before—without results. We hope that this will not be the answer to this one.

\* \* \*

The Third Public Declamation took place in the Assembly Hall Friday, January 4. It consisted largely of the usual lengthy selections which have stirred so many generations of Latin School boys. Hugo seems to be a great favorite with the declaimers, for four of the eighteen pieces were by this author. Service, Lowell, Poe, and Kellogg were each represented. And of course nothing could prevent Mr. Anonymous from forcing his way into the program. We were agreeably surprised to find that several speakers had procured new pieces, which, although they contained the usual blood and thunder, were nevertheless very interesting. All in all, it was a successful declamation, the orators covering themselves with glory.

\* \* \*

The band and drum corps are progressing rapidly. Officers have been chosen and a successful year seems to be in store for both organizations. Any one who doubts that this is so need only to desist from rushing from the school at 2:30. He will soon realize that we have spoken the pure, unadulterated truth.



## IN PACE REQUIESCAT

PHILIP BARBER

Slowly and with lumbering steps the old night watchman started on his long walk through the huge building. As he passed the main office he heard the rustle of papers. "Ellis workin' late again to-night," he thought. He peered through the half-open door and saw the familiar figure hunched over the farthest desk.

"Evenin' Mr. Ellis," he said, "workin' hard?"

The figure turned. "Oh, hello there Brown. Yes, there's plenty to do and the young people in this office would never give up a dance or a movie to do a little extra work. They haven't yet learned what benefits a little self-sacrifice can bring."

"Guess you're right. All these young folks nowadays seem that way. Want me to bring you down some coffee an' sandwiches?"

"Well, not right now. I don't feel hungry, and besides I'll be busy for a while yet. What time is it?"

Brown in his usual dilatory manner extricated from somewheres a silver watch. Laconically he announced: "Six-five."

"Can you bring down something to eat about eight o'clock?"

"Sure. I'll be goin' upstairs now so I won't see you until then. If there's anything you want, just call me."

"All right. Thanks."

Brown then left the office and went upstairs. He thought of how cordial Ellis had seemed. "Never saw the old boy so cheerful. Wonder what happened? People's dispositions don't change so quickly, and Ellis is always so sour and ready to jump down your throat at the least little thing. Queer duck, Ellis. Been with the company for over thirty years. Suppose

they can't get rid of him even if they want to. Oh, well, can't be bothered with him now. Got to see if any of those fool girls left the door at the fire escape open."

Meanwhile, the man at the desk waited, alert, until he heard the watchman's slow shuffle die away along the length of the corridor. He could not help smiling at Brown's simplicity. How easy it was to deceive him! And why not? He was only a watchman and was not the elder Mr. Hale, senior partner of the firm, going to be completely duped? The office force, the people with whom he worked day after day, suspected nothing. Yes, he had planned his *coup* most cleverly.

It was a few minutes after six o'clock. About two hours before Brown would return. A great deal can be accomplished in two hours, he mused. Slowly he turned and surveyed from top to bottom the huge black safe. Firmly implanted in the wall it stood grinning and beckoning to him. From the reflection of the light the two handles seemed dazzling, malevolent eyes that dared and taunted him. Every day for thirty-two long years the safe had mocked him and flaunted in his face the wealth it carried in its belly. Ah, it would be a pleasure to pry open its tightly compressed lips and force it to vomit forth its gold!

A low laugh broke from his lips as he thought of the surprised and shocked face of his employers, when they heard that the oldest member of the office had made off with their money. The oldest member—thirty-two years! Thirty-two years of faithful service! He still could recall that dreary October morning, when he, a boy of eighteen, had applied for a position.



And now the old clock on the wall had tick-tocked away thirty-two years of his life spent in that same office. Trusted and loved by the concern, he had risen to be the head of his department. Unselfish devotion to his superiors added to his innate ambition had pushed him to the highest rung of the ladder. Even now, the head of the office, he labored night after night, spending his energy.

But that was not the reason for his presence in the office that night. Ah, no! Money had procured a stronger hold on his thoughts than devotion. He remembered the time when Mr. Hale told him the combination of the safe. He, Simon Ellis, was one of the trusted men! He chuckled as he realized the simplicity of his intended robbery. Why, he would have the money stuffed in his portfolio while drinking coffee with Brown! No one suspected him. His capture was impossible for he had been planning his escape for months. The crime would not be known for twelve hours and by that time he would be out of the country.

Pleased with himself he leaned on the desk and then feeling a bit tired he slumped down over the desk-blotter. Not a single murmur broke the musty silence. The quiet light shedding its yellow rays on Ellis' head and shoulders was the only

illumination. It seemed as if the ghost of some bygone clerk had paid a visit to his former desk and had fallen asleep. The clock chimed seven.

Tick-tock, tick-tock. The minutes flew by and still Ellis remained at his desk. Was the criminal biding his time? Come, Ellis, take the money. Suppose Brown should return before eight o'clock. You know he will sit and talk until you leave, and then your last chance will be gone. This is no way for a criminal to act. Hurry! Open the safe and cram your portfolio full of bills, twenty-dollar bills, hundred dollar bills, all neatly tied in packages. It is now half past seven. There is not much more time. Thieves do not proceed in so leisurely a fashion!

Still he sits with his head bowed at his desk. Now the watchman's step can be heard on the second floor. Quick! There is still time! Brown has not yet come down the stairs. Rush to the safe before he starts to traverse the corridor. Do not tarry! What folly!—Too late! Too late! Here is Brown now at the door.

"Mr. Ellis do you . . . Must be asleep."

Slowly he brings the tray to the desk. Once again he essays to wake the sleeping man. But a sudden nauseous feeling overcomes him. He gazes at the ashen face.

"Ellis! Ellis! He . . . he's dead!"

The School extends to Mr. French its  
condolences in his recent bereavement

# Booke Reviews



## WEST-RUNNING BROOK

*Robert Frost*

Even brooks are conventional, and it is a custom of Vermont brooks to flow eastward. But there is one black sheep in the family, a perverse little brook, which breaks all precedent and heads west. However, since this stream has inspired Frost we will excuse it its only eccentricity.

This year has produced a rich harvest of American poetry. Edna St. Vincent Millay broke her long silence (that is as far as poetry is concerned) with *The Buck in the Snow*. Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, Stephen Benet and Percy MacKaye have all had poetry published. Edwin Arlington Robinson, a neighbor of Frost's, has had his sonnets collected into a single volume. And now Robert Frost comes out with a modest, unassuming little book of sixty-three pages. The volume is adorned by four woodcuts by J. J. Lankes. Besides the regular edition, there will be a limited edition, autographed by author and artist.

New England is known for its parsimonious nature. Frost not only economizes on adjectives, but also on all words. He sees a patch of snow, he studies it, and then, he writes an apparently innocent poem. The harsh, naked verse aids the hiding of restrained subtleties.

*West-Running Brook* has strengthened Frost's position among American poets, if that is possible. Possessing unique charm, his poems, stripped to the core, fascinate and astound the reader. Sometimes they terrify. Once in a while a lyric will be found that seems not of Frostian origin. Such a one is *Immigrants*:

*No ship of all that under sail or steam  
Has gathered people to us more and more  
But Pilgrim-manned the Mayflower in a  
dream  
Has been their anxious convoy in to shore.*

"Not Frost?" you question, "Of course it is." We agree and yet we disagree. Perhaps that is the secret of Frost's poetry.

—P. B.

## THE HOUNDS OF GOD

*Rafael Sabatini*

Mr. Sabatini presents another of his long series of historcial romances which has made him one of the most popular of modern writers. He has the power which only a few living novelists possess of making history a living story. This book brings to an even two dozen the historical romances which Sabatini has written. It is a new book, not one brought forward from earlier years. It is a story of the days of the Armada, when Philip was King of Spain and Elizabeth ruled England. Gervase Crosby is the hero, and a highly satisfying one he is, possessing all the qualities that we have come to expect of Sabatini. Fighting under Sir Francis Drake against the invading Spanish fleet, he proves himself worthy of being knighted. This done, he visits Lady Margaret Trevanion whose hand he seeks. It becomes a triangle story with a background of very realistic history, when fate sends to the feet of Lady Margaret, a gallant young Spaniard, Don Pedro, who alone survived when the galleon which he commanded sailed to its destruction on the rocks. Since he must be somebody's prisoner now that he is in England, he offers his sword to Lady Margaret when she finds him wandering along the shore of her father's estate. She accepts the sword.

Sir Gervase is not very well pleased when the Spanish captive takes up residence in the castle. He rejoices, however, when Don Pedro's friends in Spain arrange for his return to his native country. But in the meantime Don Pedro, as might be expected, has fallen deeply in love with Lady Margaret. So zealous has he become in pressing his suit, that, when he returns to Spain, he has some friends abduct the unsuspecting Lady Margaret and take her with him, unharmed but loudly

protesting at the audacity and insolence of it all. Arriving in Spain, to her horror, she is taken from Don Pedro by the Inquisition, whose torture chambers are at their worst, creating a situation which requires all of Mr. Sabatini's skill to unravel. It now becomes the task of Sir Gervase to bring Lady Margaret safely home again, and the manner of doing this carries the romance to its concluding chapters.  
—E. W. F.

## THE INTIMATE PAPERS OF COLONEL HOUSE

Vol. III, IV

*Edited by Charles Seymour, Provost and Sterling, Professor of History, Yale*

The last two volumes of the *Intimate Papers of Colonel House*, edited by Professor Charles Seymour of Yale University have at length appeared. The fourth volume, telling of the ending of the war, promised to surpass in importance the first which told of its beginning. It should for the results of the events described in this book are still going on.

The beginnings of those questions which are troubling European statesmen today are found in this book. Among these are such problems as the Polish-Lithuanian boundary dispute; the Saar Valley, the difficulties between the Serbs and Croats in the single country of Jugo-Slavia; and the trouble on the northern and eastern shores of the Adriatic. Through the whole narrative runs the struggle for the League and Wilson's fight for his progressive ideals.

A continual procession of famous names appear among these pages. Clemenceau, the French Prime Minister, is personally likeable but politically distasteful for he lives only for France and is always striving to destroy Germany and make his own country's position safe for the future. We



find Lloyd George capable and dependable and Marshall Foch military and unswerving. The Italians seem selfish and grasping, while the English, with but few exceptions, are generous and eager to co-operate in reconstruction on a permanent foundation.

Events as well as men are found here even in such interesting details as that Wilson, as early as the summer previous to the Armistice, feared what Lodge might do to the League. The Fourteen Points and the various drafts of the covenant of the League of Nations are given with satisfying completeness. The conduct of the war at home and abroad and such phases as the draft, liberty loans, and the President's war speeches are considered in letters written at the time by men who were the cynosure of the public eye.

However the book is disappointing in one respect. Coming, as it does, from a man as close to Wilson as House certainly was, we had a right to hope for some light on the mysteries that have been puzzling historical students for almost ten years. We do not find out why Wilson insisted on going to Paris personally in 1918 contrary to the advice of most of his friends, or why he appointed no Republicans to the Peace Commission, or why he asked for a Democratic Congress after insisting that there should be no partisanship during the war, or why he broke off so many of his friendships so abruptly. Perhaps the answer can be found in a sentence of Wilson's, "Tell me what's right and I'll fight for it." Perhaps he was so eager to fight for what was right that he fought when there was no enemy or cause for fighting. These volumes do not give us a very good picture of the war President, although to one who is already slightly acquainted with his character, various isolated sentences are indeed illuminating.

## THE RECENT DEVELOPMENT OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE

*William Cecil Dampcer Whetham,  
M. A., F. R. S.*

We are reviewing *The Recent Development of Physical Science* by W. C. D. Whetham, for several reasons. In the first place, it is absorbingly interesting. Also it has rested on the shelf of our school library for over two years and during that time has been taken out only once and then by a member of the faculty. When such a book has been so neglected it is the duty of the school to call attention to it.

To be sure some of the subjects treated here have been more adequately handled by other popular writers. For example John Mills' *Within the Atom*, another neglected volume in the school library, is much better than chapters seven and eight of the present work, which deal with the same subject. Likewise we should recommend Guggenheim *Einstein's Theory Explained and Analyzed* to anyone interested in Relativity rather than that portion of this book devoted to that topic. Of course Mr. Whetham, being restricted in space, cannot handle these difficult subjects thoroughly. But he can and will jar our intelligent first classmen to whom such subjects are merely words. If he can succeed in leading one reader to further investigation, his work has been well done.

Some of the subjects treated by Mr. Whetham are Liquification of Gases and Absolute Zero, Fusion and Solidification, Solutions, Radio-activity, and Astrophysics. To me the most interesting chapter was that on Solidification, as the subject is one of great importance and one which has not been treated by writers as often as some of the others. The author places emphasis on the historical development of the various theories so that the reader becomes acquainted with such great



names as Kelvin, Thomson, and Bohr as well as with their discoveries.

I am sure that anyone who reads this book will find it very interesting and that, even if they do not understand parts of it, they will find them tantalizing to their intellectual curiosity. If such lack of interest in scientific investigation persists in a school of the reputation and calibre of this one, it is difficult to see how the record for scientific achievement in America set up by such men as Milliken, Loeb, De Forrest, and Carrel can be bettered, or even equaled, in the next generation.

—W. C. Q.

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### ESSAYS

*Christopher Morley*

This is the "cream of all the work Morley has written" outside of one thing. "An Oxford Landlady" almost spoils the whole book. There is, in fair comparison with the admirable essays Morley has done, nothing to it. Such things as this somehow remain in one's mind, and rather blind one, for a time, to the more than balancing beauty that is to come.

Despite whatever Mr. Morley may think about it "Pipefuls" is his finest and most representative collection of essays. He writes better on places, weather, things, and abstract things than he does on people, and this book is three-fourths devoted to such. But such sketches as "Don Marquis," "Rupert Brooke," and "Sir Kenelm Sigby" are commendable. But the best essays in this late collection of his, in my opinion, are "Unhealthy," "What Men Live By," "Doors," "One-Night Stands," "On Visiting Bookshops," "Confessions of a 'Colyumist,'" "Broad Street Station," "An Early Train," "Sunday Morning," "On Going to Bed," "The Perfect Reader," "1100 Words," and "To a New Yorker a Hundred Years Hence." You will notice that most of these are selections from "Pipefuls."

"Essays" is the largest collection of short sketches and dissertations that Mr. Morley has had published. It is a book collecting selections from "Shandygaff," "Mince Pie," "Pipefuls," "Travels in Philadelphia," "Plum Pudding," "The Powder of Sympathy," and "The Romany Stain," and also several pieces not previously published in book form (except in the limited Haverford Edition of his works).

Mr. Morley is rather unfair to himself. The omission of "Our Tricolor Tie" ("Plum Pudding"), "Bullied by the Birds" ("Mince Pie"), "The Dog's Commandments" ("Mince Pie"), "Two Days Before Christmas" ("Pipefuls"), and "A City Notebook" ("Pipefuls") is lamentable. These are, absolutely, the best things Morley has done.

"Morley is a wit, a man of letters, an artist, and a personal force," Professor William Lyon Phelps said of him. In that short sentence we have learned more about Morley than has ever been said about him in one sentence. But Christopher Morley is a stylist, a humanitarian, and a gay perceiver. In a way particularly his own he plays a minuet with words, a minuet that is delicate, polite, and distinctive. The Washington Star said "He laughs at life." The New York Times said, "He forestalls criticism by being the first to jest." Christopher Morley has never written anything that wasn't delightful.

Some may sneer when I say that the omission of the illustrations of Walter Jack Duncan, which have appeared in most of his other discourses, is one of the most deplorable mistakes with the book. There is a charm in Duncan's drawings that no writer can possibly imitate. There is a delightful mischief and peculiarity in it that never appears in literature.

But, summing the whole book up, which is beautiful and gracious in physical form as it is in style and contents, "Essays" is a very delicious feast.

—J. H.

# SPORTS

## TRACK

On Tuesday, December fourth, one hundred and seventy-five boys crowded themselves into room 206 to open the track season of the year 1928-29 for the Latin School. Amid the buzzing of voices, Coach Charles Fitzgerald entered, and immediately called the meeting to order. He told the track candidates that practice would begin on the following day, and that each aspirant must bring his own equipment. He stated that the schedule had not yet been arranged, and informed the boys of the three divisions in track: *juniors*, under 5 feet 1 inch in height and under fifteen years of age; *intermediates*, under 5 feet 5 inches in height and under seventeen years of age; *seniors*, under nineteen years of age. No boy over nineteen years of age is eligible for competition in sports in the Boston schools. Going further into the subject of eligibility, Coach Fitzgerald said that no boy who had competed four years (in any sport) was eligible. Three of five subjects must be passed by those who wish to honor the school by running under its colors. Letters will be given to those who place in the Regimental Track Meet, though some who place in the City Meet may receive the award. Outdoor work will be held until the snow interferes. In closing, the coach urged the candidates to work hard in practice and to abjure "grandstand finishes" in the meets. He then introduced Donal Sullivan, the captain of the team.

Captain Sullivan went into detail in regard to track suits and running shoes. He urged an abundance of runners at the meets. "In the meet with English, last year," he said, "we had about two or three

runners in each event, whereas our ancient rivals had upwards of ten." The result was, as he stated, that we were overwhelmingly defeated. He also said that the chances of acquiring a board track seemed small because of the great cost. The meeting was then dismissed. —A. J. G., '31

## HOCKEY

On Monday, December 3, Coach Cleary sent out an S. O. S. call, signifying distress in the hockey situation, since only two letter-men, Captain Campana and Eddie Doyle, remain as a nucleus for this year's team. The call was valiantly answered by one hundred and thirty-three aspirants. Judging from their enthusiasm and numbers we have reason to hope that the school will be represented by a team that will equal the standard of the puck-chasers of B. L. S. in years past.

However, by reason of the superabundance of candidates, and a corresponding deficiency in equipment, plus a lack of ice, the latter a requisite in hockey, the coach is confronted with the serious problem of developing a team in the short time that remains before the first game, which will take place two weeks from the time of this writing.

Coach Cleary addressed the meeting. He explained that practice will of necessity be conducted in groups, in order that every boy may be given an opportunity to prove his worth and that the first week of practice will be confined chiefly to conditioning. The members of the football team are exempt from this training as they are already in first class condition after a strenuous season.

—H. L. A., '30

## SWIMMING

December tenth was the day on which about a hundred natatorial aspirants crowded into room 206, thus opening the swimming season for the year 1928-29. A general hubbub was partly stopped by Captain Fitzgerald at 2:45 in the absence of Coach Gerard Cleary. The "Skipper" spoke of eligibility, and listed the three divisions. He stated that there are four events in each class: free style, breast-stroke, back-stroke, and dive. Practice will be held three times a week. Here Coach Cleary entered and took the floor. The "Admiral" stated that no official city schedule had been announced as yet, and that no authorized meets would be held, probably, until after the hockey season. Outside meets may be arranged, however, for practice. A meet with Brookline, for about January 15, is in the process of negotiation. He remarked that all the junior races are twenty-five yards long; that the intermediate breast- and back-stroke are twenty-five yards and the free style fifty; that those seniors who cherish ambitions to enter the free style would have to swim one hundred yards, whereas the senior back- and breast-stroke swimmers would have but fifty yards to travel. He stated that practice will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday. The mentor cautioned the boys concerning the danger from colds, which, unless one is careful, are very easy to catch in the course of participation in swimming practice. Great enthusiasm in swimming practice.

—A. J. G., '31

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## "SOUTHIE" SUFFERS

On Saturday morning, December 15, at 8 a. m., Boston Latin's hockey team made its initial appearance of the season at the Arena, with the South Boston hockey team as its opponent. That morning we saw a strong Latin team skate rings around "Southie," and win by the score of 4-0.

Early in the first period of the game, "Hick" Shea, the Latin left wing, skated by the South Boston defense and scored a goal on a fast shot. Scarcely five minutes later, Shea once more evaded the opposition's defense and added one more goal to his credit. For the remainder of the period neither team scored.

In the second and final period, Captain Campana dashed down the ice and lifted the puck, which the "Southie" goal-tender stopped. As the puck bounded off the "goalie's" pads, the alert Shea retrieved it and scored again. To conclude the scoring of the contest, Captain Campana registered the fourth tally.

Throughout the entire game, Coach Cleary kept sending in substitutes until four teams in all had been used, and each kept South Boston from scoring. The team showed great scoring ability, and the forward line kept the puck for the most part in hostile territory. South Boston could not penetrate the Latin defense and it was very seldom that our goal-keeper was disturbed. From the speed and vigor displayed in the first game we have every reason to look forward to a successful season on the ice this year.

The summary:

LATIN	SOUTH BOSTON
Shea, Mellen, Prendergast, Knowles	
Glynn, lw	rw, Kerrigan, O'Hara
Campana, <i>Capt.</i> , Parks, Ray, Casey, c.	
	c, Kelley, Torrey
Lynch, Mullen, Ingalls, Shine, Sullivan, Kaplan, rw	lw, Manning
Doyle, Warren, Toomey, Hession,	
Wilson, Carr, ld.	rd, O'Brien, Ryan
Weddleton, Murphy, Kelly, Moore, rd	
	ld, O'Neil, Garrity
Donnellan, Bryant, goal	goal, Dolphin
	H. L. A., '30

\* \* \*



## CRUSHING CHARLESTOWN

Taking a page from the University Club's record, Latin downed Charlestown by the tremendous score of 6-love.

From the very outset of the struggle, it was evident that Latin had by far the more powerful and more polished outfit. To start the contest, Latin brought the puck past the Charlestown blue line. After a barrage of shots, which Linsky saved successfully, "Hick" Shea scored on a beautiful individual effort. During the rest of the period, Latin penetrated the weak Charlestown defense at will, but wild shots combined with the yeoman work of Linsky in the Charlestown net prevented our players from rolling up a greater score. The only other goal of the period came as a result of a spectacular dash down the ice by "Hick," climaxed by a pass to Captain Campana, who smashed the puck past Linsky.

The second period found Linsky shifted to the forward line with Cummings in the Charlestown net. Latin began where she left off, and continued to bombard the Bunker Hill goalie with shots, being successful on four occasions. The combination of Shea to Campana was good for one goal. For the next score, Shea teamed with Lynch and the score stood 4 to 0. The second forward line was sent into the fray and "Bucky" Warren squirmed his way through the entire Charlestown team and scored. The last goal came as a result of a solo dash up the ice by "Hick." The bell ended the proceedings a few minutes later.

The score clearly demonstrates Latin's marked superiority over the Charlestown team. The puck was constantly in Charlestown's territory, and though Latin had her fifth team in the game at times, the opposition was unable to score. In fact, according to our reckoning, Donellan had but one save to make during the en-

tire game. For Latin School, the shining lights were Capt. Campana, Doyle and Shea. "Bucky" Warren, who was at wing in the second forward line, showed to better advantage in this new position than at defense. For Charlestown, Linsky was a tower of strength in the net. This boy, who has demonstrated his fight in many ways during his career at Charlestown, is one of the best goalies among the school-boys. His shift to the forward line seemed to us very ill-advised.

### LATIN

Shea, (Warren, Glynn), lw rw, Collins Campana, *Capt.* (Parks), c c, D'Antouno Lynch (Moore), rw lw, Coughlin (Linsky) Weddleton (Ray), ld ld, O'Neill Doyle, (Kelly), rd. rd., Todd

Donnellan, g g, Linsky (Cummings)

Score: Latin 6, Charlestown 0.

Time: Two 15-minute periods.

Goals: Shea, 2, Campana, 2, Warren, Lynch.

Referee: Connerny.

—J. K. L., '30

\* \* \*

### C. L. S. 4, B. L. S. 0

The team was blanked by the strong veteran Cambridge Latin sextet, on Dec. 31, at the Charlesbank Rink, Soldiers Field, by the score of 4-0. Capt. Harlow, Cantab center, was the individual high scorer of the victory, registering three of the four tallies.

Harlow scored the only point of the first period, when he caged a fine pass from Hogan, right wing of the Cambridge Latin sextet. After five minutes of play in the second period, Harlow cleanly cut our defense and netted his second tally. Later the flashy Cantab leader drove the disc by Donnellan to score his third successive point. Kenneth White, left defense of the Cambridge Latin team, registered their final tally.



\* \* \*

rd., Pasaturi, Featherstone,  
Donellan, g. . . . . g., Taylor  
J. K. L. '30

### DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

It may not be known to many in the school, but there is within our walls a frigid fountain, or, to be more exact, fountains. We refer to those icy dispensers of *aqua pura*, which, hanging from the walls of the shower room, pour on the unprotected, wincing backs of suffering athletes and near-athletes streams of icy Adam's ale.

Truly inspired was the utterance of one track man, who, burlesqueing a famous line of that much-murdered narrative of how the French secured Ratisbon for Napoleon, said, "So tight he kept his lips compressed, scarce any *ice* came through!"

\* \* \*

Coach Fitzgerald this year introduced a novel training method in the track practice, that of setting-up and conditioning exercises. This procedure seems to have excited some interest in this major winter sport, which quality it has so long needed.

\* \* \*

The junior and intermediate divisions of the track team seem fairly well-balanced, but the seniors are very few and, for the most part, very unpromising. Class I is not doing its part to make the track team a success.

\* \* \*

The senior two-lap relay team is, and should be, the goal of every Latin School track athlete. Last year, with Bill Wellock, Captain Donal Sullivan, and Joe Dolan to return, the prospects for a good relay for the season of 1928-29 were bright. Time has darkened those prospects, for Wellock has migrated to English High, and Dolan has been removed by ineligibility, which leaves but one veteran relay man, the captain of the team.

Here, certainly, is the golden opportunity for the boy who can run, and it is to be hoped that some newcomers to the team or veterans of past seasons will step into the breach to raise once more the standard

of Latin School two-lap relay supremacy.

The outlook is very dismal and unless some good runners appear immediately, Latin School is doomed to defeat in its former specialty.

\* \* \*

The manager of the track team is John F. Moynahan.

\* \* \*

The hockey manager is none other than Edward H. Hickey.

\* \* \*

Truly deserving of many medals are those boys who, in the pursuit of fame through the medium of track, daily bound around the Drill Hall. They run a few yards and are faced by a steep obstruction against which they dash their ankles. On, on, and on they go, and at every turn risk sprains on the sharp turns of what we generously honor with the truly euphemistic title of "the track." To add insult to imminent and present injury, these "corners" have been for some time in a state of very ill repair, and instead of being firmly set, they give beneath the impact of the runner's weight and often unpleasantly twist his legs. There may not be enough money in the department of Physical Education or in the Latin School A. A. treasury to provide for an outdoor board track, but at least they might bestow on us a reasonably set of corners in the gym. 'Tis very strange and sad.

### EQUALLING THE ALUMNI

At a time when most people were eating their noonday meal on the day which inaugurated the new year of 1929, there was an heroic contest between two hockey teams at the Boston Arena. The contesting aggregations were the hockey team of the Boston Latin School and a team composed of the alumni thereof. A great many players appeared on the ice, as a glance at the summary will prove.

To recount the course of events of the game would be a mere enumeration of

sallies, by both sides, which were promptly, effectively, and completely thwarted. The offense of both sides was very erratic, and though the undergraduates showed more team-play, the necessary scoring was not forthcoming. Both defenses were very tight and the opposing goal-tenders, though ever compelled to be alert, were not the object of many accurate shots.

It was rather pleasant to see once more assembled on one field of battle the boys who before comprised the stellar ranks of Latin School athletic teams. All the alumni were erratically brilliant, if we may employ the term. Their individual play was sparkling, but as a team they did not function well, due no doubt, to lack of practice. The best of the holders of our hard-earned diplomas were McEachern, McGuinness, Govan, Knutson, Ed. Sliney, Donaghy, Leveroni, and Moore. It may seem strange that we can name so many, but the fact was that there was such a superfluity of stars at the disposal of the graduates, that, as a result, they constantly changed their line-up in order that all might have an opportunity to demonstrate that their magic touch was not lost. Jim Sliney was perhaps the most brilliant player on the ice, and it seemed strange to us that he did not score on several occasions. How the inexperienced substitutes who defended our goal at the end of the game ever kept our slate clean is a mystery to us. But such was the case, and the score remained nothing for us as nothing for the alumni, which last is a very neat resume of the entire play. The summary:

BOSTON LATIN ALUMNI  
Warren, Mellen, F. Moore, lw.

rw., McEachern, O'Neil, Donahue  
Campana, *Capt.*, Casey, Carr, c.

c., Tracy, J. Sliney, McGuinness  
Lynch, Parks, Ray, P. Shine, rw.

lw., Shine, Govan, Talbot  
Weddleton, Kelly, Kaplan, ld.

rd., Knutson, E. Sliney  
Doyle, Wilson, Glynn, rd.

ld., Hunt, Donaghy, Leveroni  
Donnellen, g. . . g., G. Moore, Grandfield  
Referee—Barry.

Time—Two 15-minute periods.

\* \* \*

Among the intermediates on the Track team, the following look very promising: Cohen and Owen in the dash; Brody, Keeler, Morrissey and Tarplin in the hurdles; Joyce, Friedman, and McClellan in the 220; Rudofsky, Malone, Koritz and King in the 600; Keeler and Joyce in the high jump; and Owen in the broad jump.

There is a wealth of junior material. Good prospects are: David and Brabazon in the 176; Shaffer in the hurdles; Rains and Olans in the dash; Brabazon in the high jump, Rains in the broad jump, and Coleman in the shot put.

There are few seniors on the team, but some there are who seem worthy of mention. Among these are Eagan in the hurdles, Capt. Sullivan and Curley in the 300, Joseph, Titus, Laus and Rabinovitz in the 600, Mednis and Dolan in the 1000. There are several men in the dash—Weiner, Keenan, Loughran, and Lachacz being predominant. In the field events; Adams in the high jump; Gross, Laughran, Biederman, and Rodman in the broad jump; and Murmes and Kopans in the shot put should be good for some points. Three of the seniors named above are, however, ineligible, and at present of no use to the team.

\* \* \*

The track schedule is as follows:  
Jan. 10—Interclass Meet.

Jan. 17—Latin-Commerce-M. A. H. S.

Jan. 23—Dorchester-Latin-Trade

Jan. 30—Latin-Hyde Park-Charles-town

Feb. 8—English-Latin

Feb. 16—Relay Carnival

Mar. 2—State Meet

Mar. 6—Regimental Trials

Mar. 9—Regimental Meet

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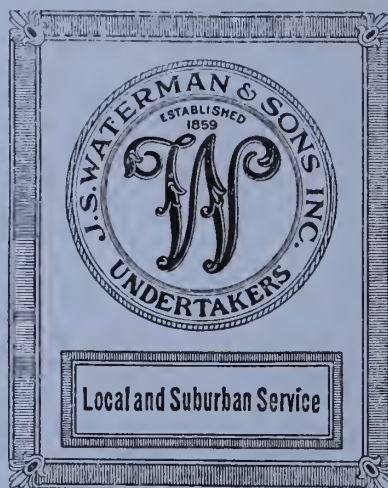
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VOL. XLVIII

No. 5

FEBRUARY, 1929

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Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office, Boston, Mass.



Once, very many years ago, before you and I and the REGISTER existed, some happy scribe, favored of the gods, in a moment of insane joyousness, called fiction a goddess. It is hard to say what he meant by that. We take it for granted that it was his desire to elevate and to immortalize the art of story writing; but for aught we know he might have just intended to intimate that the gods were a pernicious parcel of prevaricators. That, however, is neither here nor there. We shan't argue the matter.

But what concerns us is the fact that the epithet survived the wear and tear of time. It has come down to us with hardly a change. As modernized as we are and as boastful as we are of our right-about-face from the old dogma of bygone days, we still do homage and pay tribute to that vamp and virago who crowns our noblest literary efforts with failure.

However, despite our many setbacks at her hands, we are still her devoted slaves. Once each year, the editors of the REGISTER pay homage to this fickle and fastidious deity by dedicating a number of the REGISTER to her. And so, in accordance with this ancient and honorable custom, we, the present editors of the REGISTER, dedicate this number to the Goddess Fiction, who despite her fickleness and selfishness is a goddess, nevertheless.

And so, once again, we dedicate this number of the REGISTER to the Goddess Fiction and sincerely hope that she will pardon our temerity. May the gods on Olympus and the heroes on Parnassus crown our efforts with success!

# THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

## A CASE OF CONSCIENCE

LESTER S. KORITZ

Just why Dr. Leonard should have taken up his residence in such a part of the town as the East End was a problem to many of his friends. There is no doubt that he would have done well in a wealthier district. Why, then, did he choose the slums? The answer is this: — Dr. Leonard was an uncompromising humanitarian.

Suffering of any sort was to him the worst abomination ever to fall upon mankind. Incurable cases, such as cancer and paralysis, almost drove him mad. And he realized that those with the least money with which to pay for medical attention were those who suffered most. He knew the meaning of narrow, filthy streets, poor food, insufficient clothing, and heatless tenements. He could appreciate the struggle for existence in the face of an inexorable world.

\* \* \*

### Who Killed Joseph Clancy?

The law was baffled. The police force had confessed its inability to discover the criminal. Detectives had attempted a solution of the mystery, and had given it up in disgust. Several clues had been proved false. Information was meager, the facts clouded. All that was known was that it was a case of murder, and that the killing had occurred about 11 P.M. of a certain day. But who had committed the crime?

As time went on, the case retreated from the headlines, and the world forgot it. But still the case rankled as a sore spot in the police department. Detective Martin A. Deneen, especially, felt for a long time that his own helplessness was inexcusable. He was a detective because of the thrill he got out of the work, he had frequently avowed. He liked the uncertainty, the unexpected changes, the danger of a crime-tracer's life. As a young man, he had decided that since there were no opportunities for such men as crusaders, cavaliers, and Indian fighters, he might as well do the next best thing.

He never fully forgot the crime. Every petty thief, every "dip", every gangster, every hi-jacker, seemed to inspire in him that same feeling of helpless rage. These poor wrongdoers were only the rank and file of the criminal world. What glory was there in apprehending them? What he wanted was to solve the Clancy mystery.

He discussed the case often with his friend, Dr. Leonard. The medical man sympathized with him. Nothing would have delighted him more than to see his friend win the rich reward offered. But he could offer no material aid.

Then the Clancy affair was suddenly submerged from view while the doings of "Bud" Engel captured the public eye. Engel was a novel type of gang leader. His

territory, for one thing, comprised several thousand square miles. He stayed in one state only long enough to strike. And what could the police do with a criminal who pulled a fake raid in New York one night and broke a bank in Cleveland on the next? A master of crime, he was called. He deserved the title.

Dr. Leonard was suddenly awakened one night by a furious ringing of the telephone.

"Get your stuff," said a rather hoarse voice on the other end of the wire, "and come to the corner of Harris and Brent streets. Make it fast. A man's been shot." The receiver clicked.

Less than ten minutes later a disreputable-looking individual accosted Dr. Leonard at the appointed corner.

"This way," he said, and proceeded down the street.

The route lay through a maze of alleys, dark and forbidding. Clouds hid the gratifying presence of the moon. Invisible shapes seemed to loom up at every corner. Involuntarily, the doctor shuddered. There was something not altogether right about this. He gazed at his guide. The man said nothing, only continued walking.

Suddenly he stepped into a doorway. The doctor followed.

The next thing that the physician realized was that his mouth was gagged, his hands tied, and that a rough hand on his neck was guiding him. As his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, he realized that there were several men in the group. He wondered where his bag was.

The party halted before a door under which a faint ribbon of light could be seen. The doctor was escorted in, his hands untied, and his mouth freed. A questioning glance at his guides revealed nothing but a set of stolid faces over which

caps were pulled. His bag was handed to him.

One of the men entered an adjoining room, spoke in a low tone to someone in there, and came out again. He beckoned to the doctor.

There, lying in an old bed, was a man who seemed to combine the appearance of a thug and a gentleman. He was in street clothes, his hair was disheveled, his face was contorted with pain. His right side was stained with blood, the flow of which an improvised bandage could do little to stop. He was twisting in extreme agony. His face, as he turned toward the doctor, seemed to indicate relief.

"Do your stuff, Doc," he said, weakly.

Dr. Leonard went to work swiftly and coolly. Here was suffering—it must be allayed. Deftly, he removed the bandage and the clothing, and saw revealed an ugly bullet wound. Getting out his instruments he applied to the sufferer all the skill he possessed. The man gritted his teeth and lay still. The pain was terrific, but he bore it. Suddenly the doctor, glancing at his face again, saw it become flushed. In the wounded man's eyes there flashed a light that did not speak well for his condition. A low chuckle emanated from his mouth. It grew, it became almost a gurgle, then he laughed outright. The doctor worked quickly on, not daring to look at the face again. The laughter continued, now quietly. It was a mirthless laugh, a threatening laugh, the kind of laugh that a wild beast seems to give vent to as he corners his prey. It seemed to bode ill for someone.

"Skunk!" the word jarred on Dr. Leonard's ears as he finished arranging the bandage. "You dirty, squealing, chicken-hearted skunk! I'm going to pound that beautiful face of yours to a jelly! So you think you can get away with it, huh?



You want to save your own dirty hide by squealing, do you?"

The man was tossing around now. The doctor held him still with difficulty. The delirious words continued.

"You're just a plain, good-for-nothing, lousy rat, Joe Clancy! And if you think you're getting out of here alive, guess again! Send me to jail, will you?"

At the name, Dr. Leonard started back. What was this?

"No, you don't! Handsome Joe Clancy, huh? You'll know that when you're dealing with Bud Engel you've got to look out! Take that, you filthy scum! Put back that gun! Do you think I'm yellow to shoot?"

A pause. The doctor shrank away from the patient. Then again, that laugh. It sent a quiver down the listener's spine. Now it was fierce, mad, gloating.

"There, you yellow stool-pigeon! That settles you! Squeal now! Ha, ha! This will be meat for the papers. 'Joe Clancy murdered'! But they'll never know I did it! Bud Engel is too smart for that!"

Dr. Leonard hastened to administer an anaesthetic. It took effect soon, and after a rapid but thorough examination of the patient's condition he left the room.

As he entered the outer room, the men jumped to their feet. The doctor looked around. Had they heard nothing? It seemed that way.

"Let him rest," he said, "Don't move him if you can help it. He can get up, if he feels well enough, in a week, but positively not sooner."

The men moved to the door. He followed. He was escorted somewhat the same way as he had been before, but his hands and mouth were free. At the corner, they left him.

Once home, the medical man felt little inclination to sleep. Something extraordinary had happened in his life — and

on such occasions men are anything but sleepy. He, Dr. Leonard, had treated the notorious Bud Engel, who, it seemed certain, had murdered Joe Clancy. And he alone knew! And nobody realized that he knew! Good! Martin Deneen must be told immediately.

Then the doctor stopped short in his gleeful mental runaway. *He was a professional man — a physician.* For the first time he became aware of his position. The delirious ravings of Bud Engel were professional secrets. He had learned those facts he had almost divulged so rashly while engaged in treating a patient. Had he not been doing so, he would never have received the information.

It was the hypothetical case come true! Dr. Leonard, while performing the duties of a physician, had gleaned certain facts about a murder mystery that would doubtless prove vital in solving the same. Justice claimed that he tell everything he knew to the proper authorities. Bud Engel was a criminal — a vicious criminal, a menace to society. Why, then, should Dr. Leonard shield him? But every time he started for the telephone, there was again that still, small voice in his ears, saying, "A professional secret — will your conscience be clear if you divulge it?"

That night was a year to him. Dawn seemed long in coming, yet when it came it brought no relief. He wished for sleep — but no mind as tortured as his was could have rested. No effort of will power could ever have suppressed the problem even temporarily.

As the hours passed, the thought became an obsession. He lay down, but tossed about continually with the agony of thought. What should he do? Justice — should he hide the facts? Professional honor — should he expose them? His head ached. The mental torment was unendurable. Now he wanted to dash for

the telephone, now he wanted to drown the matter in a flood of business. The climax came. He rushed to the telephone, sat down, dialed Deneen's number — and hung up. Collapsing into a fit of sobbing, he fell off the chair. His head, as he fell, struck the floor heavily. Darkness overwhelmed his spirit.

Of the weeks of despair on the part of his friends, of hovering between insanity and recovery for himself, he never was aware. His brain, tormented by the hours of desperation before the accident, and injured by the fall itself, almost collapsed. Luckily, he never talked in his temporary fits of delirium. If he had, much surprising information would have been gained by those near the bedside.

Detective Deneen was present as much as possible. Every off-duty period found him by his friend's side, nursing, hoping, helping in whatever way he could. But one day found him missing. The semi-conscious man, as if spiritually aware of his absence, spent an unusually bad day. But he reappeared again, looking better and almost smiling.

There came, eventually, the day when

the patient's return to consciousness was complete and sure. Deneen was there early, bubbling over with enthusiasm. And as he held the doctor's hand reassuringly, he spoke words that not only gladdened the latter's heart for his friend's sake, but for his own. It meant relief from the mental anguish he had undergone, and might otherwise have undergone again.

"One of my greatest ambitions has been fulfilled, Doc," said the detective, "I doubt if there's a happier man than I am today. For here's what I've done — I've solved the Clancy mystery! And I've captured Bud Engel! And what's most surprising, that gentleman was the murderer! I've got invincible evidence against him, he's all but confessed, and I'm a famous man!"

And Martin Deneen, in childlike glee, went on to tell of the unexpected clues, hot pursuits, baffling difficulties, and thrilling gun-fights that eventually resulted in the arrest of Engel for various charges. And the doctor's face, as he listened, beamed with radiant joy.



## CONTAMINATION

SEATON W. MANNING

Mrs. Dorsey looked up from her reading and glanced at her husband.

"George, dear," she said, clasping her hands, "I am reading the most gorgeous little book imaginable. The name of it is 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.' It's about a good little boy, George, who was so good, so loving, so —"

Mr. Dorsey gave a snort and tried to check the flow but it was like trying to stop Niagara. Mrs. Dorsey continued.

"—and oh, George, if I should ever have a son he is going to be like this little Lord, so gentle and meek."

The arrival of an heir caused a great deal of excitement and happiness in the Dorsey household. Mrs. Dorsey wanted to give him a name right away but Mr. Dorsey wouldn't hear of it. He wanted to make sure first that the baby was going to live. Day after day Mrs. Dorsey pestered him about it, but as often as she asked he refused. The happy mother kept it up until Dorsey felt his reserve weakening. Finally he was forced to give in. However, he determined to concede nothing to his wife in the matter of naming the baby.

"Well, wife," he said expanding his chest, "what do you say to naming the kid George, Jr?"

Mrs. Dorsey looked at the ceiling and began to hum softly.

"That wouldn't be a name," she said. "It would be a calamity."

"Now say —." If looks could kill, Mrs. Dorsey would have been a corpse.

"Well, how about something flashy like Edmund, or something human like Bill or Joe?"

"I really hope that you are through making wild suggestions," cried Mrs.

Dorsey, and George felt the iciness of her tone envelop him. "My boy is not going to be anybody's Bill or Joe, or George either. He is going to have a *name*."

"Well what do you suggest?"

"I was wondering how long it would take you to realize that I too, can suggest something. I have decided to call the baby Tristram Archibald." And the good lady leaned back as if marveling at something that was well done.

"Say, look here, Matilda, the kid ain't no duke or king. That ain't a name. It's an anchor."

Mr. Dorsey glanced at the little mite wrapped warmly in blankets and of the name it was supposed to bear. He weighed them both in the balance and the child was found wanting.

"Matilda, please listen to reason —"

"No, I won't. That name is going to be as I say and nothing else."

"It shall never be," shouted Mr. Dorsey.

"*What* shall never be?" asked Mrs. Dorsey laying a hand on a plate.

"It shall never be changed, love."

For nine years Mrs. Dorsey labored to make her boy as near like her juvenile hero as his environment permitted. At first she found a no mean antagonist in the person of her husband who insisted on using slang in the presence of the child; but after his death her task was greatly alleviated. Tristram, on his part, took to his lessons readily. At three he was calling her Dearest and at seven he could knit a scarf better than any fourteen year old girl in the neighborhood and could outshine even the parson in etiquette. His daintiness was the talk of the town and his behavior was the envy of many mothers

who were afflicted with more boisterous offspring. Mrs. Dorsey was proud of her handiwork.

It is at the age of nine that we first meet him. His golden curls give an angelic appearance to his beautifully formed face. When he smiles, dimples appear in his cheeks. His suit of black velvet is carefully brushed. His demeanor is superb. He is standing behind his mother, who is reading.

"Dearest, may I go out and roll my hoop?"

"Yes, Tristram, you may; but don't be long. I am expecting company and I shall need you to help entertain the ladies."

"Yes, Dearest, I shall be home early."

Tom O'Rourke was a bad boy, not by choice but by compulsion. His father had read Mark Twain's account of what happened to all good boys and he had determined that *his* boy was not going to be blown a mile high amid the crashing accompaniment of glycerine cans. What's more it was so much easier to be bad. All a boy had to do was to act natural. So Tom was bad by paternal desire.

Tom never did anything halfway. He soon entered into the spirit of being bad. Shooting crap, breaking windows, stealing apples, teasing animals and fighting were just the "appetizers" on his day of wickedness. He gathered about him, by divers ways and means, a small band of miscreants as disreputable as himself.

But things were getting dull in Tom's vicinity. He had subjected all the "fighting men" to his will and he itched for new fields to conquer. So summoning his band, he set out into unknown territory.

They had advanced about eight blocks into enemy territory when Tom espied a figure in a black velvet suit come running down the street rolling a hoop. Tom called Murphy, his lieutenant to him.

"What's that?" he asked, pointing to the oncoming figure.

"Looks like a gurl to me. Can'tcha see the curls flappin'?"

"Yeah, it looks like a gurl, but gurls don't wear pants an' that thing's got pants on."

"I dunno," said Murphy. "Let's stop it an' find out."

They walked up to Tristram, who had stopped and was now peering at them. They walked around him, looking him up and down, and sniffed disdainfully at the odor that arose from Tristram's sweetly perfumed clothing.

"Hey," said Tom, "are you a boy or a gurl?"

"If, perchance, you are referring to me," replied Tristram, "I am, beyond the shadow of a doubt, a boy."

Murphy winked at Tom and began to mimic, "Oh, yes, my, perchance. Ya, ya! That's hot!"

Tom pulled Tristram's curls and sneered, "You darn ole sissy, you. You — — —, you."

Tristram had not the slightest intimation of what sissy meant, but he resented having anyone except Dearest pull his curls. He struck at Tom's face.

"So you would, would you. You lousy — — —. Hit me when I ain't lookin', — you. I'm gonna make jelly outa you. Yes, you — — — —. I'll teach you — — — to hit me — — — —."

He bore down on Tristram and seized him. Tristram's defense, though primitive was successful. He grabbed Tom's hair with one hand and pulled. With the other hand he scratched his antagonist's face. His feet also did their share. They made black and blue marks on Tom's shins.

"Leggo my hair — — — you! Leggo me, I say! You win, you win!"

When Tom picked himself up, he glanced ruefully about him.



"He ain't a sissy, is he boys?"

And they all agreed that he wasn't.

Hour after hour passed and no Tristram returned. Mrs. Dorsey was beginning to worry. The guests were getting ready to leave without having seen dear little Tristram. They were all in the vestibule when the outer door banged.

"Tristram, is that you?"

"Yeah, that's me."

Mrs. Dorsey's eyes became round with astonishment.

"Come here at once, dear," she said.

Tristram entered, his hair disheveled, his face dirty, his suit torn.

"My heavens! Where have you been, boy?"

The reply came slowly but with great force.

"Aw, I just had a fight with a bum from the other end of town. I won. I went down to his joint and hung around for a little while. I am gonna exchange the book you gave me for this."

He threw a pair of dice on the floor. The guests snickered and Mrs. Dorsey fainted.

\* \* \*

"Well, you bloomin' little imp, where

the devil have you been. Here I am been lookin' all over this bloody place for you. Where've you been, I say."

The speaker was Mr. O'Rourke. He glared threateningly down at his son.

"I am very much grieved, papa, that my tardiness has put you to unnecessary trouble, but —"

Mr. O'Rourke blinked.

"What did you say, boy?"

"I said, father, that I am pained by the realization that I am not exhibiting any degree of filial devotion.

"Are you sick, Tom."

"No, papa, I am not."

"You'd better go lie down anyway."

"No, father, I do not need to."

Mr. O'Rourke felt that he had better humor the boy along. The prospect of a baseball game ought to bring him back to his senses.

"Wanna go to see the Beavers play?"

"No, father, I am expecting a book, 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' this afternoon. I would prefer to stay home and read it."

Mr. O'Rourke stared at his son in amazement. He covered his head with his hands, placed his hat under his arm, and walked out of the house in a stupor.

## ALUMNI NOTES

'96. Mr. Durant Drake, now Professor of Philosophy and Education at Vassar College, has just completed a book entitled "New Morality." This work is one of the many books of the "Philosophy for the Layman" series.

\* \* \*

'96. Mr. Henry L. Seaver, for many years a Sunday lecturer at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and also a former teacher of English and history at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has recently written a study of Spain under Emperor Charles V, entitled "The Great Revolt in Castile."

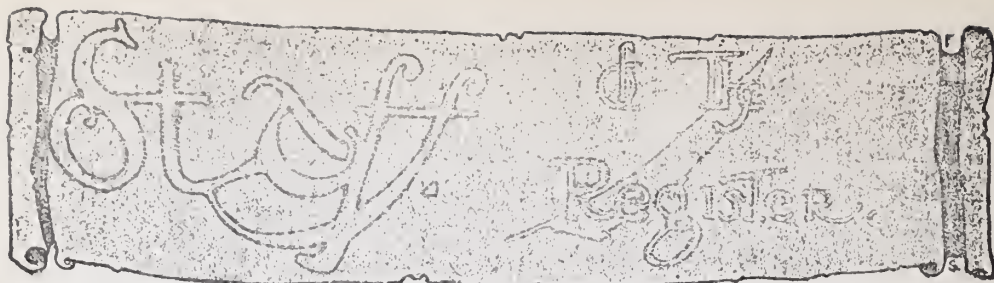
'85. Mr. Frederick W. Faxon, also a graduate of the Latin School, is the editor of the "Annual Magazine Subject—Index, 1927."

\* \* \*

'58. Mr. Henry M. Rogers, not very long ago, completed a book entitled "Memories of Ninety Years — One Man and Many Friends."

\* \* \*

'08. Mr. W. H. J. Kennedy is the co-author of "America's Founders and Leaders," a biographical history of the United States for the lower grades of Catholic Schools.



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## FICTITIOUS CHARACTERS

Characters from Fiction, men and women who never lived, are sometimes more famous than those who actually existed. These characters have been lauded and referred to until many accept them as actual persons. Let us look for a moment at some of the world's purely fictitious characters who have come to be spoken of as old friends — or enemies. Foremost among these is Santa Claus. His influence on modern life is remarkable. He has undoubtedly directed more children to good than any other imaginary hero. As to whether this influence is merely periodic and temporary — well, that's a horse from another garage.

Mention of Santa Claus as an influence recalls to our mind the well-known Ebenezer Scrooge. Like Romeo, Scrooge's name has become a term to be used of a type.

Next in line is King Arthur. There is perhaps in all literature no character whose existence has been taken more for granted than this valiant knight of the Round Table. Every generation of poets has added something to the early picture of King Arthur until today he is regarded as an altogether authentic character. Yet the gallant and noble King Arthur is purely fictitious as well as his equally famous and noble knights of the Round Table and the Quest of the Holy Grail.

Nearly everyone has read at some time or other the adventures of Robinson Crusoe. Many a lad has grown to manhood honestly believing, presumably on the basis of Selkirk tradition, that such an adventurer really lived, and is tearfully disappointed, to learn later that he never existed. There were other men who actually claimed to have been the original Robinson Crusoe. This of course means nothing, for there are undoubtedly those who would claim to be the original Barney Google if they thought they could gain anything by so doing. The most recent example of this is the exposure of Trader Horn. And then there is Hamlet. Thousands are convinced that he actually lived. They think of him as someone of very definite characteristics, living in every sense of the word. So it is also with old Shylock. He is as genuine as many of his living prototypes and there is no question but that he is considered not as a character of fiction but as a human being.

Most people are aware that Sherlock Holmes never really existed yet the great exponent of detection is regarded with the awe one attaches to the actual great. It is said that every year scores of persons visit Baker Street in London, in the vain hope of glimpsing Sherlock Holmes and his "Boswelian friend, Dr. Watson." And they always leave with a vague sense of resentment against the bobbie who guides their misdirected footsteps. Their hopes of meeting the real Sherlock were shattered when informed the celebrated private detective was purely the creation of Arthur Conan Doyle's highly imaginative brain.

Hiawatha, Uncle Tom, Robin Hood and Oliver Twist are further examples of famous characters who never lived. We cannot omit William Tell from this list of fictitious notables. He was long considered, even by historians, to be a genuine character of Swiss history. The tale clung tenaciously in Switzerland, for the people refused to surrender their hero to legend. They cited their war of liberation of Switzerland from Austria as evidence of Tell's authenticity. But it was later proved that in the middle of the XV Century an unknown author introduced into Switzerland an "apple-and-archer" story that fitted so well into the needs that the tale later became "history".

— *E. W. F.*



## STRATEGY

EDWIN W. FULLER, JR.

*Ting-a-ling-a-ling.*

"Hello. What's that? Yeh! When? People's National? O. K. Be over in a jiffy."

Scotty McCann of the N. Y. Secret Service hurriedly wrote a jumble of words on a pad of paper. Ripping the sheet off he stuffed it into one of his pockets. He grabbed his hat from a rack and hurried into the outer office slamming the door behind him.

"They just stuck up the People's National Bank," he growled to the Sergeant in charge at the desk, as he pulled out his watch.

"Three-fifteen," he announced, "Got 'em when they were closing. Big haul. Plugged the teller, too. Tell the chief."

The sergeant stuttered a moment and then picked up the 'phone to do as he was directed. McCann hurried down stairs and jumped into a waiting car.

"People's National," he directed.

Settling back in the car as it sped along Broadway, he drew from one of his pockets a large black cigar. He bit it calmly and began to puff vigorously.

"I always figured they'd pull this job and now they've done it," he muttered.

With a deafening shriek of brakes, the car stopped at McCann's destination. He quickly got out and pushing his way through an excited crowd, started up the steps. A few policemen on guard nodded respectfully to the short, bronze-faced man, who was admitted to be one of the best detectives on the force.

"Gee, I'm glad you're here, Scotty," said Shorty Willows, another detective, as McCann entered upon the scene of the crime.

"What's the story, Willows," he asked calmly.

"Well, they were just about closing," began Willows, "when a man came to the window to deposit some money, so he said. He looked all right and Milton, here, — he's the teller who got the slug in his shoulder — didn't suspect anything wrong. He'd been countin' up and there was a big pile of money all bundled up on the counter. The other tellers — except about two — were putting away some money in a vault in the back. Milton and the other two were almost alone. Well, the telephone rang and Milton turned to answer it. It wasn't anything important and when he turned around — Holy Mackerel — there was 'Lefty' Bancroft —"

"Lefty Bancroft," interrupted McCann excitedly.

"Sure! Didn't I tell you over the phone?"

"No."

"Well, all right. It was him, anyway," assured Willows. "Milton recognized him from a picture in a 'Frisco paper, when he pulled a job out there. That's Milton's home, it seems. Bancroft ordered him to hand over all the money in sight. Milton stalled a minute, saw there was no hope and gave him the dough. Lefty scooped it into a bag he carried and was gettin' ready to go, when he saw Milton pull a gun on him. Lefty plugged the teller before he could fire, then skipped. They sent for me, an' I called you. That's all the news I could get."

"Yuh sure it was Bancroft," asked McCann.

"Positive! He's got a scar on his cheek, yuh know, and Milton saw it plainly."

"Well, we know our man! Now's the trouble we always have with Lefty. Try an' get him," asserted Scotty.



He paused. His eyes narrowed and he bit furiously at the end of his cigar.

"See here, Willows," he ordered. "Leave a guard around this building; there's nothing we can do here; call Kirby of the Intelligence Bureau, — Vanderbilt 8043 is his number, — and tell him to meet me at my office in fifteen minutes; then have every railroad station and steamship pier guarded. Make sure that Bancroft stays in town. That's all," he added tersely.

He hastened out into the waiting car, leaving Willows in charge of the situation. Once seated comfortably inside, he relit his well chewed cigar. The car bounded along through the heavy traffic winding its way to Police Headquarters. McCann puffed away in silence. When he arrived at his destination he was literally besieged by reporters. McCann told them just the main facts. He knew the reporters would supply the punch and get a good front page story.

"Who did it," queried Ingalls of the *Times*, for McCann had mentioned no names.

"Dunno," lied the detective.

He quickly finished the interview and unceremoniously ushered the reporters out of his office. Seating himself at his desk he pushed one of the numerous buttons along the edge. Almost immediately Sergeant Haines appeared at the door.

"Have O'Brien look up and make a copy of all the information we've got on Lefty Bancroft and bring it in here as soon as possible," directed McCann.

The sergeant nodded and withdrew, carefully closing the door after him. A few moments later, he reappeared.

"Lieutenant Kirby to see you, sir," he announced.

"Show him in," assented McCann.

Kirby came quickly into the room. He was a middle-aged man with a high forehead and eyes of a deep blue. He walked

with a springy step. McCann extended his hand. The other grasped it firmly.

"What's this I hear about the People's National break," Kirby questioned in a deep, yet pleasant voice.

"Have a seat," replied McCann calmly, taking a large box of cigars from a drawer and offering them to Kirby. The latter carefully selected one. There was a pause while both searched for a match. Then in reply to the Lieutenant's question McCann began his tale. Quickly and thoughtfully McCann sketched the story.

"He's wanted in Chicago, too. Left there Tuesday after getting a big payroll. Now on Friday, he pulls a job here. We always know who it is, but never can get him," he added. Kirby's eyes bulged.

"Now, listen," continued McCann. "I've got a hunch he's still in the city and that he's gonna stay here! For a while, at any rate. He *might* be around Jerry's place. You know — on Second Avenue."

The other nodded.

"Well," continued McCann, "I've got a pretty tough job. How about having one of your men —"

He was interrupted by a sharp rap at the door.

"Come," he called.

"Here's Bancroft's record, sir," said Haines, appearing in the doorway.

"Just lay it on the desk. Now, Kirby," he continued as the sergeant left the paper and withdrew, "have one of your men scout around and see if Lefty's down there. If he is — well, I think my scheme'll work —." He paused significantly.

"Know any man for the job?"

There was a silence while McCann lighted his cigar.

"How about Carter," asked the Lieutenant.

"It's a tough job! Can he handle it?"

"I think so."

"All right. You fix it up with him. smoked cigarette hung out of the corner of his mouth. His face was hard. An old cap pulled down over one eye completed the picture.

"O. K., chief."

Kirby rose and went out.

McCann picked up Lefty's record and studied it intently. For perhaps an hour he read and reread the paper before him. Then for another hour he stared blankly into space. Suddenly a grin came over his face. He called Haines and gave him instructions. Then rising, he paced the floor. Presently Haines returned with a bundle. McCann took it, placed it in a corner, and continued to pace the floor. He was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone.

"What's that? Carter spotted him already! Good! Was he with anybody? No? Better still! Say that was quick work. All right! Yeh! Goodbye."

McCann slammed the receiver on the hook, then called Haines and gave him Lefty's record to put back on the files. He then took a small silver badge from his drawer, and slipped it into his pocket with a flashlight and gun. Taking his hat and bundle, he started toward the door. He paused, relit his cigar, and puffing energetically, went out.

\* \* \*

*Bong!* One o'clock! Silence! A lone man made his way cautiously along a dark street near the waterfront. It was dark and lonely—lonely as only a deserted waterfront can be at one o'clock in the morning. Reaching a dimly lighted restaurant, he halted. He waited a moment and then walked boldly into the place. Entering he spoke a few words to a man standing nearby. They were not alone in the restaurant. Several men sat at the tables, conversing in low tones. They only glanced at the stranger as he entered.

He was dressed in a dirty pair of blue trousers and a heavy woolen sweater. He wore a heavy pair of shoes. A half

He sat down at a table, had something to eat, and began to hum idly to himself as he looked around.

Presently another man entered. He resembled the first man to some degree. He wore a dirty gray suit and a soft hat, the brim of which was turned down all around. He sat down alone at one of the tables and had a cup of coffee. Finishing it, he rose and went toward the proprietor of the place. In doing so, it was necessary that he pass the table where the first stranger was seated. As he did so, the man in the blue sweater made a leap for him, grappled with him and threw him with violence to the floor. Together they rolled over and over. For several moments they struggled on the floor neither gaining the advantage. Men arose from the tables and formed a circle about them. They glared at each other, mutually powerless and then by silent consent released holds, rose and confronted each other anew. Breathing heavily, the foes faced each other, a pair of half crouching tigers. All eyes strained tensely at the two fighters. Suddenly the one in the sweater let drive a terrific blow at the side of the face of his foe. He had put behind it all his weight and strength and the effect was terrific.

The other reeled but fought back gamely. Having his opponent at a decided disadvantage, the former worked his arms like pistons driving his fists with tremendous force to his foe's face. The body of the unfortunate recipient of these blows collapsed with a groan. The victor arose and brushing off his blue sweater announced,

"He's a cop! I know. Spotted him when he came in—thought he could get

away with it. He's a cop all right. Better frisk him. See if he's got any guns."

Several men in the crowd hastened to search the pockets of the prostrate man. They drew out a small Colt automatic. As his vest was unbuttoned, a small silver shield dropped with a *clink* to the floor. One of the men picked it up.

"Wow! A police inspector. Sure 'nough, he is one. Here's his badge! What'll we do with him?"

"Take him up to the spare room," said the owner of the place coming forward hastily. "We'll *fix* him, later," he added with broad wink to the crowd.

Several men in the group, among them the winner of the conflict, picked up the prostrate man who was now regaining consciousness and carried him up a dark flight of stairs. They threw him roughly into a small room, closed the door and locked it with a *click*.

The dazed man heard receding footsteps as the group returned downstairs. Then all was silent. After vainly trying to find a way of escape, the prisoner sat down and started thinking about his predicament. Presently he lay on the bed and tried to sleep.

He was dozing when—the sound of footsteps came from without the door. A key grated in the lock. The door opened and a head appeared.

"Follow me, and keep quiet!"

Bewildered yet silent in response to the whispered warning of his liberator, the man followed his conqueror—for it was he—down the stairs and out through a rear door to the deserted street. The two men walked to the corner where the one leading gave a short peculiar whistle. A car came from the dark shadows on the opposite side of the street and stopped in front of the pair. The two silently entered the car and it headed up the avenue. Once inside the man who had been freed quickly asked, "Who are you? Where are we going? What's the idea? Why did you free me? When—?"

"Wait a minute," laughed the other. "Not so fast. Here, better snap these on, Bancroft," he added holding out a pair of handcuffs.

"Well, I guess you want to know what the game is," he said with a grin. "Well, here goes. My name is McCann. I'm from Headquarters. I came down here to get you. Pulled off a fight with you, planted the badge in your pocket and called you a cop. Took a pretty big chance and won! Anything else?"

"No, I guess not," answered Bancroft.

The silence that followed was broken as McCann lit a match and applied it to the end of a half-smoked cigar which protruded from the corner of his mouth.



## HOW A GREAT SCENARIO WRITER WORKS

Mr. J. L. Grubbe Speaks Before Zenith  
Literary Club

W. J. CALLAGHAN

Last night at Bijou Hall the Zenith City Literary Club held its weekly meeting. Dr. Watts introduced the speaker, Mr. John L. Grubbe, author of the scripts of *Sizzling Souls*, *Passion in Persia* and those of other great motion pictures. Mr. Grubbe is responsible also for adaptations of *Hamlet* (Mr. W. Shakespeare's play) in which Chaplin was so great a success, and *Heaven, Hell and Back Again* from Dante's *Divina Comedia*. The original play is by an Italian. Mr. Grubbe spoke very informally, but with so fine a sense of aesthetic values that the *Transfer* hastened to obtain his address for their *Sunday Evening Talks on the Arts*. The address follows:

"Well, folks, you know I'm not used to this sort of thing, er-speaking I mean, so I hope you'll just excuse any blunders I may make. I was asked, invited here to-night to tell you how I write my scenarios. Well now I don't think they're so wonderful and I won't say that my way is the *best* way, but anyway that's how most of the fellows in my business do it.

You know my company, Metro-Goldberg-Meyer, Inc., films only good stuff. Everyone, every last one of our productions in 1928 was a piece of good literature. Yes indeed, the best is none too good for Metro-Goldberg-Meyer! For the last four months we've been working on *Red Revolution* taken from the novel by Mr. Thompson, no, Thornton Wilder.

"Well, when I first got that book and read it I was pretty badly discouraged. I said to Mr. De Lisle, I said,

"D. L., I can't do anything with this

book; this ain't fit for the movies! It hasn't any plot, it hasn't any sex-appeal, it hasn't got anything. Why the one good thing in it, the bridge falling down, will have to go in a prologue!"

Well, it seems D. L. had read the book and he said something drastic would have to be done to it and so—well, I went ahead and did it.

Some of you folks may not have read the book so I'll give you the gist of it. It seems there was once this monk named Brother Juniper and he figured everyone got just what was coming to him and one day a bridge falls down somewhere in Peru, I forget the name, but it's a big bean center, and this Juniper decides to look up all the people, I forgot to tell you some people fell down with the bridge—and see if they got what was coming to them, sort of.

There's a lot more stuff in the book but it's all sort of pointless, all about the lives of the people who were killed, but I don't see how we could have used it. The people wouldn't pay for stuff like that. Now this is how we made a picture out of that first piece:

We made Brother Juniper a detective disguised as a monk and we made a few shots of eleven other bridges being blown up in Lima. Well as soon as three of four bridges blow up Juniper gets suspicious and he starts investigating, around the wharves and places like that. You can get some nifty scenes that way. Well Juniper digs up a Revolution and it turns out that his fiancée, Maria, is friendly with the leader. Juniper and Maria have a



fight — quarrel — over this and Maria packs up to go to America and be a dancer and Juniper goes on hunting revolutionists. Well Juniper finds out that they're going to blow up the Bridge of San Luis Rey and that Maria is going to ride over it on her way to — well, I didn't think of that but I suppose to the railway station. So Juniper gets on his horse Esteban — that was a trained horse; he cost us almost as much as Clara Bow — and starts to head her off. Then we have the carriage coming up one road and Juniper going down another. Juniper's almost at the bridge when these revolutionists come out of the bushes and jump on him. They knock him off his horse and everybody thinks he's finished when Esteban, that's the horse, knocks down the thugs and picks Juniper up by the pants — by the belt — and runs off with him.

Well, Juniper gets to the bridge just when the carriage is half-way over and he tries to shoo 'em back and just when

they start to turn around the bridge blows up and they fall 133 feet into the river. Juniper tears his hair and cries and then

Well folks, that's how I do my scenarios, jumps in after them.

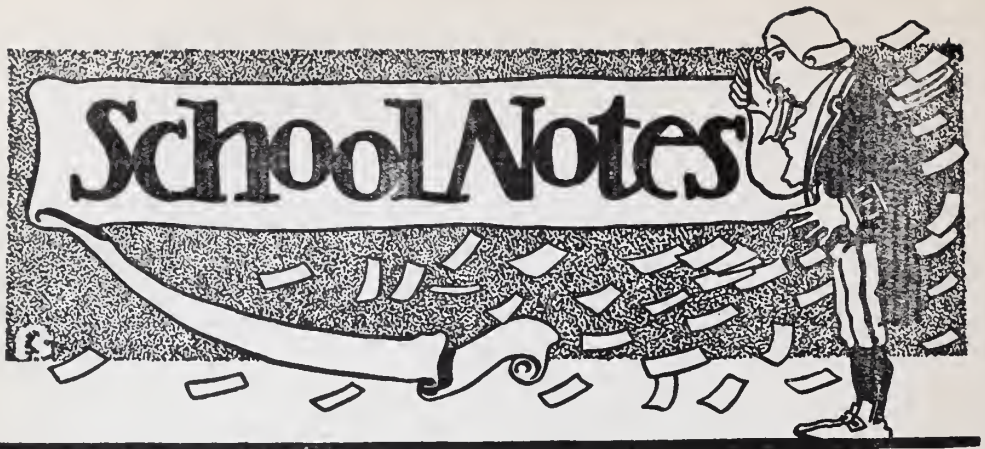
But I must say that if Mr. Wilder wants to write anything else for us he's gotta do better than that. He was practically no help at all. Thank you folks."

Mr. Grubbe's address was received with great enthusiasm by the crowd of Zenith's *intelligentzia* that heard him. All agreed that it was remarkable how Mr. Grubbe made such a thrilling picture from the book.

A somewhat unpleasant incident occurred when a strange gentleman in the balcony screamed loudly and fell in a faint. By a coincidence, he was a Mr. Wilder but he disavowed all relationship to the author.

*Red Revolution* will be presented at the Modern Theatre shortly with Lon Chaney as Juniper and Clara Bow as Maria.





The Literary Club held another meeting on January 7th in the library, and the speaker was Mr. Marson. His subject was "Poetry," which he later limited to "Poetry, as a Type of Literature."

Mr. Marson began with the defining of poetry and he stated that many inadequate definitions have been compiled, all of which talk of the indefinability of poetry. But, he disagreed with this and gave the following definition by Poe, which he thinks is correct:

"Poetry is the rythmical creation of beauty in words."

Rhythm and metre were the next phases of Mr. Marson's talk, and these were explained.

He then read examples of poetry and free verse by Whitman, Edgar Lee Masters, and Amy Lowell.

Questions were asked, after which the meeting was adjourned.

\* \* \*

The musical affairs of the school, though pushed into the background by the more widely advertised activities, are still carrying on in their usual busy way.

The interests of the music lovers are now centered on the band. This organization is without a drum major. Trials are held at every rehearsal in the drill hall.

The competition is not limited to officers alone. Privates also have an opportunity to achieve this laudable ambition.

We fear that if the choice is not made soon we shall need the whole police department to guard Mr. Sordillo.

\* \* \*

The Chess and Checker Club has had several interesting meetings this year. The Club has been very successful under the guidance of its faculty advisor, Mr. Drumme. A large number of Chess and Checker sets have been purchased by the club and the greater part of the time at each meeting is spent in playing these games. The tournaments have also proved a success and teams have already been selected. The Chess team consists of Harrison, Wassersug, Burroughs, Goldring, Feldman, Salvin, Goldberg and Rodman. The Checker team consists of Tarutz, Harrison, Goldberg, Wassersug, Mondlick, Salvin, Geisinger, and Singer. The Club is now planning to challenge the Faculty, many of whom are old enthusiasts of Chess. Mr. Gretsch, former captain of a College Chess team has kindly consented to speak to the club on various phases of the game of Chess. Mr. Gretsch will also act as faculty advisor to the Club.

# OLD GLORYS TRANSFORMATION

R. J. TOWNE

Ray Powers was seated comfortably in his bunk, reading the latest big league baseball reports.

"Gee! how I'd like to see the 'Babe' sock the pill over the fence once more," he sighed.

"Let's see," he mused, "It's been three years now since I've seen my last league game, two years in China on the S.S. Dartmouth and one year down here in the Philippines on the Destroyer '230'. I wish these darn Filipinos would get educated or something so that we could head for home."

Just then the door flew open and in burst a flushed, tanned, powerful-looking sailor.

"Say, Ray, I've got myself into a mess and you'll have to help me get out," said the fellow.

Ray looked up at him. "What've you gone and done now?" he asked, "Killed a Filipino or what?"

Mort Randall had been his pal and bunk-mate ever since he'd joined the navy several years ago. Whenever he got into trouble, Mort always turned to Ray, who had never failed him yet.

Mort flopped himself down into a chair and began to explain, "Well, you see it was like this. You know Manuel Rivera, who owns Alonzo, the bird we all bet against at the cock fight last night and the two fights before, and lost. It wasn't so bad the other two times because we didn't have much cash then, but last night most of us lost our month's pay, which we had just received in the morning. It was a lucky thing for you that you were on duty last night or you would have lost yours

too. Well, to get back to my story, about three hours ago, Captain Jenkinson called Jim Bernt and me and sent us ashore to see about the grub for the banquet a week from tomorrow.

"On the way back, we stopped in Careno's bar-room. There we ran into Rivera, sneakin' a few past his tonsils. We got to talkin', and Rivera passed out a few remarks which weren't exactly complimentary as to our pickin' the right bird in the last few cock fights. Then he began tellin' what a great fighter Alonzo was and how we should have know'd it.

"That last remark together with others kinda got me mad and I said that any decent bird, that wasn't more'n ten years old could beat Alonzo. Then Rivera comes back with the wise crack that Alonzo could lick any rooster in the Philippine Islands and especially any picked by us guys.

"That blew the cover off and before I knew what I was doing I bet him three hundred iron men that I could produce a bird that could beat Alonzo.

"He never blinked an eye but says, 'All right.' So we signed a contract for a fight a week from tomorrow, in Careno's back yard. As I was broke, I signed a note. Besides that, we both hadda put up one hundred smackers, appearance certificate, and, as I was still broke, I signed another note. After that Jim and I hit for the ship."

"Well, what do you want me for?" asked Ray.

"What do I want you for!" exclaimed Mort, jumping up, "Say you've got to help me find a cock that can wallop Alonzo and that's gonna be no easy job. I forgot



when I signed that contract that Alonzo is the champ of Manilla, with twenty-five cocks to his credit. If I don't get a bird that'll beat Alonzo I'll never hear the end of it and I'll be out three months' pay. Gee, can't you think of something, Ray?"

Ray, who was at that time in deep thought, didn't reply at once. Then suddenly he turned to Mort and exclaimed, "I tell you what I'll do. I'll hit the captain up for a day off and we'll scour the island for a rooster."

Mort eagerly agreed with him that that was the best thing to do. So that night after the mess was over, Ray went to the captain and asked him. The captain said that Mort could go, but that he needed Ray on the ship, as several of the officers were away and he was the next highest in command.

When Ray told Mort, the latter was rather hesitant about going alone. He said that he didn't know much about cocks and that he'd better wait for a day when both could go. But Ray urged him and told him that he ought to go the next day because they might not be able to get a day before the match when both could get off. So finally Mort gave in and agreed to go alone.

Early the next morning he set out. Ray rowed him ashore and promised to come back for him at four o'clock.

Ray returned to the ship, attended to his duties and was back at four, waiting for Mort. He appeared about four-thirty, very bedraggled and dirty, walking with tired step and carrying a bag over his shoulder.

"Well, did you get one?" asked Ray eagerly.

"Yes," answered Mort, half-heartedly, "I got one, but, oh, what walking I've done today to get it. This is the last time I'll ever have anything to do with cock-fights or anything pertaining to them."

"Well, jump into the boat," said Ray, "and we'll row to the ship. You can tell me all about it when we get to our quarters."

When they reached the quarters, Ray closed the door and took the bag from Mort, who had dropped down exhausted on his bunk. Ray opened the bag, and lo! out jumped a nice, plump, hen. He looked at it in astonishment and then cried, "Hey! where'd you get that bird? That's no good. That's a hen and you want a rooster."

"What," said Mort weakly, too mortified to say much, "I thought I got a rooster."

"Well, this is what popped out of the bag," said Ray, sarcastically. "How'd you make such a mistake? Did some Filipino put one over on you?"

"No," said Mort, "wait I'll tell you the whole story. When I started out this morning I met Sanchez Puelo, that fellow who usually has the right dope on the fights. I asked him if he knew of any place where they raised some good fighters. He told me of a place about five miles from town, where several champs had been born. I didn't like the idea of hiking all those miles in those darn, dirty roads, under the hot sun, but the thought of getting a bird that could lick Alonzo spurred me on. I stopped several times along the road to rest, so it took me about three and one-half hours to get there.

"Finally I came in sight of the place. It was an old, tumbledown shack with a wire fence around the back, where the chickens were kept. In front of the house there were innumerable, dirty children, playing around, and several lazy, contented-looking men were sitting down, smoking and talking.

"I went up to them and asked if any spoke English. One of them grinned and said he did. So I told him I was looking



for a good, fighting rooster. He spoke to the other men and then told me to follow them. We went around the house to the chicken yard and there a couple of the men grabbed two roosters. They took them to a little inclosure and started them fighting. And, boy o boy! you should have seen one of those babies fight. Say, he had the other licked before he started. Although I'm no judge of roosters I saw right away that that was the bird I wanted. I watched them for a couple of minutes and then said that I'd take that big one that was winnin'. I stuck my hand into my pocket to get my money, when I suddenly became aware of the awful fact, that I had forgotten, I was broke.

'Er — ah — I'll come to get him tomorrow.' I stammered out and beat it. I went down the road a little ways, and around a bend I sat down to think. I knew that if I didn't get the rooster then, I probably wouldn't ever get it because I wouldn't likely get another day off in the near future. And besides after walking all those miles I wasn't going to have the prize get away and have to go back empty-handed.

"Finally I hit upon a plan. I took the bag I had with me to carry the rooster in and, making a wide detour, I arrived at the back of the henyard, without being seen. I climbed over the fence and crept toward the cock I wanted, which was in the middle of a bunch of chickens. Just as I was about to clap the bag over him, I tripped and fell but managed to get into the bag what I thought was the right cock. Then a couple of the men came running around the house, having been attracted by the cackles of the chickens.

"I grabbed the bag and, running for the fence, made a hasty climb over it. The Filipinos began chasing me but I had a pretty good start and soon gave them the slip and finally reached the rowboat. But

say, Ray, maybe this old hen might do?" asked Mort, as he finished his story.

"A hen's no good," answered Ray, "It won't fight."

"Well, maybe we can get another day off," said Mort hopefully.

For several days they were busy on the ship and had no chance to get ashore at all. Then one night as they were just dropping off to sleep, Ray suddenly exclaimed, "I've got it!"

"Got what?" murmured Mort sleepily.

"The bird that'll take Alonzo's number," answered Ray.

"Who?" ejaculated Mort, coming suddenly to life and sitting up.

"Come over here and I'll tell you," replied Ray. Mort went over to him and then he spoke in low tones for several minutes. When Ray had finished, Mort uttered happily,

"That's the ticket. Alonzo's going to meet his conquerer in his next fight."

The day of the fight came at last. Nearly all of the "230's" crew were there as they were particularly anxious to see Alonzo meet his fate. Mort and Ray didn't appear until a few minutes before the time for the fight, bringing with them a scrawny, obviously, undernourished and very poorly upholstered bird which they called Oswald. There were many dubious and doubtful remarks from the sailors when they compared Oswald with Alonzo. The Filipinos cast many cries of derision at Oswald when he was tossed into the ring.

Alonzo looked at Oswald with a gaze, half-scornful and half-doubtful. Of all the birds he had fought this surely was the least formidable-looking, and yet, there was something dangerous and fierce, which seemed to denote a love and lust for battle, in the glint that suddenly issued from Oswald's eye and then just as suddenly ended. Such a glint Alonzo had never seen before in the eyes of an opponent.

So he began to circle around Oswald, very cautiously, to see if he would start the ball a-rolling, but Oswald just stood perfectly still and wouldn't move one bit. When he saw that Oswald didn't show any signs of fight in him, Alonzo gained confidence and suddenly charged toward him, emitting a series of loud crows of battle.

Oswald stood regarding him with a careless and languid eye. Then as Alonzo neared him, he reached over one long, naked leg, and curled an over-sized claw around Alonzo's neck, ending his fighting days forever.

For a minute the crowd didn't understand what had happened, but when they saw Alonzo lying dead, then they realized that Oswald had won. The sailors let up a lusty yell for Oswald, while Rivera and his backers stood by, looking dazed and bewildered. Mort hummed merrily, as he counted his money, "Hail! Hail! The

Gang's all here!"

The next day Captain Jenkinson called his second and third mates to him and sent them to investigate something. In two hours the second mate came back and said that he had nothing to report. A few minutes later the third mate came back with the same answer.

Then Captain Jenkinson turned to the captain of the "231", the "230's" sister ship and said, "Beebe, that's a darn queer thing. Holding came to me this morning and said that when he went to feed 'Old Glory', our eagle mascot, he found him with all his feathers shaved off. I just sent my second and third mates to inquire among the men if they knew anything about it but they all denied having any knowledge of it. So it leaves me in the dark but just the same I'd give a pretty penny to know how 'Old Glory' did lose his feathers."



# Booke Reviews



J.C.M.

EMIL LUDWIG

## THE SON OF MAN

If ever the famous biographer of Napoleon and Bismarck has completed an extremely difficult task, it is in this manuscript, "The Son of Man." The reader must realize that the author has undertaken the biography of a Man concerning whom practically nothing is known until he reached the age of thirty, — least of all, his personal appearance, the mirror of the soul — while of the two years, more or less, which preceded his early death, there are only conflicting stories: Ludwig accomplished his work admirably. Though hampered by a confusion in the serial arrangements of authoritative stories of Jesus, Ludwig has ingeniously sewed together the threads of the baptism and the trial, thereby causing the two great periods in Jesus' life to become comprehensible: the period of humble-minded but cheerful teaching; and the period when he was filled with the consciousness of a Messianic mission.

The book itself deals with "Jesus," and has not a word to say about "Christ." The author does not meddle with theology; "That," he said, "arose later, and I do not pretend to understand it." He tells the story as if the tremendous consequences of the life he describes were unknown to him, as they were unknown to Jesus. The book, therefore, ignores the interpolations in the gospels, whether made retrospectively to show the confirmation of ancient prophecies, or prospectively to provide support to the church. The author is absolutely impartial to whatever conflicting emotions are in his mind; his attitude toward his treatise is that of a coldly uninterested audience calmly and unemotionally retelling the various movements of an opera, of which he has been but a looker-on.

As said before, Ludwig's aim was, not to expound teaching with which nearly all are familiar, but to portray the inner life of the Man — the world of his own feelings. The development of that world of

self-feeling, the aims and motives of a leader, his struggles and disappointments; the great spiritual battle between self-assertion and humility.

In short, "The Son of Man" is a frank, portraiture, purely biographical, of Jesus, the Man, — not Christ, the Divine.

— N. L.

### "POWER"

LION FEUCHTWANGER

"Power," is a chronicle of the German court of the eighteenth century. The book is written in a ponderous German style. The book is somewhat ameliorated by praiseworthy character sketches and interesting situations.

The novel is woven around the life of its protagonist, Josef Süss Oppenheimer. We are given a picture of him that is striking in its realistic portraiture. His whole soul is dissected before us. We see him not as the political genius which he undoubtedly is, but as a man with many shortcomings, — his eroticism, his egotism, his inordinate craving for power. He is, notwithstanding, genuinely a man.

We first see Süss as a young Jew, clever and subtle, trying to escape the stigma of his race. We see him rise, by dint of many clever manoeuvrings, to the position of Chancellor to the Duke of Württemberg. We see him acquire riches, power, but indirectly causing the death of his adored child. Whereupon his whole attitude on life changes. He atones for his sins by his death. The closing scene, in which Süss is hanged amidst the jeers of the populace, is dramatically and effectively portrayed.

Feuchtwanger never becomes melodramatic. His writing is ironical, mordant, soul-searching. Although he ranks himself among the romantics, he rivals our American naturalists in realistic descriptions and portrayals.

— R. B. L.

### MR. BLETTSWORTHY ON RAMPOLE ISLAND

H. G. WELLS

The inventive genius of Mr. Wells is still functioning as well as in former days when his warriors from Mars waged scientific warfare with us unfortunate earth dwellers. "Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island," the latest result of his literary labors, is a fantastic account of the adventures of a modern Robinson Crusoe, a remarkable study in insanity, and an inkling of Mr. Wells own "philosophy of life."

Mr. Blettsworthy, deceived by those whom he loves, takes an ocean voyage for the recuperation of his mind. He is shipwrecked somewhere off the Patagonian shore, rescued by cannibals and brought to Rampole Island. A mental comparison of the civilization he had just left and the "savagery" in which he now lived revealed to him the many failings of the "modern" civilization of which he so loved to boast.

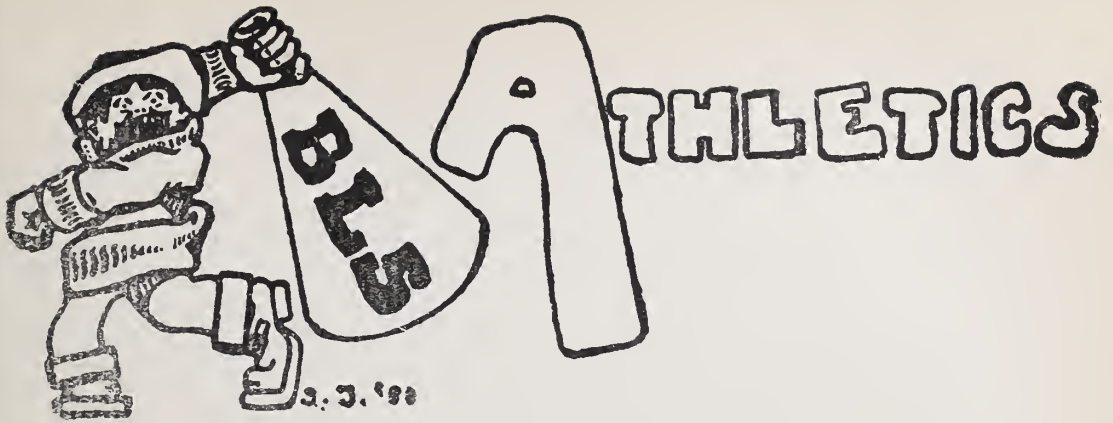
A singular transformation comes over Rampole Island. It is here that the Wellsian genius strongly asserts itself. One thinks simultaneously of "The Arabian Nights" and of Jules Verne — Mr. Blettsworthy leaves the island and returns to "civilization" in time to play his part in "making the world safe for democracy."

The book possesses the sophistication of a well conducted tour. Mr. Wells gives us miniature glimpses into practically all of the "ologies." Like George Eliot, he has developed the habit of diverting from the main thread of his narrative to philosophize on anything that suits his fancy, but without producing that effect of preaching so evident in the works of the famous woman novelist.

Whether or not this book attains immortality as Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" did, is of little or no interest whatever. It contains one of the great essentials of a successful book. It is entertaining.

— S. W. M.





## THE INTERCLASS TRACK MEET

Before but a handful of spectators, the annual "civil war" was held. All the races were closely contested, and several startling performances were made. In the junior division, Shaffer showed a very swift pair of heels to the field in the hurdles. David looked the part of a Regimental winner in the 176, and his time was very good, 23.9 seconds. Rains took the junior dash in 64.5 seconds, winning by an eyelash.

There were many good performances in the intermediate division. Brody won the hurdles by about a yard, but all the other place-winners showed very good form. Tarplin, last year a junior champion, was second. After a mediocre start, Owen came from behind to win the dash in good time. Rudofsky easily won the 600, with Malone and Koritz following in that order. Joyce was easily the class of the field in the 220, and won without much trouble. He should be good for many points this year.

The senior races were the most interesting. Egan won the hurdles. In the dash, Keenan made a false start, and was set back. When the field was about three yards from the tape, Loughran had about two inches on Keenan and it seemed that the outcome would be a dead heat. However, there appeared in the outside lane "Arky" Winer, who, in a thundering fin-

ish took first place. Loughran was given second, Rabinovitz third, and "Al" Lachacz fourth. Keenan, who seemed at least to be tied for second, was completely overlooked by the judges. The senior 300 was almost entirely dominated by the struggle for second place. Captain Sullivan, as was expected, easily won the race, but the effort of Horovitz, the football tackle, to overtake Paul Curley was the most interesting part of the contest. Adam Mednis, with surprising strength, opened up a lead of over a half a lap in the 1000, and though the spectacular sprint of "Little Joe" Dolan on the last lap cut down this margin, he finished with a comfortable lead. Dolan delayed his sprint too long.

The "marathon" over, all eyes centered on the 600. "Bud" Joseph running a well-judged race, took the lead and opened up about twenty yards on the field, and appeared to have first place "on ice." The gun barked the signal for the last lap; away dashed the "dark horse" of the meet, Henry Titus, and with amazing speed for that stage in the race, overhauled the leader, about ten yards from the finish, and crossed the tape a winner. Joseph, Laus, and Rabinovitz finished in that order.

The final record of points is as follows:

Class III, 83; Class II, 80; Class IV, 60; and Class I bringing up the rear with 53 points.

The summary:

### TRACK EVENTS

#### JUNIOR

##### 50-YARD HURDLES

Junior—1st, Shaffer, '32, time, 8.3; 2nd, Phillips, '32; 3rd, Ryan; 4th, Cohen, '31.

##### 50-YARD HURDLES

1st, Rains, '32, time, 6.8; 2nd, Olans, '32; 3rd, Bresnihan, '32; 4th, Margolis, '32.

##### 176-YARD RUN

1st, David, '30, time, 23.9; 2nd, Coleman, '31; 3rd, Landrigan, '30; 4th, Karthas, '32.

#### INTERMEDIATE

##### 50-YARD HURDLES

1st, Brody, '30, time, 7.3; 2nd, Tarplin, '30; 3rd, Morrissey, '32; 4th, Keeler, '31.

##### 50-YARD DASH

1st, Owens, '30, time, 6.2; 2nd, Garner, '32; 3rd Mahakian, '32; 4th, Edesess, '31.

##### 220-YARD RUN

1st, Joyce, '31, time 27.9; 2nd, Freedman, '32; 3rd, McClellan, '31; 4th, Shapiro, '31.

##### 600-YARD RUN

1st, Rudofsky, '30, time, 1.35.5; 2nd, Malone, 530; 3rd, Koritz, '29; 4th, King, '32.

#### SENIOR

##### 50-YARD HURDLES

1st, Egan, '30, time 8; 2nd, Rodman, '30.

##### 50-YARD DASH

1st, Weiner, '31, time 6; 2nd, Loughran, '29; 3rd, Rabinovitz, '30; 4th, Lachacz, '29.

##### 300-YARD RUN

1st, Sullivan, '29 (*Capt.*), time, 39.6; 2nd, Curley, '31; 3rd, Horovitz, '29; 4th, Kerwin, '32.

##### 600-YARD RUN

1st, Titus, '30, time, 1.30.5; 2nd, Joseph, '29; 3rd, Laus, '32; 4th, Rabinovitz.

##### 1000-YARD RUN

1st, Mednis, '29, time, 2.40.5; 2nd, Dolan, '29; 3rd, O'Connor, '29; 4th, Ellis, '29.

### FIELD EVENTS

#### HIGH JUMP

Junior—1st, Brabazon, '31; 2nd, Coleman, '31; 3rd, Resnick, '32; 4th, Landrigan, '31.

Intermediate—1st, Keeler, '31; 2nd, Joyce, '31; 3rd, Cohen, '30; 4th, Hoffman, '31.

Senior—1st, Adams, '29; tie for 2nd, Housen, '30 and Rodman, '30; 3rd, Laus, '32.

#### BROAD JUMP

Junior—1st, Rains, '32; 2nd, Coleman, '31; 3rd, Olans, '32; tie for 4th, David, '30 and Landrigan, '30.

Intermediate—1st, Owen, '30; 2nd, Joyce, '31; 3rd, Edesess, '31; 4th, Kaplan, '30.

Senior—1st, Gross, '29; 2nd, Loughran, '29; 3rd, Biederman, '30; 4th, Rodman, '30.

—J. K. L., '30.

—H. L. A., '30.

### SUPERAVIMUS

The long over-due came at last and with interest on January 17, when, before a scant audience, Latin School's track team defeated Mechanic Arts and Commerce in the opening track meet of the Boston City Schools.

Mechanics, a heavy favorite, fell before a landslide of points which we accumulated in the field events, for we started the running events with a good margin of thirty points over Mechanics. Their strength on the track was not enough to undermine our early lead, and the final score was Latin, 104; M. A. H. S., 88; and Commerce, 39.

The summary:

### TRACK EVENTS

#### SENIORS

300-yard run—Won by McManus, M.; second, Burrell, M.; third, Sullivan, (*Capt.*) L.; fourth, Curley, L. Time—36 3-5s.

600-yard run—Won by McLennan, M.;

second, Rogers, M.; third, Bresnahan, C.; fourth, Titus, L. Time—1m. 30 4-5s.

1000-yard run—Won by Mednis, L.; second, Cowhig, C.; third, Lofter, M.; fourth, tie between Carr and Rowen, M. Time—2m. 36 3-5s.

#### INTERMEDIATES

50-yard hurdles—Won by Brody, L.; second, Bonitto, M.; third, Williams, C.; fourth, Flaherty, M. Time—7 2-5s.

50-yard dash—Won by Riggs, C.; second, Owen, L.; third, Cady, M.; fourth, McDonald, M. Time—6s.

220-yard dash—Won by Joyce, L.; second, Thomas, M.; third, Freedman, L.; fourth, Hilly, M. Time—26 4-5s. 600-yard run Latin did not place.

#### JUNIORS

50-yard hurdles—Won by Coleman, L.; second, Desmond, M.; third, Shaffer, L.; fourth, O'Rourke, M. Time—7 3-5s.

50-yard dash—Won by Riggs, M.; second, Rains, L.; third, Rickar, M.; fourth, Olans, L. Time—6 4-5s

176-yard run—Won by David, L.; second, Carate, M.; third, Landrigan, L.; fourth, Dow, M. Time—23 4-5s.

#### FIELD EVENTS

##### SENIORS

Running high jump—Won by Cowhig, C.; second, Joseph, M. A.; third, Gordon, L.; fourth, Rodman, L. Height—5 ft. 3 in.

Standing broad jump—Won by Gross, L.; second, Ketchner, M. A.; third, Biederman, L.; fourth, Connell, M. A. Distance—9 ft. 1 in.

Shot—Won by Kopans, L.; second, Murmes, L.; third, Needham, M. A.; fourth, Keponsanz, M. A.

##### INTERMEDIATES

Running high jump—Won by Joyce, L.; second, J. Cohen, L.; third, tie among Ross and Cohen of L. and Bonito of M. A. Height—4 ft. 10 in.

Standing broad jump—Won by Brody,

L.; second, Owen, L.; third, Canaris, M. A.; fourth, Irish, M. A. Distance—8 ft. 4 1-2 in.

Shot—Won by Hilly, M. A.; second, Henrich, M. A.; third, Goldberg, C.; fourth, Hollander, M. A. Distance—45 ft.

#### JUNIORS

Running high jump—Won by Riggs, C.; second, Coleman, L.; third, King, C.; fourth, Dowd, M. A. Height—4 ft. 5 in.

Standing broad jump—Won by Rains, L.; second, Wholly, C.; third, Olans, L.; fourth, Burns, C. Distance—7 ft. 5 in.

Shot—Won by David, L.; second, London, L.; third, Levine, L.; fourth, O'Brien, L. Distance—30 ft. 10 1-2 in.

\* \* \*

#### A NARROW SQUEAK

Our track team triumphed over the Dorchester and Trade hordes in a triangular meet at the East Armory on January 23. To be exact our team garnered 94 24-42 to Dorchester's 89 5-42 and Trade's 57 17-42. Queer score, nevertheless it was so by virtue of the fact that 7 boys were tied for fourth place in the Junior High jump. The field events were held on January 22, the shot put at our gym, the high jump at Dorchester, and the broad jump at Trade. After the field events had been completed we were trailing Dorchester by 6 points, and Trade by 2, but the boys came right back and cleaned up in the track events.

The two best races of the day were the Senior "300" and the "600." In the "300," Schwartz of Dorchester took the lead with Captain Donal Sullivan and Paul Curley in hot pursuit. Sullivan would catch Schwartz on the stretches, but the Dorchester flyer always held off till the corners, where he gained. Sullivan crossed the line but two feet behind the winner, but the pace was too hot for Curley and the latter was forced to drop back into fifth place.

Joseph of Latin took the lead in the Senior "600," and set a terrific pace, but weakened on the gun lap. He looked tired and as he neared the tape he was completely exhausted. Reid of Dorchester, Haddock of Trade, and Titus of Latin swept by him in a blanket finish, forcing Joseph into fourth place.

Joyce annexed another "220" to his credit when he beat "Sid" Friedman, our marathon star, by ten yards.

In the Intermediate "600" Burns of Latin took the lead and held it throughout the entire race, finishing 25 yards ahead of his nearest competitor, Burnside of Dorchester.

Mednis still continues to win 1000-yard races by large margins.

The summary:

### TRACK EVENTS

#### SENIOR DIVISION

50-yard dash—Latin did not place.

50-yard hurdles—Won by Dondero, D.; second, Kline, T.; third, Hoffman, T.; fourth, Huberman, L. Time—7.4 seconds.

300-yard run—Won by Schwartz, D.; second, Sullivan (*Capt.*) L.; third, Smith, T.; fourth, Kanaly, T. Time—38.4 seconds.

600-yard run—Won by Ried, D.; second, Haddock, T.; third, Titus, L.; fourth, Joseph, L. Time—1.30 3-5.

1000-yard run—Won by Mednis, L.; second, Gerosen, T.; third, Walsh, D.; fourth, O'Connor, L. Time 2.42 3-5.

#### INTERMEDIATE DIVISION

50-yard dash—Won by Cohen, L.; second Owen, L.; third, Feldman, D.; fourth, Bean, T. Time—6s.

50-yard hurdles—Won by Brody, L.; second, Tarplin, L.; third, Plair, T.; fourth, Thomas, D. Time—7.2.

220-yard run—Won by Joyce, L.; second, Friedman, L.; third, Lanigan, D.; fourth, Soldini, T. Time—27.2.

600-yard run—Won by Burns, L.; sec-

ond, Burnside, D.; third, Wetkofsky, D.; fourth, Cohen, L. Time—1.31 2-5.

#### JUNIOR DIVISION

50-yard hurdles—Won by Coleman, L.; second, Grant, T.; third, Ramount, D.; fourth, Chase, D. Time—7.2.

176-yard run—Won by David, L.; second, Neckes; third, Keane, D.; fourth, Badger, T. Time—23.2.

50-yard dash—Won by Driscoll, D.; second, Feldstein, L.; third, Rains, L.; fourth, Brabazon, L. Time—6.3.

### FIELD EVENTS

#### SENIOR DIVISION

High Jump—Won by Pearson, D.; tie for second, Krajewski, D., and Hutchins, T.; fourth place triple tie, Hayes, D., Nohmy, T., and Haddock, T. Height—5 ft., 3 in.

Broad Jump—Won by Aieta, D.; second, Dondero, D.; third, Gross, L.; fourth, Hershburg, D. Distance—9 ft., 1 1-2 in.

Shot Put—Won by Quirk, T.; second, Zablock, T.; third, Feins, L.; fourth, Cook, D.

#### INTERMEDIATE DIVISION

High Jump—Won by Joyce, L.; second, Bean, T.; third, Thomas, D.; fourth, triple tie, Cohen, L.; Crowfort, D.; Wheaton, D. Height—4 ft. 11 in.

Broad Jump—Won by Brody, L.; second, Detheim, D.; third, Owen, L.; fourth, Bond, T. Distance—8 ft. 2 2-3 in.

Shot Put—Won by Goldani, T.; second, Filkofsky, D.; third, Carelton, T.; fourth, Barnaby, T.

#### JUNIOR DIVISION

High Jump—Won by Brabazon, L.; second, Coleman, L.; third, Smedile, D.; fourth, seven men tied: Murry, T.; von Hartenstein, T.; Grasewicz, T.; Coyman, T.; Muller, D.; Chase, D.; Resnick, L.

Broad Jump—Won by Rains, L.; second, Neckes, D.; third, Feldstein, L.; fourth, Grant, T. Distance—7 ft., 5 1-2 in.



Shot Put—Won by Sepego, T.; second, Saltz, D.; third, King, T.; fourth, Young, D.

—B. R., '30.

\* \* \*

## DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

Track is now in full swing, but, from the number of students who attend the meets, it would seem that the general student body is not aware of the fact or doesn't care. It is very disheartening for a boy to go out and work hard, and realize that his fellow-students are not enough interested to attend the meets and lend their moral support. This year's team fights hard. It defeated Mechanic Arts, which was a top heavy favorite, and it fought its way to a win over Dorchester and Trade by a scant five points. The spirit of our contestants is splendid, and it would be to our advantage if a wee bit of this quality could be injected into our *indifferent* student body.

\* \* \*

The hockey team suffered a bad blow when it lost William "Hick" Shea. He was leading the league in individual scoring, and was one of the pillars of the team's attack.

\* \* \*

Our diminutive carrot-topped substitute center, William Parks, is a smart fellow on the ice. He is a very able replacement for that tower of hockey strength, Captain Francis Campana.

\* \* \*

"They shall not pass" is the motto, watchword and war-cry of those twin rocks of Gibraltar, "Eddie" Doyle and mighty George Weddleton, who are our first string defence men.

\* \* \*

"Russ" Lynch and the ruddy-complexioned Kelley are two more shining lights on the sextet, and last, but by no means least, is the Latin School goalie, Paul Don-

nellan. He is the chief reason why our net has been so few times penetrated. He is small of stature, but very efficient.

\* \* \*

In the "600" Henry Titus, a new comer to the track team, has shown some fine running. Experience will make a first class runner out of him.

\* \* \*

"Bud" Joseph is still feeling the effects of the "flu." With a bit more power and his natural speed, he will soon be giving all opposition a tussle.

\* \* \*

Adam Mednis, who has worlds of power, is surprising everyone in the 1000-yard run. He gets out in front, and he stays there, and all the last-ditch efforts of his opponents have, thus far, been futile.

\* \* \*

Two of our men suffered leg injuries and were kept out of competition until the meet with Dorchester and Trade, but they came back with a vengeance. Paul Brabazon won the junior high jump, and George Burns ran away with the intermediate "600" in his first start of the year.

\* \* \*

Herman Gross is our star senior broad jumper, and another big hopper is Biederman. Dave Kopans and "Wil" Murmes are the strong men of the senior division. Both have bettered forty feet, and should soon be putting the shot to even greater distance. Other shot putters are "Hutch" McGrath and "Bernie" Feins.

\* \* \*

Two small flashes of lightning are Coleman and Shaffer in the junior hurdles. They are consistent point winners, and should figure in the "Reggies". Coleman is a good high jumper.

\* \* \*

Rains and Olans are the junior stars in the dash, and very good are those who can

lead them to the tape. They are also the best we have in the broad jump.

\* \* \*

Those who have not yet seen Nathan David in action in the junior "176" have missed a treat. He is a fine runner, with plenty of fight, and is a great asset to the team. Landrigan is a brave youngster whose efforts in this race have not gone un-rewarded.

\* \* \*

Brody is very consistent in the intermediate hurdles, and his form is very fine. He is fast off the mark. He is our best intermediate broad jumper, as well.

\* \* \*

We have two stars in the intermediate dash, Cohen and Owen, and they have had some interesting encounters. Cohen does well in the high jump and Owen in the broad.

\* \* \*

John Joyce is in a class by himself in the "220". He is one of the fastest men on the squad, and may make the two-lap relay. He is a first-class high jumper.

\* \* \*

Relay trials for a team to run in the K. of C. Prout Memorial games were held at the Boston University board track through the kindness of Coach Burns of B. U. There was a rather stiff wind, which slowed up the runners somewhat. The trials were over the 293-yard distance. There was plenty of competition, for fifteen tried for the team. The winning times were as follows, the first four comprising the team, and the fifth being the alternate:

Captain Donal Sullivan, 36 2-10s.

Adam Mednis, 37s.

John Joyce, 37s.

Henry Titus, 38 6-10s.

Harry Eagan, 38 8-10s.

All the team are seniors, except Joyce who is in the intermediate class.

The dread shadow of ineligibility has fallen upon the track team, especially on the senior division, and is helping to blight the chances for Latin School relay supremacy.

\* \* \*

"Because of a shoe, the race was lost."

\* \* \*

Interested alumni at the meet with Dorchester and Trade were Jimmy Wildes, Ralph Boches, and Norwood Beveridge, our captain last year.

\* \* \*

### THE BLUE WINS AGAIN

On January 26, in the K. of C. Prout Memorial games at the Boston Garden, there were on the card two schoolboy races, mere incidents on a program which boasted the pick of runners, but very vital to the participants. The junior race saw Berje David on the pole for Latin School. Mechanic Arts and English were the other contestants. There was some jostling on the first corner, but when the first stretch was reached, David was out in front, and he handed over a good lead to Paul Landrigan. But Fahey of English, running very well, was too strong for the frail Latin youth, whom he overtook, and passed a fair lead to his next team-mate. Bobby Coleman and Paul Brabazon, the last two Latin runners, ran very hard, but the strength of the blue was too great, and their victory was assured. Each boy ran one lap.

In the senior race, each man ran two laps, two hundred and ninety-three yards. On the pole for English was Bill Wellock, who but last year was harbored by the halls of Latin School. Next on the pole was one Ben Schwartz of Dorchester, and on the outside was Captain Donal Sullivan of the Latin School. The three got off to a perfect start, and the Latin colors reached the corner first by a hair; Wellock and Schwartz battling for position, Sullivan

took the lead, and burning up the first stretch, sprinted well into the van. In his furious first circuit he gained ten yards, which he held until the last corner, where the strain of that first lap began to tell, and Wellock picked up a couple of yards. However, when the stick was passed, Latin led by more than seven yards. Away dashed John Joyce, our intermediate flash, the track seeming to groan under the tattoo of his flying feet. He ran a very pretty race, and, like his predecessor, gave everything he had. Having gained about three yards on Norton of English, he handed over a lead of ten yards to Henry Titus, Latin's third runner. The latter, a 600-yarder, was caught by Scanlon, an English intermediate speedster, towards the end of his second lap, but Titus staved off his rush, and the stick was passed with Latin a bit in the lead. Adam Mednis, our redoubtable 1000-yarder, dashed to the first corner, and Eastmond of English, trying to pass on the inside, lost his stride, and the purple still led. The English runner, whose knees seem to reach his chin when he strides along, waited till the last half of the final lap before making his bid. Coming of the next last bank, however, Mednis's shoe either fell or was torn off, and the disadvantage proved our downfall, and the blue thundered into a five-yard victory, Mednis finishing *sans* shoe. Dorchester was never a prominent figure in the race.

The fighting spirit of both our relays was that which has characterized the work of the track team this entire year. The paucity of Latin School men in the stands at our meets is discouraging to the team. An effort should be made on the part of the student body to arrange for more **general attendance** at the meets.

— G. F. K., Jr., '31.

## LATIN VS. HYDE PARK

Weakened by the effects of the "flu" and the ineligibility of "Hick" Shea, regular wing, Latin School did well to hold Hyde Park to a deadlock. The score was 2 to 2.

Campana and Bush faced off, Lynch getting the puck. "Russ" then passed to "Campie," who in turn attempted a pass to "Bucky" Warren, which was intercepted by Dardinski, crack Hyde Park wing. Dardinski then proceeded to baffle all attempts on the part of our boys to halt him, and only a miraculous stop by Doneilan prevented Hyde Park from taking the lead. Finally, after five minutes of hard and fast hockey, Stepic took the puck away from one of our boys and went down the ice in combination with Best. There was a pass and then a cheer and Hyde Park was in the lead, 1 to 0. At this point, the second forward line was injected into the game. Kelley, immediately crashed his way through the Hyde Park defense and passed to Moore, but their effort failed. The rest of the period saw both teams making valiant but futile attempts to score.

The second period opened with the customary faceoff and saw plenty of passing. After eight minutes of scoreless play, Best, who had been living up to his name all morning, broke loose and passed to Dardinski, who crashed the puck past Doneilan for the second score of the game, and it looked like the "Swan Song" for Latin School. However, the old spirit asserted itself. Warren immediately took the puck and from the blue line whacked the puck between the enemy portals. It was a beautiful shot and the crowd showed its approval. With but five minutes to go and the Hyde Park boys, playing a defensive game, it looked gloomy for the purple cause. "Campie" got started up the ice, and after a fierce scrimmage in front of the net, tied up the score. Latin was forc-



ing the play the rest of the game, but to no avail. The bell sounded the end of the proceedings, and apparently saved Hyde Park.

Summary:

Boston Latin	Hyde Park
l.w., Warren (Moore)	r.w., Walsh
c., Campana (Capt.) Parks	c., Bush
r.w., Lynch (Kelley)	l.w., Dardinski,
	(Stepic)
l.d., Doyle (Mullen)	r.d., Uthoff
r.d., Weddleton (Warren)	l.d., Best
g., Donellan	g., Avery

Time—Two 15-minute periods.

Goals—Warren (unassisted), Campana (unassisted), Dardinski (Best), Best (Stepic).

Referees—Ted Lynch and Dave Noonan.

—J. K. L., '30.

\* \* \*

### MIDDLESEX MISSES

On January 12, the hockey team traveled to Concord to play its annual game with Middlesex School. We were the victors by the score of 1-0, but, as the score shows, it was a sharply contested struggle throughout.

As the game opened, Captain Campana, in combination with "Russ" Lynch and "Bill" Shea, invaded the enemy territory, but were soon repulsed. The game was on. Attacks and counter-attacks were repeatedly broken up by the defense men of both teams, and neither goal was threatened for the first five minutes of the game. Here our sextet gained its victory when Shea picked up a loose puck, weaved his way up the ice, got mixed in a scrimmage with the defense men, but, finally evading them, took the disc close to the Middlesex net and flipped the puck in as the defending goalie came out to meet the charge.

At the beginning of the second period, the opposition unleashed a fierce attack which kept our team busy fending off their

onslaughts which came like swarms of angry mosquitoes. Again and again, Woodworth, Prouty, and Hollis, who comprised the forward line of the opposition, in solo, duo, and trio flights, attempted to turn the tide; but some tight defensive play, brilliant checking by Doyle and Weddleton, as well as some hair-raising stops by Donnellan thwarted all their attempts.

Again in the third period, as in the second, the action and thrilling plays continued, with Middlesex on the offensive and Latin playing a defensive game, but when the final whistle blew, Donnellan had weathered the storm, and we were out in front by that lone tally.

The summary:

Middlesex School	Boston Latin
Woodworth, (Capt.), c.	c., Campana,
	(Capt.), (Parks)
Prouty, (Lee), l.w.	l.w., Shea, (Warren)
Hollis, r.w.	r.w., Lynch, (Kelly,
	Moore)
Shepherd, l.d.	l.d., Doyle
Fricke, (Leatherbee), r.d.	r.d., Weddleton
	ton
Beach, (Keyes), g.	g., Donnellan

Referee—Finn.

Score—Shea (unassisted).

Time—Three 10-minute periods.

—B. R., '30.

\* \* \*

### CHECKING THE B. C. H. HORDE

On January 20, at the Arena, our sextet triumphed over a clever, fast aggregation from B. C. High, by the score of 3-2. The game was held at 5 P.M., and a small group of loyal rooters were on hand to give the team a cheer as they skated on to the ice. This game did not affect our standing in the Boston Schoolboy Hockey League, as B. C. H., is only a guest of the league. "Hick" Shea was still out because of ineligibility, but it has leaked out that he will play in the Dorchester game. Let's hope so.



As the game opened, Campana took the face-off and passed to Warren, the latter circled our net, dribbled the puck by the defense men, only to be repulsed by the B. C. H. goalie. The game was on, attacks and counter-attacks were repeatedly blocked by the defense men of both teams.

Latin tallied less than 3 minutes after play was begun, when Campana faked a pass to Lynch and they split the defense and pulled Brennan, the B. C. H. goalie, out of the net to make the score possible. Several minutes later Boehner, right defense of the B. C. H. sextet, picked up a loose puck, and as he neared our defense let go a scorching shot that squeezed its way between Donnellan's shin-pads.

Coming back on the ice the team resumed its steady pace, when Parks let go a shot which Brennan, the B. C. H. goalie, kept at his feet. Lynch, always on the alert, swooped in and pushed the rubber into the net for our second tally. Toward the middle of the period, Parks took the puck in a scrimmage, made a solo dash down the ice, and registered what proved to be the winning tally of the game. During the rest of the game, our team was always on the defense, with our opponents trying to wipe out that 2 point lead. Toward the end of the game the B. C. H. left wing, McGovern, took the puck in a scrimmage, dribbled it down the ice, completely outwitted our defense and lifted the puck by Donnellan as the latter came out to meet the charge. The last 3 minutes were extremely difficult for our sextet, with the entire B. C. H. forward line continually swarming around our net, like a flock of hungry bees, in an attempt to turn the tide, but when the final whistle blew, Donnellan had weathered the storm and we were in front by that single goal margin.

B. C. High  
l.w., McGovern, Shanahan

B. L. S.

r.w., Lynch, Mullen  
c., Campana, Parks  
r.w., Conarty, Phelan l.w., Warren, Moore  
l.d., Walsh r.d., Weiddleton  
r.d., Boehner l.d., Doyle, Kelley, Ray  
g., Brennan, Gerry g., Donnellan  
Score—B. L. S., 3. B. C. H., 2.

Goals, Campana, Boehner, Parks, Lynch,  
McGovern.

Referee—Bailey.

Time—Three 10-minute periods.

—B. R., '30.

\* \* \*

### THE EAST BOSTON AFFAIR

On January 5, the team, continuing its winning stride, annexed another one-sided victory, the victim being East Boston by a score of 5-0. The team completely outplayed its opponent in every department, and our wings, going through their defense as if it were a paper screen, peppered the enemy net with accurate shots throughout the entire contest.

Captain Campana, to start the embroglio, took the puck, went down along the boards, and crashing through the defense, scored our first goal. Several minutes later, Doyle left his position of right defense, to go down the left side of the ice, and he scored. A moment later, from the face-off, Campana sent the puck from the blue line into the goal, taking the goalie completely unawares.

In the second period, "Hick" Shea dashed down the ice, cleared all obstructions, and scored. Soon after, Mullen cut their defense and registered our fifth tally.

The team co-operated very well. Campana, Shea, and Lynch were superb in the forward line, and Mullen did well. Doyle played well at defense, and also contributed to our attack. Weddleton played his usual reliable game at defense, checking the scoring attempts of East Boston with cool dispatch. —B. R. '30.



"Are you a pretty good judge of horse-flesh?"

"No, I never ate any in my life."

\* \* \*

The Girl: "Was your father out last night?"

The Boy: "Nah. Why?"

The Girl: "Somebody stole our Thanksgiving turkey."

\* \* \*

A Scotchman and an Irishman were playing golf. The Irishman had a paralytic stroke and the Scotchman made him count it.

\* \* \*

A Scotchman was being congratulated for winning a Packard automobile on a ticket that cost twenty-five cents. He replied that he didn't see where he had been lucky as he had another ticket that didn't win anything.

\* \* \*

Have you heard about the Scotchman who gave his wife a pair of rubber heels when she begged him for a spring outfit?

\* \* \*

The story is going around about a football player in a small college who was unusually dumb. To the surprise of everyone he passed all of his work, including a special examination in chemistry.

One of the instructors asked the chemistry professor how it was possible that

he passed chemistry. The chemistry professor said, "I decided that I would let him pass if he answered 50% of the questions correctly.

"I asked him two questions; one he answered wrong, one he answered right. Therefore, I let him pass.

"The first question was, 'What color is blue vitriol?' He answered, 'Pink.' That time he was wrong.

"The other question was, 'How do you make sulphuric acid?' He answered that he didn't know. That time he was right."

\* \* \*

English Teacher: "To-morrow, class, we will take the life of John Milton; so all come prepared."

\* \* \*

"What's the matter with your hand?"

"I was downtown getting some cigarettes and some big bum stepped on it."

\* \* \*

When Mexican parents want to scare their little boy, they tell him he may be president some day.

\* \* \*

Scot—"What' dae charge for a haircut?"

Barber—"Eight pence, sir."

Scot—"And how muckle for a shave?"

Barber—"Four pence, sir."

Scot—"Then gie me a head shave."

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# THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

## DIARY OF A SUCCESSFUL ARTIST

PHILIP BARBER

June 17. Arrived at St. Girons today. Immediately I took a brisk walk through the center of the village. What memories this quaint old town of the French Pyrenees brings back! How unchanged it is: the single church with its ivy-covered walls; the swift brook which flows through the uncultivated fields; and the monotonous row of houses which seem to have sprung from the earth. Every nook and every stone was familiar. It seems but yesterday that, arm in arm with Bertram, I walked down to the crumbling bridge, and gazing far over the undulating plain saw a lone farmer and his horse walk straight into the embrace of the setting sun. And for the trouble of turning around we saw the stately Pyrenees looming in the distance. How those sights used to set my young, artistic heart ablaze! But now, when I recall those last unhappy days at St. Girons, I shudder. Oh, Bertram! why did you ever leave the charming village! What ever possessed you to forsake your promising career because of a peasant girl—Yvonne! It seems so foolish now, looking back, but I suppose that then. . . .

June 21. I am not a religious sort of person, but, somehow, the church here in St. Girons draws people to it with an irresistible force. I remember still the story

of Francois, the poacher, who believed in nothing, yet every Sunday his figure was seen trudging from the woods, his gun over his shoulder, to church. And so it was with me today. I arrived late and took a seat near the door where no one could see me. Throughout the services I looked for familiar faces, but the peasants' backs were towards me and they budged not an inch. As soon as the last "Amen" had been pronounced, I quietly slipped out and made for the inn where I am staying. As yet, but few people in the village have seen me, and these were not in St. Girons twenty years ago! I walked around a bit during the last few days, but all the men were in the fields, and the women too. I knew the peasants would be making calls and taking walks—their one diversion of the entire week!—this afternoon and so I stayed indoors. I do not wish to be seen, for I am afraid that Bertram finally came back, and now is living as a peasant. He often said that nothing could approach the humble, simple life of these people. And, come to think of it, he determined to come back. But no! that could not be. Bertram was too brilliant to allow his powers to waste away in this lazy village. He probably went to America or Canada. But is thought of Bertram's return so fantastic?

I must remember, Bertram loved Yvonne.

June 23. A horrible occurrence has made me wish that I had never come to St. Girons. While slowly meandering towards the western side of the town, I passed a field wherein were working several men. One of them was sitting down his head bent in deep thought. I paused to look, for it is an unusual thing to see a peasant not conscientiously working. He slightly turned himself so that from the elevation where I was I could clearly see his face, yet still remain invisible to him. I think it was Bertram! I am not sure, for his unkempt hair and beard cleverly shielded that countenance I used to know so well. But the eyes! From underneath a shaggy set of eyebrows his eyes gleamed in a ghostly manner. They seemed to sense my presence, and unwittingly the peasant arose and furtively he glanced around, as if some one was spying upon him. From behind the shelter of some bushes I stared at him for fully a minute. I am not certain that it *was* Bertram. A sudden impulse urged me to approach the man and ascertain the truth, but those eyes which reflected misery and torture formed a barrier between myself and him. If it was Bertram! How could I ever talk to him after twenty years—years that have been replete with fruitful work and unending joy for me—years that must have weighed heavily upon his heart.

June 24. I spent a solitary, sorry day in my cheerless room thinking back over the years. The whole business has come back to me, as clear as though it happened but last week. It all started at Oxford where Bertram and I lived together for three years. Both of us determined to be artists: he had already done much painting; I had merely dabbled. One day my friend found me reading in my rooms, and suggested that we leave school and travel

through the southern part of France. The idea pleased me, for academic life was becoming monotonous, and so within a month we arrived at Paris ready to leave for the south. Ah! those happy months, when through the little French villages we journeyed, stopping here and there to sketch a particularly attractive landscape! For three months we lived thus until we reached St. Girons. Here we decided to rest awhile. We put up at the inn—the same at which now I'm staying—and daily made excursions through the woods and even to the mountains. Winter was coming on, however, and we did not know whether to go on to Paris or remain at St. Girons. An accident decided us. One day, while hurrying home, I tripped and fell and broke my leg. Luckily we had not far to go. Soon I was comfortably installed in my big bed at the inn. But here I would receive no care, so Bertram looked about the village for a peasant's home that could accommodate me, and next day I was taken to Delouche's. 'Twas here we met Yvonne. She was the daughter of Delouche and kept house for him, for her mother had died several years before. Oh! those painful, happy days at old Delouche's—painful for my leg hurt terribly—happy for the tender Yvonne was near me. I remained at Delouche's throughout the winter, while Bertram stayed at the inn. But every day he came to supper, and what jolly times we had—Bertram, Yvonne, and I. When spring arrived my leg had healed sufficiently so that I could resume my tramps with Bertram, although I could not walk too far. Yvonne accompanied us now, and when we stopped to paint, she curled up on a bed of moss, and silently she watched us work. Ofttimes the two of us would walk together—Yvonne and I, while Bertram went to sketch some scene



too far away for me to walk. Yvonne was more anxious to hear of life in London and Paris. Her eyes shone when I talked of this and that—commonplace occurrences which stirred her imagination. Our friendship, begun when I was sick, grew rapidly while Bertram was assiduously working far away. One day, alone with her, I asked her to become my wife. She said nothing for a moment and then astonished me by saying: "But Bertram?" I did not see what Bertram had to do with it and told her so. She regarded me with a questioning expression for a moment which left her face as suddenly as it had appeared and then she smiled and acquiesced. Hand in hand we walked back to her home and told her father. He was pleased—so pleased, in fact, that he wept. Bertram was due to dine with us that night, but I hurried to the inn and found him reading in his room. He saw my elated face and smiled. "Have you finally expressed yourself on canvas?" he joked. "Far better"; I answered. "Yvonne has consented to marry me." His reaction was not what I expected. His eyes reflected misery and torture. Slowly he crossed the room and gazed pensively through the window. I could not comprehend his attitude and asked him why he acted so. "I leave for Paris this evening," was his only rejoinder. And then I realized—he too loved Yvonne! I was thunderstruck. I tried to say something, but he interrupted me. "No, my friend, I cannot stay here any longer. I should have known that she would marry you. You love her and she loves you. It would be folly for me to remain. But where will you live—here in St. Girons?" "For a while," I answered, "and then Paris or London." "Oh, well," he said, "perhaps after you have left I shall return to this old village that I love so well." I tried to reason with him, but he left the room.

I told Yvonne that Bertram did not feel well, and would not eat with us that evening. Next morning, when I inquired at the inn, he had departed. Twenty years ago! Since then I have become a famous painter but no word from Bertram.

June 28. Sunday again, but I did not go to church. I have been thinking incessantly about the man I saw in the fields. I am afraid that it is Bertram. It would be best if I left for Paris. Suppose I met the man and he turned out to be Bertram! We would gape at one another, finding nothing to say, and then depart with only bitter memories. I shall do as I have already decided—leave for Paris.

June 30. It is Bertram! I delayed my departure, for some unknown reason. Last night I took a walk out and met him by the river. He heard me coming and turned, and then, just as if we had been together all these years, he offered me his hand and said, "Good evening, Warren." I took his hand, mumbled something and then sat down upon the grass. A painful silence followed, broken only by the rippling sound of the silver river. And then, not knowing what I said, I asked him to tell me what he had been doing during twenty years. Mournfully he gazed at the orange slab of sun just disappearing over the horizon, and then began: "I went to Paris as I said I would that evening so long ago, and remained there six months. Then I returned here, after learning you and she had left, and lived here as a peasant. And as such you see me now. Forgive me for my conduct that last night, but. . . ." He paused for a moment and then rushed on, as if afraid to lose the thread of his discourse. "But tell me, how is Yvonne? I have heard of all your successes from the papers, but never a word of your wife. Tell me, is she well?" I was irritated at this speech and angry and jealous at his eagerness to learn about

the girl who had been so quickly forgotten by me after her death. Why should he remember all these years? Seldom had I thought of her until my return to St. Girons. So very brusquely and with a touch of malice I told him the truth: "Yvonne died a year after our marriage." His face went white and then without a word he left me.

July 1. The village has been in a turmoil all day. A peasant, on his way to work, stopped to call for one of his companions, and found him dead. He had committed suicide by hanging. I guessed the truth at once and hurried to the place.

It was Bertram. All these years he had cherished the thought of seeing Yvonne once more, and when he learned of her death, there was nothing more for him. Poor fellow! I sympathized with him, but after all, we must learn to bear these shocks of life. At any rate I'm leaving here as soon as possible. Shall I ever be able to erase from my mind the picture of Bertram lying on his rude couch, his neck swollen and bruised? Or the sad, sweet face of Yvonne, who left me—or Bertram—nineteen years ago?

Perhaps in Paris—or London!

Vale—St. Girons!



COL. PENNEY

It is with a feeling of sincere regret that the cadets of the school reflect on the departure from our midst of Lieutenant-Colonel George S. Penney.

He has been ordered to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, there to attend the school for staff commanders. This distinguished honor is accorded to but twenty-seven officers each year. We are gratified to learn, however, that he will return to Boston in late June, and, upon the September following, will resume at the school his able instruction in the art of military drill.

A fitting token of the esteem which he enjoys in the hearts of Latin School boys was the splendid present given him on the day of his departure by the cadets of the school. During his absence, his post will be filled by Lieutenant James A. Caffrey of the One Hundred and First Field Artillery of the Massachusetts National Guard.

# CONFLICT

EDWIN W. FULLER, JR.

Pierre sat quietly on the stone fence near the outskirts of the village. It was all rather silly, he told himself. This war. Shooting his fellow-mortals, watching his comrades, men whom he knew and loved, watching them fall helpless to the ground, struggle and lie still. He flicked the ashes from the end of his cigarette and continued staring moodily at the dust. A late afternoon sun paled over the village. At least, it had once been a village. Now a mass of ruins was all that remained. Deadly shells had fallen with even more deadly accuracy. Winged messengers of death had spread destruction on all sides. The streets were piled high with red slate and grey, broken stones. Gaping holes in the sides of houses revealed overturned chairs covered with fallen plaster, where once had been peaceful homes. The battered and crumbled ruins were mute testimony of the marksmanship of the German gunners.

Just why there had to be a war was beyond Pierre. But it was his duty to fight—his duty to his country and he would not shirk it. His father had been a soldier, a private first class in the First French Infantry. He had given his life defending the Tricolor. His grandfather had given his. Pierre liked to get off by himself and think of his family and best of all his home nestled in the heart of Alsace-Lorraine. He raised his eyes and gazed toward the distant hills. He'd go back when the war was over. Back to Mother and sis and—he wondered where Leon was. Leon had been drafted by the Germans. Good old Leon. He, Pierre, had been more lucky. He had escaped from joining the Huns and had volunteered for the French. He was frankly a patriot. "The peace of the world is in

danger" he would say solemnly. "Every man owes it to his country to fight for Democracy." He often thought of Leon. He had not been heard from in a long time. One letter from Berlin with news that he was going to the front and another before the big German drive and never another word. Pierre knew what that meant. Probably dead. That's war. Leon. He never harmed anyone. And to think that he, Pierre was fighting against him, his own flesh and blood. He remembered the childhood days they spent together in Alsace. Days of joy and sunshine, days of happiness before the horrible war. Pierre's thoughts returned to his surroundings. It was the afternoon before the attack. That night the men would take over the trenches from the English. At dawn they would be on their way across the fields that lay so quietly now. There was a certain tenseness in the village; men were looking at their rifles once more and fingering bandoliers of cartridges. A series of staccato blasts on the bugle broke the dusky afternoon quiet. Pierre rose and headed toward his quarters.

Everywhere was excitement as he reached the village. Heavy trucks loaded with emergency rations and ammunition thundered through the village, their horns shrieking a continual warning. Pierre grabbed his rifle, pack, and helmet, and hurried to join his company. Olive-drab figures scurried here and there. Ejaculations, hurried orders, and sharp commands filled the air. It was dark when Pierre's Company was assembled. The road was filled to overflowing and those that were not standing at ease waiting for orders were lolling in the ditches on either side of the road, smoking and talking.



"Company, fall in!"

A sudden scrambling of men all around them as the companies began to form. A few moments wait and they began to move. Through the pitch darkness along the road they marched, cursing and stumbling over unseen ruts. The harsh voice of an M. P. cut the night air and turned the column from the main road into a field of half-ripened wheat stalks. They had traversed the field but a short distance when a guide met them and took them in tow for half a mile over rough ground that terminated abruptly into an abandoned line of old German trenches. There had been little fighting in this particular spot and the trenches were dry and in fair condition. However, they did not stop here, but continued forward and entered a communicating trench that led to the very front of the sector. The companies undergoing relief passed them on the way out. The change was executed quietly and with very little talking, quietness being absolutely essential for masking troop movements. Speedily they sloshed through the mud. In five minutes they were settled in the front line.

Their first night in the trenches was marked by a cold wind blowing a still colder rain. The mud sucked at their shoes as they moved back and forth to keep warm. Everywhere it seemed was mud—black, slimy, filthy mud. Presently it became warmer and all but the sentries crouched in the bottom of the trench and tried to gain a bit of sleep before going over the top. The darkness was lighted only by an occasional bursting shell or the flash of a watchful machine-gun.

A bit before dawn, a deafening roar thundered over the trenches. It seemed as if ten thousand dogs had been unleashed; they crackled and barked in short high *yaps*. Behind them mastiffs boomed and bayed. There was a singing in the

air above—the whispering whine of shells speeding to the German lines. The bombardment had begun. Pierre rose with the others and adjusted his equipment. He then took his place at the fire-step of the trench, ready to attack as soon as the guns should cease firing. From the German trenches many lights suddenly shot up, white flares and strings of red or green balls which floated in the air. Presently a feeble counter-barrage was set up. There was the *plop-plop* of shells before the trenches, falling short. The soldiers tightened their belts and grinned weakly at one another. As if the bombardment had been a signal the mist began to clear away. It faded, melting into shadowy wreaths and spectres of white, then it was gone. The officers watched its going with anxious eyes. The sky became orange and then intensely blue. A distant hill was tipped with scarlet as if a hot tongue licked at it, and the sun arose. The noise of the guns ceased as sharply as it had begun. In the poignant silence that followed a lark could be heard, thin and clear, high up. A whistle blew, mocking it, and the men were swarming over the trenches, kicking their way up, sliding back again in the damp clay, struggling forward again. The attack was on. Pierre found himself walking forward with the rest of his company. The men were separating, slipping farther away on each side. Far to the right were a number of men bent low and running. Here and there a man would stop short, spin suddenly, or sag forward to the ground. He knew of course that these men were dead, yet it seemed impossible. They were like dolls, that had never held life, as though stuffed with rags and inanimate.

The German resistance was stiffening. Now the ground was dotted with puffs of white and dun-colored smoke. The roar of exploding shells had become al-



most continuous. The vicious *rat-a-tat-tat* of machine guns was heard and where the bullets swept the ground, bits of dirt and stones heaped up. A Niagara of snarling, grinding sounds merged and mounted in an ever increasing crescendo. The sharp crack of rifles, the explosion of grenades, the torturing scream of shells were a bedlam. Under the impact of it all the earth shuddered in convulsion. It was a nightmare world wherein Death stalked. Over the face of No-Man's-Land an ominous cloud of stinging black and white smoke clung, concealing the piles of dead. The olive-drab wave swept grimly on. To the left a machine-gun nest suddenly came alive. Death spattered into the extended formation of the soldiers. Men clapped hands to head and chest. Men buckled at the knees and slumped down. One minute they were cautiously advancing, the next they were lying very still, their unseeing eyes vacantly contemplating the bleak day. The sun hid its face; unwilling, perhaps, to look upon the scene of carnage. Pierre found himself in a wheat field. It was hard to run through, but he was glad to be in it, for he could not see the men who fell. Their voices reached him though, anguished, imploring or crying fretfully like children. The poppies ran like flame through the tall wheat, here a thin line of scarlet, there bursting into fiery patches, but they were no brighter than the bursts of fire from the rifles and machine-guns opposite. Now they emerged from the wheat field. Here the ground was bare, covered with shell-holes and rocking under the explosions. On the spur of a hill a hundred yards away, three Germans crouched in a machine-gun nest. Pierre could see their helmets like turtles' backs rising just above the concrete emplacement. Methodically the man at the gun began to swing it, now to the right, now center, now to the

left, pausing at each angle, then swinging back again. The two men with him kept watch, preparing the cartridge belts and directing the fire. The handful of men beyond the wheat withered away under it. They were frantic living figures, and then they were gone. There remained olive-drab blotches of clothing. On they came raging, onto the village, chasing the enemy from their refuge. The *rat-a-tat-tat* of machine-guns, the whine of shells, the crack of rifles, the dull thud of running footsteps, the hoarse cries of the soldiers, the explosions of the shells, all combined to make the most terrible noise conceivable. Men clutched at their throats, slumped to the ground, shuddered, and remained motionless. The moaning of shells, the spit of the anti-aircraft, the hum of motors, the puff of exploding shrapnel, continued. Into the hail of flying death rushed the French.

As they approached the village they met resistance. Behind walls and in deserted homes the enemy hid, firing into the midst of the oncoming troops. The village had been well fortified. Machine-guns were in every conceivable place and covered every approach. Incessantly the Huns poured forth their deadly fire. The first line was literally cut to ribbons. A curtain of fire swept back the advancing troops. Shells were bursting on all sides, hurling dirt and men alike into the air. Machine-guns spat their death in the midst of the inferno. The men tried to advance,—and fell. No one could stand before that devastating fire. Wildly the men sought cover. A tremendous explosion shook the ground. Pierre flung himself forward into a shell hole. For a moment the air was full of singing metal and he closed his eyes. He waited a moment and then peered cautiously over the top of the shell-hole. He could see no French at all. They were evidently hiding in shell craters

like himself. Now the Germans began shelling the French. Trench mortars began dropping shells among the men with deadly effect. This continued steadily till nightfall, when it abated somewhat. Pierre crouched close to the bottom of the shell-hole, keeping as close to the side as possible, watchful and alert for the unexpected. Minutes dragged slowly and painfully. Coarse voices mumbled in a strange tongue. Occasionally his sharp ears caught the squash of earth under heavy boots. Hardly daring to breathe, Pierre gripped his rifle tighter and stared out into the inky blackness of the night. Gradually the voices died away as the raiders retreated to their own lines and silence fell upon Pierre's ears—the silence of sounds close by. Far off occasional peals of thunder rumbled warningly. A storm was gathering. Nearer and nearer it came, increasing in volume as it swept across the heavens. A flash of lightning rippled across the sky followed closely by a reverberating cackle like the tearing of a piece of linen. Sudden intense brightness slithered the heavens, revealing dark, billowing masses,—rain clouds. In a few seconds the first few drops spilled over the earth, big drops that made a tinkling sound as they splattered against Pierre's steel helmet. He realized the necessity of getting out of the shell crater. It was get out or get soaked to the skin. He struggled to his feet. By this time the rain was coming down in a drenching downpour. He scrambled up the muddy sides of the hole with difficulty. A blinding flash of lightning sent him sprawling to his face. He jumped quickly to his feet again and lurched through the darkness. The storm seemed to increase rather than to diminish. Rolling peals of thunder gave added impetus to his running legs. He had gone forward for what seemed to him a few hundred yards or so when he

halted and began to go more cautiously. The storm seemed to lessen now and the thunder died away with a few distant rumblings. Except for the crunch of his hob-nailed boots on the earth, no other sound disturbed the blackness of the quiet night. Slowly Pierre went down into a little ravine. Here ribbons of fog shut down, hiding the dead. The fog was getting thicker rapidly. Already things in the distance were somewhat blurred. Merciful fog. It blotted out the horror on every side. He glanced around impatiently. What was the matter with his eyes? He couldn't see a thing. A heavy blanket of fog had rolled up. Pierre swore at the fog and climbed to higher ground. Fog, wet and clinging, was there too. He'd have a tough time finding his trenches again. Ah, that was better. A blood-red moon was struggling through the fog. In the spots where the fog was lighter, an eerie illumination resulted. In an hour the moon might be clearer and the fog would be gone. A gentle wind fanned Pierre's cheeks. He smiled. The breeze would drive this white curtain away quickly. On he trudged. As he surmised, the fog went swiftly before the breeze. Suddenly a star-shell lit up the scene. Pierre dropped flat on his face. Low guttural voices sounded close at hand. He would have stumbled over them in another moment had not the star-shell impeded his progress. For several anxious minutes Pierre remained prone upon the ground, expecting every second to hear the zip and whine of machine-gun bullets speeding overhead. Following five minutes of patient listening, he heard the crunching of heavy boots moving about twenty yards away. Two silhouettes flicked momentarily against the lighter background of the sky, then disappeared. Pierre decided to take no chances, and began to crawl cautiously back the way he

had come. He had retreated about a hundred yards when he made a halt to catch his breath. To the left he heard some one else crawling—crawling toward him. He wheeled and faced in the direction from which the noise came. He waited in silence. Nearer and nearer came the man. Pierre was about to thrust his gun into the man's face and command silence when another huge star-shell flared above. Pierre stared wide-eyed at his adversary. Beneath grime, mud, and a two weeks'

growth of beard, Pierre recognized the features.

"Leon!"

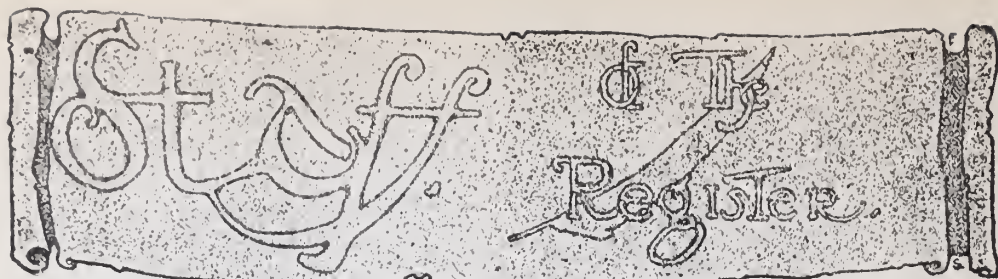
"Pierre!"

There was the whine of a shell as it tore on its way and a terrific explosion as it burst in No-Man's-Land. Where two figures had been lying close together remained a gaping hole from which drifts of dun colored smoke rose up into the inky blackness.

## LAMENT

*A Triolet*

I just flunked my French,  
Will I pass it again?  
I mourn at my bench:  
I just flunked my French!  
My mind tries to quench  
This thought—all in vain!  
I just flunked my French.  
Will I pass it again?  
—*Philip Barber.*



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## DE LIBRIS MENTIBUS

As the youth advances through his 'teens, his former rosy ideas of the beauties of the world and the joys of living slowly fade. A period of depression and pessimism follows, often with serious consequences. He sees the world as a monotonous cycle of drabness, of sin, and of sorrow. Such a view of the earth may fade in intensity as he grows older, but it will usually remain to reappear when things go wrong. It becomes an unconscious passion with most people to break away from the grayness of the world, and the methods used are various.

Some people use drugs. The percentage of dope addicts is much larger than the average person would imagine, and all are using it for the same purpose—at first at least. They wish to drift into a soft haze through which the world seems peaceful and beautiful. In that world, there are no bill collectors and no toothaches. A somewhat similar way of obtaining delightful oblivion is by the use of intoxicants. The cure, however, is worse than the disease. Then we find millions of people who go to the "movies" and read romantic novels, because they wish to see the world as it should be rather than as it is. The more frequently the hero, after surmounting incredible obstacles, wins the fair heroine and her million dollar dowry, the more easily they forget that they never even met their fair heroine, or hope to see a small part of a million dollars.



There are certain rare persons, however, who can leave this poor planet without emotional assistance, and float on the clouds of a higher intellectual plane. They have broken contact with this world, so, for want of a better name, let us call them "free spirits." They see the world and see it whole. They have no religious or racial prejudices and bigotry, no narrow nationalism, masquerading as patriotism, no political bonds, no hypocritical subjection to existing convention when they believe them bad. They seek truth, and, on the road, find peace.

They are usually persons who have broken free from their mental bonds with great difficulty and sorrow. They have suffered much and now see the cosmic values with a clear, calm judgment. When one has attained the free spirit, one no longer receives those events which go to make up the less pleasant side of experience with rebellion and attempts at oblivion, for one realizes that experience brings peace, personality, and poise, and that sorrow purifies the soul.

The free spirit is not always seeking to catalogue his philosophy. He does not drift mentally until he can decide that he is an agnostic, a hedonist, a pessimist, or what not. He finds no necessity for forming a club of those of similar beliefs. Today, we even have societies of those who believe in nothing. Soon we shall have a large club of those who belong to no club.

Among free spirits are some of the greatest and some of the humblest figures in history. All of the great religious philosophers were spirits more or less free. Ghandi is one as far as his philosophy is personal. Rolland is one, if we may judge from his writing. Tolstoi could never break entirely free, but his terrific struggle to do so re-echoed around the civilized world. Probably the best example of a spirit serenely free is Thoreau, whose *Walden* has been declared by Arnold Bennett to be a book which no one can read carefully without finishing it a different man.

—W. C. Q.

## CIVILIZATION

As we all know, the history of Civilization has its beginning in the era of the Caveman.

The Caveman—progenitor of civilized Man! Behold him: born a forlorn waif, abandoned, searching for his own food; growling as he bites savagely into a lump of unyielding flesh oozing with blood; quarrelling savagely with his equally savage brother; quaking with fear, standing behind his frantic mother, terrified, appalled by the terrible unfamiliar sight of a sabre-toothed tiger staring fiendishly, though fearfully, at them through the mocking, challenging glare of a fire. Fire! the life of Man! Without Fire, Man would steadily have been forced down the ladder of **Civilization**. Civilization! the reaction to Man's emotion! Emotion! the promptings of desire, fear! Fear! the effect of ignorance! Ignorance! the curse of Man-kind!

This epitomizes the story of Man. Ignorant, fear—beridden, terrified, reduced to a blubbing mass, he scuttles, like the beast that he is, into a burrow. There, having made himself secure, he falls asleep—his mind is still in a torpor. He

awakes, discovers that he is famished, and, after a great many furtive glances hither and thither, he once more scuttles forth, the hunted on the hunt!

An hour or so later he returns, gnashing his teeth, maddened, revengeful: the prize at his feet, dead, he had been attacked by a roaring ferocity, and had fled.

There are the first emotions of Man: fear, anger, lust for revenge. From these is derived mental activity—true, the activity of a dull mind, but an activity, a change!

These motivate the great inventions: the club, the lance, the spear, the sling, the bow.

With these arrives the lust for more knowledge. Medicine and its use is discovered.

For the first time, Man is supreme. No more is he worried by nature and her doings, no more is he the chattering tool of nature; but Man, he is Man!

His burdens and worries lightened, he turns to pleasure, to study. In his studies marvels are bared to his mind, in his pastime with members of the opposite sex he is enthralled by beauty, he attempts to make himself appear handsome, brave, almighty before the shrine of his ideals.

From this point on Civilization is prompted, generally speaking, by one thing, a function of the Emotions—Rivalry!

Rivalry! it has caused jealousy, hate, war, wonderful deeds. Abolish it, and, as a simple matter of fact, Civilization will be deterred in its progress; continue with it, and Civilization will advance by leaps and bounds, as it has been doing.

It is true that Rivalry causes iniquity; but there is no factor whatsoever that can further Civilization without the accompaniment of sin—for Civilization is the embodiment of the effects of the promptings of Emotion, Rivalry, in which the warring factions of good and evil struggle fearfully in a battle out of which good alone must inevitably emerge victorious.

—N. L.



# ON THE MECHANISTIC CONCEPTION OF LIFE

W. CARROLL QUIGLEY

After years of investigation, science is still unable to give an explanation of life. There are investigators who believe that every life process, even mind, can be explained in terms of the physical science. Yet they are unable to give us answers to our questions, contenting themselves with saying that, although they are unable to do so now, the time is not far distant when answers will be forthcoming. Although science can tell us such amazing things as the mass, velocity and electrical charge on an invisible thing like an electron, life, one of the commonest of nature's phenomena, is still a mystery and seems likely to remain so for some time. It is not our purpose to say that biology is a hopeless science, for its discoveries and investigations are too wonderful and too amazing for us to minimize without making ourselves ridiculous. But it is typically human to ask, "Why." When our questions are unanswered, we wonder if it is possible to know.

In 1912 Dr. Alexis Carrel cut a piece of protoplasm from an embryo chick and, by keeping it on a glass plate in a suitable temperature, has kept it alive until now. We know it is alive because it must have broth-like food, it must have its waste products washed away as all life must, and it must be cut down when it grows too large. In fact, we are told that if it had been allowed to grow uninterruptedly during the past seventeen years, it would theoretically be a mass of cells larger than the solar system! Such a form of life seems to be but waiting for the scientist to explain its vitality by a few chemical formulae. But can the mechanist tell

us why those cells which in the embryo would have differentiated into a heart, now refuse to do? Can he tell us why those cells destined to be a heart would have become a wing, if they had been grafted on that part of the embryo where the wing was to appear? Of course he might explain this by means of hormones or other catalectic agents, but this is merely speaking beside the real point.

In order to understand our argument against the mechanistic conception of life, we must recall that all matter as we now know it, falls into several main classes. These are: electrons, atoms, molecules, cells, and bodies. Each of these levels consists of the previous ones, yet its characteristics are entirely independent of its constituents. A man might know everything about oxygen and hydrogen; yet, if he had never seen water, he could not possibly attempt to forecast what the union of the atoms of these two elements would result in. He could not guess that the compound of these elements would be a liquid, a solid, or a gas. He would not know that water is densest at 4 degrees C, and that it boils at about 100 degrees C if it is given sufficient heat. It seems to us that the scientist who tries to explain life in terms of physics and chemistry is in the same position as the man who tries to explain the behavior of water by adding the characteristics of its elements. The "laws" pertaining to one system do not necessarily apply to or survive in another. Because the mass of an electron increases as its velocity approaches that of light is no reason why a molecule or a body should do likewise.

We may ask what then is the cause of the new or lost properties. The answer is that something new has appeared. This something is *form* or *organization*. Indeed we recognize this to be so in life, for we call all its various forms organisms instead of, say, vitalisms. The form or organization in turn brings those characteristics peculiar to their level. For example, when cells unite to form bodies, we get mind. A well-known example of the importance of organization is found in the isomers of organic chemistry, where substances having the same composition have different properties due to a different arrangement of the atoms within the molecule. It is a case where the whole

is not equal to the sum of all its parts because the whole has form which the parts lack.

This argument, that those scientists who believe in a mechanistic conception of life are wrong because they are trying to interpret life processes in terms of laws generalized for inorganic forms of matter,—can be attacked on the ground that it is based on analogy. But are not some of the most important physical and philosophical concepts based on analogy? The Encyclopedia Britannica states that language itself is based on analogy. Dispensing with it as a legitimate method of reaching conclusions would seriously handicap thinking process.

## SAVED BY THE BELL

DONAL M. SULLIVAN

Bespectacled ogre enthroned on his  
chair—

One youth has not studied his lesson.  
He's worried, he's fearful, on end stands  
his hair;

Will he bluff it or make a confession?

Jones. Johnson. Sanderson. Fair.

One more victim, and then—O despair!  
Hope springs eternal. . . . He looks  
at the clock;

A few more of tick and as many of tock  
And the doors of suspense will once more  
unlock.

Into the corridor then will he hasten,  
Spared of the cipher for poor recitation.

The merciless voice pronounces his  
name.

He rises to try, his beginning is lame. . . .  
Then the clarion call upon the room came!

Saved by the bell!



*The following essays were read by their authors at the Washington-Lincoln Memorial Exercises held in Assembly Hall, Friday, February 15.*

## GEORGE WASHINGTON

DONAL M. SULLIVAN

There lies before me today a path well-beaten by countless mortals seeking to enhance the glory of one of the greatest of men, a road traversed by multitudes of mighty intellects, a subject on which little, if anything, remains unsaid, and a name on whose shining grandeur there can be placed no new laurels. Said that other great, good man whose name we commemorate today: "To add glory to the name of Washington is impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce that name and in its naked, deathless splendour leave it shining on." Yet, at this time of every year, throughout the wide expanse of this country, thousands of callow, fatuous young Americans are attempting to do just that which the exhortation of Lincoln forbade. Nineteen decades and seven years more have passed since the hand of death fell upon America's hero, and still there flows the endless stream of praise, still are sung his paeans by a mighty chorus, still worship at his honored shrine the people of the nation whose foundation he protected.

Time, the nearest approach to perfect judgment, has surveyed his record, and has pronounced him great. Generations of men have considered his character, his life, his works, and have left untouched the sanctity of his hallowed memory. Historians have surveyed and re-surveyed the course of his life and have united in declaring without flaw his reputation. His critics, and they are few indeed, failing to find any substantial defect, have seized in avid desperation upon those natural propensities to which all men are heirs. In a blind effort to sell their little book, they ignore the greatness of the man, pass over

his mighty accomplishments, forget his numberless good qualities, and dwell with determination upon trivialities. With almost childish glee they note that his loves were more than one, and some not wise. They search about through the archives of his life, and, having found perhaps some bit which tends to serve their puny purpose, bray their discovery to an amused world. Washington through the years has received such homage, has risen to so lofty a pinnacle in the estimation of posterity, that, beside the boundless tribute of the world, the vapid utterances of these insignificant mercenaries are as a whisper to the thunder of the heavens. The blinding light of his fame and the sun of his glory bleach the pages of the author who cavils at the man, and, abashed, the pigmy, who sought to detract, slinks to a corner.

His deeds are known to us. We have heard his story. We have remarked his accomplishment, at the age of twenty-one, of the difficult journey through the wilderness to warn off the French. As a soldier, his exploits and sagacity have astounded us. We have observed his qualities as a leader both in war and in times of peace, and with interest have followed his administrations as a statesman, at the helm of the Ship of State, steering with singular ability the uncharted course of the first presidency. The years of his administrations were pregnant with opportunities for error, but he erred not, and established lasting precedents for his successors. When, in the Whiskey Rebellion, the cries of "tyrant" and "king" were hurled at him, he felt the sting of the ingratitude and misunderstanding of his countrymen; he was disturbed in spirit,

but did not waver. And, his course of life run, we have wept at his bier, while the flags on the ships of a nation from which he had taken a prized territory stood at half-mast, and a public and official tribute was paid by another power on which he was about to lead the forces of the United States. And however his fellow-citizens may have misunderstood him in life, "they knew him when he died," and so we know him.

But what was there in him which has caused him to be enthroned so high in the respect, affection, and imagination of men? It may with justice be remarked that this question has been as fully answered as has his fame been established, but a brilliant historian has said, "General Washington is known to us, and President Washington. But George Washington is an unknown man." This statement may be true now, after the passage of so many years, but the men of his age, whose idol he was, whose undying confidence he won, whose respect he had earned, whose unanimous election to their highest honor he received,—they loved him. We know that his journey from the capital to Mount Vernon upon his departure from the presidency was one continuous demonstration of the exalted position he occupied in the esteem of his fellow-citizens. His nation wept at his death. Surely those who lived in his time are the best judges of Washington—the man, the personality—and we

of posterity have accepted their decision, and so it is that he lives, and will continue to live in the hearts of his countrymen. We do not idolize Washington the general; Washington the President is not the figure which commands the endless approbation of the centuries. It is Washington the man; aloof yet affable, aristocrat by birth yet a lover of democracy, exacting but not harsh, of fierce temper but not unjust, prudent yet not greedy, a considerate husband, a lover of children, and a kind, magnanimous master. We revere the memory of Washington the man—"Who comprehends his trust, and to the same

Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;  
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in  
wait

For wealth, or honours, or for worldly  
state.

Whom they must follow; on whose head  
must fall

Like showers of manna—

Whose power shed round him in the com-  
mon strife,

Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;  
But who if he be called upon to face  
Some awful moment to which Heaven has  
joined

Great issues, good or bad for human kind,  
Is happy as a Lover—is like a man  
inspired."



# ABRAHAM LINCOLN

EDWIN W. FULLER, JR.

No man in the history of the United States, with the possible exception of George Washington, has become to Americans so familiar or so beloved a figure as Abraham Lincoln. He is to us the typical American, the man who best represents our idea of what a true American should be. He is typical in the fact that he sprang from the masses of the people, that his chief desire was to be in accord with the beliefs and wishes of the people, and that he never failed to trust in the people and rely on their support. Everyone knows how he started with nothing, but by utilizing every opportunity for advancement, earned the right to live forever enshrined in the hearts of Americans.

And yet, he belongs not to the United States alone, but to the whole of civilized mankind. We can say without exaggeration that he has become a conspicuous figure in the history of the modern world. Without him, the events not only of our country but also of Europe would have been radically different. For he was called to guide the State in her greatest crisis. The struggle which has forever decided the question of slavery of man to man is one of the most critical which the world has ever seen. There came one awful hour when the powers of evil seemed almost too strong; when any but a most heroic race would have sunk under the blows of opposition. And in this crisis, came the most beautiful and heroic character ever to lead a nation—Lincoln. He was at the head of the government during what has been called "the largest and most violent political convulsion known to history."

At no other time did Lincoln display such power and sagacity of statesmanship as he did in his determination to prevent the "house divided against itself" from falling.

Someone has said that "Fame is fleeting as the winds" but Lincoln's place in history is assured. "All the symbols of this world's admiration are his. He is embalmed in song, recorded in history, eulogised in panegyric, cast in bronze, sculptured in marble, painted on canvas, enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, and lives in the memory of mankind."

He began life in poverty and obscurity in the wilderness, to end it in the full blaze of the white light that beats upon a form most conspicuous in the world's fame. He had no education, except what he gave himself, till he was approaching manhood. He was unable to obtain books of any kind with which to train himself. No school or university had any part in developing his powers. When he became a lawyer and a statesman, the years most favorable for study had passed and the opportunities he found for reading were small in number. He knew but few authors, though he knew these few thoroughly. By constant application, he learned a little mathematics but he knew no language except English, and knew little or nothing of world history or philosophy.

His lack of regular education was not made up for by association with society. Till he was a grown man he knew no people from whom he could learn those things with which the mind of a statesman should be stocked. Even after some years of legal practice, he had no one



with which to associate except the small town lawyers, who knew little more than he himself. Schools gave him nothing; society nothing. Yet his powerful intellect and resolute will helped him forge to the front. Isolation fostered in him self-reliance and the habit of reflection. He thought all his problems out for himself. Without vanity or ostentation, he was always independent, self-contained, prepared to take full responsibility for his acts.

The great predominating elements of Lincoln's peculiar character were his great power of reasoning, his excellent understanding, and an exalted idea of right and equity. His reason ruled all the other faculties and qualities of his mind. He was guided by this reason and his conscience—a deep broad, living conscience. His reason told him what was good and bad, just and unjust, and his conscience echoed the decision. He reasoned from his well-chosen principles with such clearness, force, and compactness, that the greatest intellects in the land bowed to him with respect.

Nothing discloses real character better than the use of power. It is easy for a weak man to be quiet and unassuming. Most people can bear adversity. But to obtain a true estimate of a man, give him power. It is to Lincoln's credit, that as President with almost absolute power, he *never* abused it.

To learn more of Lincoln we must pause and ask ourselves the question "What is a great man?" How far greatness lies in the power of the intellect, how far in the strength of the will, how far in loftiness of purpose—is a question too large to be debated here. But of Lincoln it may be truthfully said that in his greatness all three elements were present. True, he had not the brilliance either in word or actions, that dazzles. But he was

a patient, thoughtful man, whose brain was mighty enough to cope with the puzzling situations with which he was called upon to deal. His talent showed itself not in startling deeds, but in the calm quiet with which he made his decisions and in the tenacity with which he clung to these resolutions. Such were the qualities demanded of one who was to guide the country through the darkest hours of its existence. But the main-spring of his power, and the truest evidence of his greatness lay in the nobility of his aims, in the fervor of his conviction, in the stainless rectitude which guided his action and won for him the confidence of the people. Without these qualities he could *not* have succeeded.

Lincoln had a threefold greatness; he was great in life, great in death, and great in the history of the world. He stands forth in the annals of the world, unique in his character and majestic in his individuality.

Morse says in tribute to the Great Emancipator, "Let us not then try to compare and to measure him with others, and let us not quarrel as to whether he was greater or less than Washington, as to whether either of them set to perform the other's tasks would have succeeded in it or perchance would have failed. Not only is the competition itself an ungracious one, but to make Lincoln a competitor is foolish and useless. He was the most individual man who ever lived; let us be content with this fact. Let us take him simply as Abraham Lincoln, singular and solitary as we all see that he was; let us be thankful if we can make a niche big enough for him among the world's heroes, without worrying ourselves about the proportion which it may bear to other niches, and there let him remain forever, lonely, as in his strange lifetime, impressive, mysterious, unmeasured and unsolved."



# THE GRAVE-DIGGER

JOHN COLLINS

For quite a while, how long I really don't know, the little man across the table and I had been talking. Our topics had been varied, starting with accounts of mechanical efficiency and wandering with typical eccentricity to certain noteworthy coincidences. I was remarking that some of the less original spiritualists had fallen back upon this or that coincidence as proof of after-life. But here the little man with a vague air of excitement interrupted. I detest this, but it would have been rude to insist and too, with such a person as he was, a tale that caused even a hint of excitement was worth listening to.

So, under the faint light of the reading lamp, in a smoke filled room, surrounded by his books, the fellow sank into a reverie and with a distantly formal voice spun the tale:

Far in the northeastern corner of our State there once lay two towns separated by some ten miles of dusty gravel road. Between these and about three miles from the larger slept a graveyard. Here with a forlorn look it rested its tall lank grass, an ample home for crickets and its brown earth a final resting place for men. At the front some kind soul had planted trees and behind these barriers some one else had erected an emaciated iron fence surmounted by an ornate gate.

In this place one twilight a man was digging. With furious strength he was casting earth, vainly trying to beat the oncoming night. Suddenly he stopped and disgustedly threw down his spade. The twilight was drawing to a close as he drew from his pocket a flask filled with a yellow liquid. Several minutes later in the ending twilight one could see him,

lying beside the grave in a still, drunken stupor.

Day passed and a black sky replaced the old gray one. Clouds hid the stars and the moon. A dismal wind moaned through the trees over a mournful grave and up to a silent sky all was still!

Not far away a car broke down. The sole occupant clambered out, and after a minute of flashlight meditation commenced the dreary hike townward. As he walked he felt overwhelmed by the trees rising up appraisively on each side. Perhaps as he walked he wondered why at such a dismal place the car should have to fail him when through long years of daylight service it had faithfully carried him on his way.

Ahead there suddenly appeared an abrupt break in the tall wall of trees. Was it a house? On this possibility, he turned up to the place and finding a gate opened it. Creakily, it turned under his touch, admitting him to a long path. Save for a narrow opening the trees were everywhere, pitchblack phantoms outlined dimly a slightly lighter sky. The walker stumbled forward in the dark, chilled now and then as he touched something cold and unfriendly.

By now his patience was exhausted. He whirled around and started to leave. But a few paces of retreat and he doubled himself up against the surface of some hard object. His fingers unconsciously wandered over its surface. At the realization of what it was he stepped back, amazed, confused. For he had touched the smooth granite surface of a gravestone! "Where am I!" he hysterically queried. Could he be mad? Dully he found a desire to

scream and automatically repressed it. For a moment he stood still, trying to quell his excited nerves, trying to fight fear, to explain the queer monotonous throbs of a drum which after a few seconds he recognized as his swiftly beating blood.

Then panic won. He yelled, dived blindly for freedom and with stunning force ran into another marker of death. A step to the right and forward, only to be halted by another. The next detour was halted by several, close together. He had lost all sense of direction, he turned frequently, his mind reeled and his body kept going only by its own impetus. Suddenly he stopped. Dully he was aware that at his feet was a thing, soft and yielding!

Terror stricken he sank to his knees. His fingers were now wandering over a thing clothed in coarse cloth—a body. This shocking revelation paralyzed him but his fingers continued to move along. They crept up a collar to a cold unshaven chin, to a mouth soft and icy, nose, eyes—then he controlled himself and with a jerky motion stood erect. He leaned over and viciously kicked the body—once—twice and then exhausted sank against a stone. He felt sick—deathly sick.

At this moment the body lying stiffly on the ground commenced to utter queer sounds, frightful sounds. Could it have been seen it would have presented a horrible sight, kicked over on its side, arms outthrust, head bent back. And it was from such a figure that the noises came. Long piercing shrieks of torment dying out in an agonizing wail. Hysterical tears—ribald laughter, all were mingled in the sounds.

The janitor painfully stood on his feet. He leaned over the body and with determined, frantic strength lifted his foot for a final kick. Then the body whirled dizzily, rose, and soared before his eyes

with such a dazzling brightness that he had to close them. He felt soft earth against his head, felt the cold edge of a spade. But he did not move.

At that minute had the god-like hands of some breeze cleared from the moon's face the clouds, the satellite would have seen in a half-dug grave of a country cemetery a man's body, stiffening in some horrid position. Then even that cold-blooded earth's child would have turned away.

\* \* \* \*

Toward daybreak the clouds left. The clear full moon with amazing brilliance lit up the graveyard. In this place a man slept and dreamt. He had just awakened from intoxication to find himself in the midst of great clamor. Strange shrill whistles and fantastic groans, creaks, and above all an ever present thunder like roar. As he looked around he found that at his very feet lay a body. It was torn and bleeding but through the destroyed features it bore a distinct resemblance to his own. It was his! Then he located the origin of the sounds. They were those of his body, the squeaks, whistles—all. Because of the tone of the groans he felt that he was being tortured. He endured no pain, but his heart was depressed, uneasy. He screamed loudly and was surprised to find it coming *over* his body not *from* it. Then he came to a conclusion that was horrible, yet undeniable—he was dead.

"Yea! And at his feet his body lay, As a cast off cloak, that it might decay."

He tumbled it into the ditch and closed his eyes in the darkness. An appalling sense of sleepiness struck him and he rubbed his eyes half-heartedly, hoped it was all a dream, and opened them again. Then with a scream he fled from the place. He had seen it. His dead white, glaze-eyed body lying stiffly in the soft grave bottom.

A few days later he was found tramping the streets of the town. His eyes were staring, his mouth twisted. And all because of that body lying back there in the still moonlit yard.

The man finished his narrative and seemed to shrink visibly. I had not thought much of the story and it certainly wasn't truth, so as I left I made a caustic remark about reading Poe. He was shocked and hurried me away.

Months later I met him on the city streets leading a man. I stopped to talk and managed to look under the slouched hat of his companion. Under it gleamed two twisted eyeballs, white, diabolical. My friend was amazed at the start I made. I asked him who his groaning friend was. He hastily turned and as they hurried away called back sadly "My Brother."

## OUR SELVES

DONAL M. SULLIVAN

We live in an age whose deity is Janus. Not that this condition is peculiar to our age; far from that, for in every civilized age hypocrisy has been felt. We hold in reserve several selves, each in some particular different from the others; few, if any, are our true selves. These we produce at will, and when occasion demands. To ourselves we are not true, to our neighbors we are not natural. For each individual we present a different mask; for each environment we adapt our outward aspect. We are untrue to ourselves, and we cannot therefor be true to our fellows.

This realization is not by any means a new one. Perhaps the most striking dissertation on this phase of human existence is contained in O'Neill's "Great God Brown." Every day brings a fresh demonstration of the influence of two-faced Janus. Let us consider for an example an American schoolboy on his way to his institution of learning and in his day there. Says he:

"Good-bye, mother dear. No. I won't go with Johnny—he swears."

"How do you do, Mr. Jones? Rather a

poor day, is it not? Yes, I shall sing in the choir, Sunday—gladly."

"Johnny, look at that old buzzard; isn't he a saint, though?"

"Here's Helen. You should see her play basketball. She's terrible."

"Oh, hello, Helen. That was a fine game you played last week."

"Well here we are at the old penitentiary. Oh sir, may I make up that test?—The dirty skunk!"

"Company Attention! Hey, you sap, get your gun straight! You birds drill like a bunch of old women!"

"Grass drill today, Coach? Good, it builds you up for the games.—What does he think we are, steam engines?"

These may be his remarks of the day. They illustrate clearly the metamorphosis of thought, address, speech, and voice to fit the person and the situation. The facial expression is subject to like transformations. We are an aggregation of many-faced, many-tongued, false, and putty-like beings. Of a certainty, it is by no means a pleasing thought on which to dwell.



# School Notes



On Friday, February 15, the school commemorated the lives of Washington and Lincoln in the annual Washington Birthday exercises. It was necessary to hold three assemblies, due to our large numbers. At each of the three assemblies, Wm. A. Adler read Washington's "Farewell Address." Also at each assembly was enacted a scene from Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln." The part of Lincoln was portrayed by Bradford Sheppard, '29. Members of his cabinet were played by Julian C. Blaustein, Philip Barber, John Moynahan, William J. Sullivan, James J. Mellen, and Charles F. Donovan, all of '29. Southern gentlemen were Thomas H. Dowd, '32, and Charles W. O'Brien, '29. The latter took part in the absence of Edwin T. Anthony, '30. Clerks were Paul Curley, '31, Gabriel Ryan, '30, and Henry W. Smith, '31. Edward H. Hickey, '29, appeared in the role of a soldier, acting as messenger from Fort Sumter. The performance was coached and staged by Mr. Mark Russo of the faculty.

The Latin School Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Wagner, was heard at the first assembly. At the second, Mr. Sordillo and the Band played, and at the final meeting, the Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Hamblen, rendered a few selections.

To the first assembly Daniel F. Clare,

'29, read his essay on Washington and Karl T. Kaln, '31, his essay on Lincoln. William J. Loughran, '29, on Washington, and W. J. Callaghan, '30 on Lincoln, addressed the second meeting. The third and final assembly of the day, at which Classes I and II attended, was addressed by Donal M. Sullivan, '29, on Washington and by Edwin W. Fuller, Jr., '29, on Lincoln. At all the assemblies the school pledged allegiance to the flag.

At the close of school, there was held in the Drill Hall an exhibition drill arranged by Colonel Penney. The 4th Company, 5th Regiment, commanded by Captain Donal M. Sullivan, took the floor first and demonstrated the calisthenics. Next on the floor was the 8th Company, 4th Regiment, under the command of Captain Joseph W. Dolan, which executed company manoeuvres. The 3rd Company of the 4th Regiment followed, commanded by Captain Albert R. Lachacz, and demonstrated the manual of arms. The Drum Corps performed next under the leadership of Drum Major A. A. Herman. Last came the 9th Company, 5th Regiment, under the command of Captain William A. Adler, which demonstrated company manoeuvres.

The four companies, in the order of their previous appearance, formed a hollow square to salute the colors, then passed in review before Acting Major Bernard



Herman and Adjutant Carl Radlo. At three o'clock all the school hastened home for a much-needed holiday.

\* \* \*

Trials for the Senior Debating Team were held in Room 102, on Thursday, February 28. The judges were Messrs. Pierce, Norton, Sheehan, and Russo of the Faculty. Mr. Roland, Faculty Adviser of the club also officiated. Some fifteen aspirants for forensic honors competed. From these the following were chosen:

Charles F. Donovan, '29.

Edwin W. Fuller, Jr., '29.

Edward H. Hickey, '29.

Irving C. Levenson, '30.

Jason K. Lewis, '30.

Gabriel G. Ryan, '31.

From these six the Team will be chosen which is to represent Latin School in its first interscholastic debate. According to present indications this debate will be with St. Mark's School of Southborough. It will be held in our School Hall in the latter part of March.

\* \* \*

The fourth public declamation of the year took place before classes two and four on Friday, February 1, 1929. The program was varied although many of the old but not so favored ones were present for the first time. Hugo, Service, Wallace, and Kipling were in their allotted places. These gentlemen will persist in creeping into everyone of our public declamations. It seems impossible to keep them out. There was also a selection there by a gentleman called Anonymous. There were six "hero" stories and blood was shed but twice.

By far the most important event of the day was the fact that class II occupied class I seats. There was considerable brow lifting and expansion of chests among these youthful plebians. They enjoyed

the program for that reason if for no other.

\* \* \*

Classes I and II missed most of their first period Tuesday, December 4, because of Assembly. The head master announced that drastic measures would have to be taken to remedy the appalling frequency of tardiness in the month of two-headed Janus. The first month of the year 1929 showed a record of more than eight hundred offenders. Standing room is always at a premium in the detention room. The reputation of the Latin School is at stake and is not to be imperilled by anyone too indolent to get up on time.

Mr. Campbell then read a very interesting document, a petition signed half a century ago by all the clergymen and doctors of the city requesting that the school week be shortened from the usual six days to five. The plea was that the scholars' constitutions were being undermined through the prodigious amount of work they were obliged to do. The petition was granted, and so we all enjoy today the benefits of two days of rest not only the Chosen People (of Latin School), but even the heathen idolaters, they who worship the false gods of shorthand, bookkeeping, and yea even Art Appreciation!

Ten more minutes and the bell will ring: ah! No Latin test; a good idea these assemblies.

\* \* \*

On Monday, March 4, Classes three and four convened in assembly hall for the first time since the Christmas vacation. The saluting of the flag followed a violin duet by Mednis and Spector of Class one.

Mr. Campbell spoke of the careless boy who wasted the time of his teachers, Mr. Campbell and Colonel Penney, by piling up needless work. Our headmaster again spoke of misdemeanor marks. He said that there were no real mean or tricky

boys in the school. He also told us that a good reputation with the teachers is worth much. Mr. Campbell then spoke of the good traits of the two men whose pictures appear in the front of the hall. The picture on the left is that of Dr. Moses Merrill, headmaster of Latin School from about 1876 to about 1900. The one on the right is the picture of Dr. Arthur Irving Fisk, Dr. Merrill's successor as headmaster, and a master of Greek during Dr. Merrill's reign. Our present headmaster spoke of them as "two men as different from each other as two men possibly could be." Many interesting anecdotes were told of them. Mr. Campbell praised the honesty of these two men highly. After telling of the difficulty in passing Greek with Mr. Fiske, while he was a teacher, Mr. Campbell ended the assemblage by saying, "So you see what a soft place this school has become."

\* \* \*

In the afternoon Mr. Marson addressed the Literary Club on the subject of the novel as a type of literature. The modern trend is toward the "novelette," which is a compromise virtually between the short story to be read at one sitting and the long novel. "Three deckers" are passe. The purpose of the novel is summed up in one sentence by H. G. Wells: "The novel is to be a social mediator, a vehicle of understanding, an instrument of self-examination, a parade of morals, a factory of customs, and a criticism of laws, institutions, social dogmas, and ideas." This definition of the ideal novel is all the more significant seeing that Mr. Wells is not a layman but a novelist of no little worth.

\* \* \*

On Thursday, February 7, 1929, the Glee Club held its election. The following members were elected to office:

President, S. W. Manning.

Vice-President, A. B. Lord.

Secretary, F. M. Brooks.

Librarian, F. W. Callahan.

Assistant Librarian, M. Leader.

'Tis sad, but true. Not many boys appreciate true art. Here we have an organization as fine as any other in the school, suffering from a severe attack of "non-attendantritis." This grave calamity is caused mainly by a little oversight on the part of the school. The writer can well remember the time when the existence of a Glee Club was even doubted by some. Two years ago, after its highly creditable performance at Jordan Hall, everyone awoke to the fact that the organization was of some importance after all. Now, let us join in making this club a still more significant school activity.

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On January 28, the Cercle Francais held its regular meeting in the library. The speaker of the occasion was Mr. Arnold of the faculty, who gave a most interesting and instructive lecture on the famous sewers of Paris. Besides banishing many foolish notions about these subway-canals, he pointed out their practical value.

\* \* \*

It would be well if more members of the school spent a few moments in the library, if only to look at the fine exhibits Mr. Dunn has been making. The latest of these pertains directly to the Latin School containing the first number of the "Register," an old number of the "Satchel," dating from 1866, and a censure blank of Francis Gardner's time. Also there is a bound copy of a great number of petitions from professional men of Boston to the school committee asking that the students of Latin School be allowed three Saturdays for holidays! O! tempora! O! mores!

# Booke Reviews



J.C.M.

## DOSTOEVSKY: THE MAN AND HIS WORK

JULIUS MEIER-GRAEFE

"Dostoevsky opens up new worlds: the regions he explores were previously unknown to literature. And he creates Upheaval." With the preceding quotation, Meier-Graefe begins his work in which he seeks to show that Dostoevsky is one of the greatest of writers. He is not lax in adverse criticism, however, and certainly succeeds in making us realize Dostoevsky's worth if we have failed to do so already. He analyses each work in detail and points out passages which we failed to appreciate when reading it for the first time due to the fact that it is so realistic.

The biographer's style is not an asset to his work. It is a series of elliptic flights and long involved metaphors and similes. Frequent reference is often made to figures of speech, which were developed a hundred or more pages before. Verbless sentences and one-sentence paragraphs run riot. The reader gasps but continues.

Dostoevsky is a writer who has been too easily dismissed by non-Russians. We

are told that he is too morbid, and that is the end of him for most of us. It is true that his plots are of "dime-novel" color but his treatment has raised them almost to art. Murder may be the most trite and commonplace of plots, but as handled by Dostoevsky, it is far otherwise. His characters' motives are not those of most murderers. His characters, even minor ones, are three dimensional people who live and breathe. His children, especially, are the delineations of a master hand. He does not hesitate to use coincidents and events, which, without his able treatment, would be crude cases of *deus ex-machina*, but here are realized as the finest realism.

His training and personal life are exactly what we should picture for such a writer. He was an intellectual, who was very carefully educated in Pan-European rather than Russian circles. He was a thinker: a philosopher, a metaphysicist, and a psychologist, who was eternally pondering the ancient problems of life: good and evil, God and Humanity, purpose, cause, and end. Sentenced to death for conspiracy against the Czar, his punishment was changed at the last moment to



several years in the mines of Siberia. During most of his life, he was subject to epileptic attacks, which were preceded by a feeling of "ecstasy such as is normally impossible and of which others can have no inkling. You feel complete harmony in yourself and in the world, and this feeling is so sweet and so powerful that for a few seconds of this bliss you would give ten years of your life, indeed your whole life, Verily, a De Quincey without the opium!"

Anyone who has read his works can see that the source of many of his novels might be found in his own life, but his creative ability made this a supplement rather than a source. Here is a man well worth knowing. One writer has said of him: . . . "the man who has gone through the purgatory of Dostoevsky's novels emerges with a greater soul, with a wiser mind, with a wealth of unmatched experiences that give new meaning to this world."

—W. C. Q.

\* \* \*

## JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN

H. W. FREEMAN

Mr. Freeman has given a very true, understandable, lifelike picture of the English farmer. His style is admirable, admirable—in that it is original.

I cannot add to R. H. Motham's words, (part of his preface to "Joseph and His Brethren"): "The farm, then, is the subject of the book. There is no catastrophe. Several sudden deaths (so rightly observed by Mr. Freeman as taking place in the open air. 'Father and Mother died in the fields,' says Ben), but no violent ones are there; no purple lusts, but four absolutely life-like courtships, tongue-tied and progressing with accurate detail from bits of sweet mangold to chocolates, as the years advance, or even omitting both and going

straight to babies; no greater indulgences than beer that has been tolerated for seven hundred years and tobacco for three hundred. No frills, absolutely none. There is absence of far-sought effect, the direct pleasure in the model that happens to have been under the creator's nose since childhood."

But I may say that for those used to the delicacy and frills of present-day writers in describing romantic scenes, Mr. Freeman's contribution may seem very crude. For instance, the courting of Jessie, the postmaster's daughter, or the courtings of Nance, but they run hand-in-hand with the characters who are extremely crude and who seem to some, unnatural.

\* \* \*

## THE TREASURE HOUSE OF MARTIN HEWS

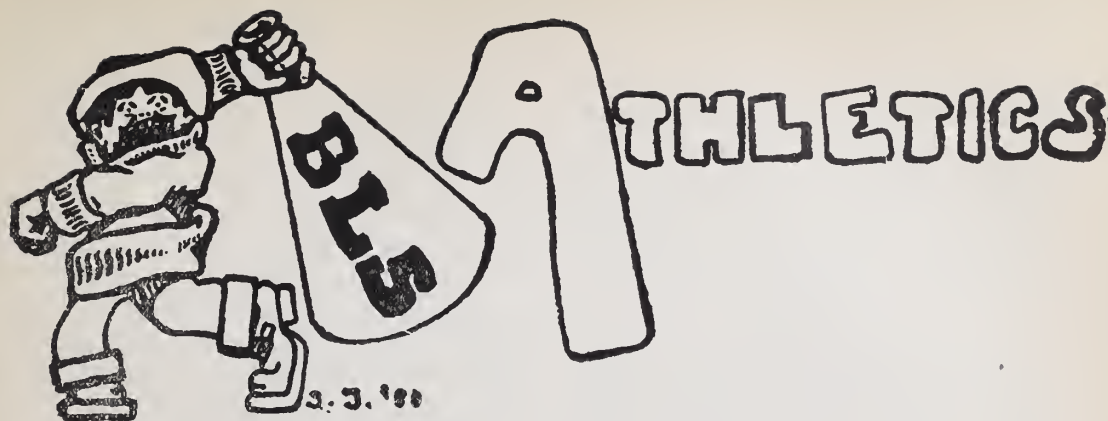
E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

The central character, Major Owstou, a penniless war hero and athlete, goes through many dangerous adventures for the benefit of his employer, the mysterious Martin Hews, a cripple, who owns a great house fitted with all kinds of electrical conveniences and protections for the magnificent art collection which he has amassed. While collecting these treasures (mostly in an unscrupulous manner) Hews meets Joseph, a master criminal, whom he hates and fears. They are constantly plotting against each other and there are grisly encounters, in which each holds his own.

In the end Owstou rescues Beatrice, who had been kidnapped by Joseph. The latter tells him that he and Beatrice are brother and sister, and Martin, their uncle, killed their mother and was after Joseph himself. They all go to Hews' home and he cunningly sends out Beatrice and the Major and then blows up the whole place, treasures and all.

—M. L.





## HUMBLING HYDE PARK

In the final test before the dual meet with English, the Latin School track team defeated Charlestown and Hyde Park.

A short and snappy cheer for the team rang through the Armory and the meet was on. "Bobby" Coleman lost no time in putting us in the lead, by winning the junior hurdles handily. David profited by the fine example of his team mate and literally ran away with the honors in the "176." "Bergie" looks like a "Reggie" winner at this writing. Other stellar performances in the junior division were turned in by Rains in the dash, Brabazon in the high jump, and Feldstein in the broad jump.

One of the best races of the day was the intermediate "220," which resulted in a dead heat between Joyce and Friedman, both defending Latin School's laurels. Joyce was boxed at the first corner and Friedman shot out, leading the pack. With but fifty yards for the finish, Joyce made a brave uphill fight, catching his team mate at the tape, and the judges declared the race a dead heat. George Burns continued his fine work in the "600." After trailing his rival most of the distance, he opened up in the last to win the race by a good five yards. Jack Brody was again a double winner, capturing the honors in the hurdles and broad jump very easily. Jack Cohen and "Willie" Owen gave their well-wishers another hair-raising race, with

Jack taking the event by a very scant margin. These two boys have been doing great work.

The Seniors, supposedly the weak spot in our ranks, performed in great style. In the "300," Captain Sullivan won easily, leading his nearest opponent to the tape by about fifteen yards. "Eddie" Horovitz, the football tackle, showed plenty of fight in coming from behind to take second in this event. The "1000" saw a tightly-contested affair, with the result in doubt until the conclusion of the final lap. Mellen of Latin took an early lead only to



ADAM A. MEDNIS

be overtaken by Bush of Hyde Park, who retained his lead until the last lap. At this point, Adam Mednis took the lead and continued his way down the stretch unmolested, to win by about ten yards. Henry Titus showed plenty of courage in the "600," the final of a series of nerve-racking races. Trailing almost the entire distance, Titus unleashed a spectacular spurt to overtake his rival a few yards from the tape and win the race. Adams took first

in the broad jump, with Gross second. Kopans beat out Murmes in the shotput.

One of the features of the meet was Latin's accumulation of 17 first places against the four gathered by our opponents. Final score: Latin 119, Hyde Park 75, and Charlestown 39. The summary:

### TRACK

#### SENIOR EVENTS

Fifty-yard hurdles—Latin did not place.

Fifty-yard dash—Won by J. O'Brien (HP); second, Phillips (HP); third, Weiner (L). Time—6s.

Three hundred yard run—Won by Sullivan, *Capt.* (L); second, Horovitz (L); third, Kostecki (HP); fourth, Skenderia (HP). Time—38s.

Six hundred-yard run—Won by Titus (L); second, Stanley (HP); third, Driscoll (C); fourth, Durst (HP). Time—1m. 28 1-5s.

One thousand-yard run—Won by Mednis (L); second, Dooley (C); third, Bush (HP); fourth, Ellis (L). Time—2m. 37 1-5s.

#### INTERMEDIATE EVENTS

Fifty-yard hurdles—Won by Brody (L); second, Tarplin (L); third, Amato (C); fourth, Parfumorse (HP). Time—7 1-5s.

Fifty-yard dash—Won by Cohen (L); second, Owen (L); third, Coffin (HP); fourth, Drain (C). Time—6 1-5s.

Two hundred and twenty-yard run—Tie between Joyce and Friedman, both Latin; third, O'Neill (C); fourth, Campanella (HP). Time—27s.

Six hundred-yard run—Won by Burns (L) second, Gersten (HP); third, Christoforo (C); fourth, Crowley (C). Time—1m. 32 3-5s.

#### JUNIOR EVENTS

Fifty-yard hurdles—Won by Coleman (L); second, Leahy (HP); third, Levine (L); fourth, Seaccia (HP). Time—7 3-5s.

Fifty-yard dash—Won by Rains (L); second, Russo (HP); third, Feldstein (L);

fourth, Brabazon (L). Time—6 4-5s.

One hundred and seventy-six yard run—Won by David (L); second, Maguire (C); third, Barker (C); fourth, White (HP). Time—23s.

### FIELD

#### JUNIOR

High Jump—Won by Brabazon (L); second tie between Coleman (L) and Leahy (HP); third, Resnick (L). Height 4 feet 7 inches.

Broad Jump—Won by Feldstein (L); second, Rains (L); third, McKenney (HP); fourth, Barker (Charlestown). Distance 7 feet 10½ inches.

Shot—Latin did not place.

#### INTERMEDIATE

High Jump—Won by Crowley (Ch); second, tie between J. Cohen (L) and Conley (HP); third, Parfumoris (HP). Height 5 feet.

Broad Jump—Won by Brody (L); second, Owen (L); third, Coffin (HP); fourth, Manning (Ch). Distance 8 feet 3¼ inches.

Shot.—Latin did not place.

#### SENIORS

High Jump—Tie for first between Gordon (L), Hansen (L), Yarushites (HP), Grant (HP), and Halatyn (HP). Distance 5 feet 3 inches.

Broad jump—Won by Adams (L); second, Gross (L); third, Philips (HP); fourth, Willard (Ch). Distance 9 feet 1½ inches.

Shot—Won by Kopans (L); second, Murmes (L); third, Lockhart (HP); fourth Shannon (Ch). Distance 39 feet 4¾ inches.

—J. K. L., '30.

\* \* \*

### TOO MUCH ENGLISH

As was generally expected, English shattered our winning streak, but experienced more competition than in recent

years. The fact that we scored six first places in the track events stamps us as a team worthy of much consideration in the "Reggies."

English piled up a commanding lead in the field events, having accumulated 74 points against 25 for our athletes. Our lone first place in the field events was registered when "Bobby" Coleman and Paul Brabazon, both of Latin, were deadlocked for the initial position in the junior high jump. Other fine performances were turned in by Rains in the junior broad jump, Jack Brody in the intermediate broad jump and "Bubbles" Murmes. All these boys took second in their respective events.

In the track events, Latin School showed to much better advantage, taking six first places. "Bergie" David showed his heels



*BERJE DAVID*

to the lads from English after he had shot out in front on the first corner. The fine performances of Rains and "Bobby" Coleman are worthy of mention. Both these boys were nosed out in their respective events.

English failed to gain a first place in the intermediate division. Jack Brody again won the hurdles with ease, beating out the highly-touted Sartini. John Joyce

won the "220" in the fast time of 26 seconds by a good fifteen yards. At no time was he pressed by his rivals. Friedman was second in this event, beating Scanlon, a pre-race favorite. Jack Cohen was clocked in 5.9 seconds in the dash a tenth of a second behind the record, and beat a fine performer in Pinkney, formerly of Latin School. Burns concluded the list of reverses for English by coming from behind to beat Short, another English favorite, by seven yards. His last-lap spurt was one of the features of the meet.

The "300" was the most gruelling and tightly contested race of the afternoon's activity. Captain Donal Sullivan took the



*CAPT. D. M. SULLIVAN*

lead at the very start of the race and maintained a five-yard margin until about eight yards from the finish, where he was caught by Norton and Gladstein, both of English. Sullivan, literally exhausted, staggered across the finish line in third place. The time was 36 seconds.

The "1000" was a very interesting affair. Daley of English took the lead and retained his advantage until the last lap when he



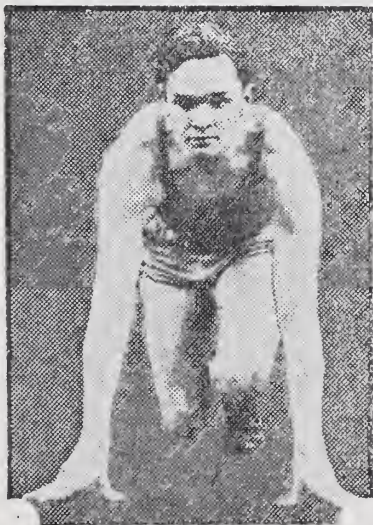
was passed by Adam Mednis, who broke the tape a winner by about ten yards. The only other places taken by our athletes in the senior division were a third in the "600" by Henry Titus and another third by Huberman in the hurdles.

The final score was English 155, Latin 76.  
J. K. L., '30.

\* \* \*

### MORE BLUE DUST

At the B. A. A. Schoolboy Meet, on February 16, Boston Latin and English High met again in a relay race. Each man ran three laps, 390 yards. On the pole for Latin was Captain Donal Sullivan, while Gormley, English's 600 star, was at the mark for the blue. The purple reached the corner first, and for two laps Gormley stuck right at the heels of the Latin leader. Toward the end of the second lap, however, Sullivan, running a very well-judged race, opened up and sprinted ahead, giving John Joyce, our second man,



JOHN E. JOYCE

a lead of four yards. Our intermediate speedster ran a wonderful race, stepping out in that easy stride of his, and rolled the margin of the purple's lead to about fifteen yards. His opponent, Norton, seemed to be waiting for Joyce to "fade,"

but, needless to say, he waited in vain, for Johnny had no intention of doing anything of the sort. But Gerstein of English was too fast for Henry Titus in the third leg of the race, and passed him on the second lap. Titus made every effort to overtake the English runner, but Eastmond of English was given a lead of two yards over Adam Mednis, our 1000-yard star. Eastmond leaped away and increased his lead to about eight yards early in his leg of the race, and though Mednis gained toward the end, the Blue broke the worsted more than five yards in the van, and English had made it five straight in two years. However, as an English runner of former years remarked, the gentlemen from Warren Avenue have a long way to go before the relay score can be evened.

—G. F. K. Jr., '31.

\* \* \*

### DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

The record of the track team thus far is the best in many years. The team has won three triangular meets, and, though English, as had been expected, was overwhelmingly victorious, the Latin score was the highest in at least six years. It may be safely said that we shall figure prominently in the Regimental championships.

\* \* \*

For a relay team to race English High in the B. A. A. Schoolboy Meet, trials were held at the East Armory on the Monday after the dual meet with English. Many tried for the team and *some* still felt the effects of the stiff competition against the Blue. The first five times were as follows, four comprising the team, the fifth being alternate:

John Joyce	45.5
Adam Mednis	46.3
Capt. Donal Sullivan	46.5
Henry Titus	46.7
Joseph Dolan	46.8



In the dual meet, it seemed that, in the final of each event, one or two Latin men were against four or more from English, and, in almost every case, the Latin runner was out in front, battling to win. The team showed splendid spirit.

\* \* \*

For the first time this year, there was a fairly large gathering on hand from Latin School, and their cheering did much to encourage the athletes. Very prominent in the cheering group was "Billy" Adler, and he was largely responsible for the vigor of the cheering section. The football captain returns the compliment to the track captain.

\* \* \*

There is rather a sardonic twist in that not long ago a pair of carpenters were busy in the basement of our school, making a new set of "corners," not for us, but for another high school. They were copying our encumbrances. Many a track man whose ankles were grown rickety from our unsteady contraptions, looked longingly at the new "corners," which, though abrupt like ours, would at least be steady and firmly set.

\* \* \*

In the field events of the Regimental meet Latin School stood second with 11½ points. English was first with the large total of 47. The outstanding performer for Latin was Paul Brabazon, who jumped four feet, seven inches to win the junior high jump. "Bobby" Coleman was tied for fourth. Jack Brody took second in the intermediate broad jump, and Louis Rains and Sidney Feldstein, respectively third and fourth in the junior broad jump, completed our scoring list.

\* \* \*

The high jumps of the "Reggie" meet

were held at Commerce, and when our boys finished and returned to our school, they found themselves *locked out*. Two of our juniors contracted severe colds, being exposed to the cold in scanty track uniforms.

\* \* \*

In track, more than in any other sport, the mediocre and poor performers are conspicuous in their efforts. It takes a fine sort of courage to go out and run before the assemblage, knowing that one will probably fail of gaining laurels. To those faithful athletes who at every meet do their best, but to whose lot little glory falls, the respect and admiration of the school is due. "They also serve."

\* \* \*

"Now, *gentlemen*, the first break costs you one foot (it ought to be a yard); for the second, you go back two feet; and, on the third, you take a seat in the stands."

\* \* \*

In the field events of the Hyde Park meet, we noticed a crowded balcony in the Drill Hall. It is to be deplored that some more of these penurious youths did not attend the track events at the Armory.

\* \* \*

Coach Cleary has been conducting a series of intra-class meets in preparation for the coming swimming season.

\* \* \*

On February 23, Latin School competed in a relay race at the Andover Interscholastic Track Meet. Our opponents were Dorchester High and Somerville High. John Joyce was unavailable because of illness and Joe Dolan, alternate, was also absent. Manager John Moynahan showed his courage by running in the race, for which he had not trained. It is too bad that his sort of spirit has been so lacking among the general student body of late.

Latin drew third position on the pole, and Captain Sullivan was in third position on the first corner. After passing a big boy from Somerville, he set sail for Brown, the Dorchester captain, who had jumped into a commanding lead. About thirty yards from home, he was about to pass the leader, but Brown ran wide and passed the stick about a half a yard in the lead. Dorchester gained about seven yards in the passing of the baton. Moynahan fought very hard, and ran his best race, but the result was inevitable. Mednis ran third, and just about held his own, and so did Titus in the anchor position. We finished about twenty-five yards behind Dorchester, which won the race from Somerville by a narrow margin. The track was rather narrow.

\* \* \*

At the two meets in which the relay team needed indoor spikes, three of the team were forced to go about begging from alumni and their friends. Among the benefactors were Eddie Jakmaugh, Dick Hegarty, and Bob Sullivan. Hegarty is now running for Holy Cross College and the other two mentioned are out at the Heights.

\* \* \*

Between the trials for the Regimental meet of the District Schools and the date of the big meet, three *weeks* elapsed. Between the City trials and the "Reggies," three *days*. The injustice to the City runners, especially those competing in the long sprints, is obvious.

\* \* \*

Because of the recent illness of John Joyce and the indisposition of the captain, Coach Fitzgerald wisely withdrew the relay team from the State Meet, thus giving the boys a chance to rest up for the "Reggie" trials.

Joe Dolan is back on the team again, and is running as well as ever. The endurance of this diminutive trackster is amazing, for no matter how far Joe jogs, he always winds up with a sprint.

\* \* \*

## DIVIDING THE SPOILS

Latin School found Mechanics Arts a rather difficult proposition and was forced to divide honors with the Artisan sextet, 0 to 0.

The pace was fast and furious throughout the conflict, with Latin holding a slight edge. Early in the first period, Latin's hopes for victory soared when "Bucky" Warren eluded the Mechanics defense and tried a shot, which had all the markings of a score, but hit the post, and the goal did not materialize. Latin School managed to break through the Artisans' defense with marked consistency, but weak and ineffective shooting, combined with some remarkable saves by Crosby, the Mechanics goalie, proved disastrous to our cause. Mechanics was doing some fine skating and stick-handling, but their shots either missed fire or were gathered in by Donnellan in the net.

The second period was almost a replica of the initial frame, with both teams failing to take advantage of the countless opportunities for scoring.

The lack of scoring punch that was evidenced in the Commerce upset continued to jeopardize our chances for success in this game. Captain Campana, Warren, and Donnellan performed very well for us, while the stiff body-checking of the Artisan's "bad man," Peterson, was a stumbling block in the path of many would-be scores.

The summary:

B. L. S.	M. A. H. S.
Warren, Mullen, l.w.	r.w., Whalen, Leslie
Campana, Capt., Kelley, c.	c., Sommers,

Barry  
Lynch, Moore, r.w. l.w., Silverman, Arnold  
Weddleton, l.d. r.d., Peterson  
Doyle, Lynch, r.d. l.d., Murray, Callahan  
Donnellan, g. g., Crosby

—J. K. L., '30.

\* \* \*

## COMMERCE CONQUERS

The Commerce sextet outpointed our team January 26 at the Arena, by the score of 1 to 0, in a speedy and entertaining hockey clash that held interest all the way. With our scoring power somewhat weakened by the ineligibility of "Hick" Shea, and, on the other hand, the aggressiveness with which the Commerce team invaded our territory, our sextet was forced to take a defensive position practically throughout the entire game. In fact, during the first period, Donnellan, our goalie, successfully defended our goal seven times, whereas Todd's ability was not taxed even once.

When the first period was half way along Doyle, our right defence man, was penalized on a board check, and during his absence, Commerce swarmed in for a killing, but Donnellan's splendid defense averted a score. At this stage of the game, our coach put in the second forward line to give the first a rest. Commerce readily took advantage of this substitution, when Gallagher picked up a loose puck, cleanly cut our defence, took the rubber right up to the net and flipped it into the strings, as Donnellan came out to meet the charge.

During the second period Commerce still resumed its fierce attacks and thwarted our wings' offensive attempts by constantly forcing the latter into a defensive position. Although our wings showered the Commerce goal occasionally, the shots were hurried and erratic.

The last five minutes of the game found our team desperately fighting in an attempt to tie the score, but to no avail.

## The summary:

Commerce	Latin
l.w., Gallagher	r.w., Lynch (Mullen)
c., Catarius	c., Campana, <i>Capt.</i> (Parks)
r.w., Lawson (Hennessey)	l.w., Warren (Moore)
l.d., Conroy	r.d., Weddleton
r.d., MacNamara	l.d., Doyle
g., Todd	g., Donnellan

—B. R. '30.

\* \* \*

## TIEING TRADE

Our Hockey team battled 30 minutes to a 1 to 1 deadlock with the Boston Trade sextet at the Arena, February 17. The game was a thriller. The play was fast and furious throughout and both goalies had to be at their best to stop the attacks. The individual and team play of both teams was so evenly matched that almost every good offensive drive was broken up by the opposing defense or the goalie made sensational stops.

After five minutes of fast and rugged play, "Rus" Lynch broke into the scoring when he took the rubber, circled the net to get a fast start, dribbled the puck by the opponent defence and lifted a high shot that caught Barber, the Trade goalie, completely unaware. The goal by Trade which deadlocked the issue was manufactured toward the end of this fray, when Shanning, the Trade left defenceman, slipped a fast drive by Donnellan from the blue-line.

During the entire second period the purple sextet was the aggressor, and forced the Traders into a defensive position and then Latin had to resort to long shots from the blue-line.

Throughout the entire game "Bucky" Warren, *Capt.* Campana, and Kelley kept the disc in Trade territory by their long bullet-like shots, which narrowly missed their objective. Trade's mighty defence was the main factor which prevented us from rolling up a large score.

The summary:

Trade	Boston Latin
r.w., Dorrer (Cox, Lynch	l.w., Warren,
	(Moore)
c., Rubian, (Kanopsky)	
c., Campana, ( <i>Capt.</i> )	(Kelley)
l.w., Bryett, (Bigelow)	r.w., Lynch,
	(Mullen)
r.d., Dennison, (Spack)	l.d., Weddleton
l.d., Shanning	r.d., Doyle
g., Barber, (Cox)	g., Donnellan
	—B. R., '30.

\* \* \*

### DIDN'T DENT DORCHESTER

The date was February 23, 1929, the time, 8 A. M., the place, the Boston Arena. The contestants were Latin and Dorchester, and the result was one of the most closely contested games that two high school teams ever played, ending in a scoreless tie.

From the opening face-off there was an exhibition of fine hockey. One team displayed a brand of defensive play that would do credit to any sextet, the other, fighting hard, played a good all-around game. For the first time this season Dorchester's flashy team was definitely stopped. So unusual did it seem to her athletes that

they raged and stormed up the ice, were repulsed, came up time and time again only to be sent back in the same fashion. Their combination of Goodwin, Herman, and Cummings which has been so successful in its ventures thus far, tried to out-flank our defense, outskate our forwards, pass the puck in such a way as to get one by our diminutive goalie, but each time they were decisively and definitely restrained.

In turn Captain Campana and his cohorts were having a hard time getting by the best defense in the city. It was seldom that they could do this and on those few occasions they found the redoubtable Dunlop eagerly waiting to stave off all would-be scores.

The summary:

Latin	Dorchester
Warren, Moore, l.w.,	r.w., Herman
Campana, ( <i>Capt.</i> ), Kelley, c.,	c., Goodwin
Lynch, Mullen, r.w.	l.w., Cummings
Doyle, l.d.,	r.d., Howard
Weddleton, r.d.	l.d., Harrington
Donnellan, g.	g., Dunlop
	—H. L. A., '30.

*Note—The photographs herein published are furnished through the courtesy of the BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.*







### VENICE

Cool silver moonlight . . .  
 Casting a sleek sheen . . .  
 On smooth, slimy . . .  
 Water . . .  
 Deep, dusky quiet . . .  
 Broken only . . .  
 By the noise at intervals  
 Of Venetian housewives . . .  
 Emptying the evening's garbage  
 Into the canal . . .

\* \* \*

Imagine the unhappy plight of the Phi Beta Kappa man who worked years for his key, and then in a moment of forgetfulness bought a double-breasted suit.

\* \* \*

About mid-years we are reminded of the pathetic story of the student who failed all his subjects.

He telegraphed home to his brother:  
 "Flunked everything. Prepare father."  
 The brother telegraphed immediately:  
 "Father prepared. Prepare yourself."

\* \* \*

Electrician (from roof): Just hang on to two of them wires, George.  
 Right!

Electrician: Feel anything?

George: No.

Electrician: Well, don't touch the other two, 'cause there's two thousand volts in them.

Getting out a magazine is no picnic.

If we print jokes, readers say we are silly.

If we don't, they complain we are too serious.

If we write all our own stuff, they say we lack variety.

If we clip from other papers, we are too lazy to write.

If we stick to the desk, we ought to be out digging up news.

If we are out digging up news, we are letting things go hang in our office.

If we don't print contributions, we aren't showing proper appreciation.

If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk.

Like as not, some one will say we swiped this from another magazine.

We did.

\* \* \*

They tell a story about a tiny ant who gazed longingly but helplessly at the body of a dead horse. Just then a bootlegger's truck rattled by and a case of stuff fell over the endgate and crashed to the ground. A puddle formed and the ant took one sip. Then he seized the dead horse by the tail and shouted: "Come on, big boy, we're going home."

Flo: "What's the difference between a girl and a horse?"

Joe: "I don't know."

Flo: "I'll bet you have some great dates."

\* \* \*

The big day was on. The wonderful gigantic bridge connecting two of the country's largest cities was being formally opened. At the height of the celebration, when hundreds of people had thronged onto the bridge, the center span—with a crash to be heard for miles—fell into the river, a mass of twisted girders and human bodies. The frenzied mayor, seeing the engineer, dashed up to him, "Look what you have done."

The engineer without emotion replied, "I had a hunch all along that the decimal point was in the wrong place."

\* \* \*

Chicago has two kinds of citizens:  
The quick and the dead.

\* \* \*

"I suppose you've seen worse dancers than I." (Silence)

"I say, I suppose you've seen—"

"I heard you the first time. I was just trying to think."

\* \* \*

Bashful Young Man: "I'm going to steal a kiss."

Not So Bashful: "Let the crime wave begin."

\* \* \*

As happy as a Scotchman at a free-for-all fight.

\* \* \*

Stella lay in the lush green grass—in the moonlight alone. Her cheeks were cooled by the dew; her legs were wet with it. Exuberant Spring throbbed and pulsed about her; soft breezes caressed her; odoriferous flowers sent up sweet smells to her nostrils; all was perfection—except—that she was deserted, alone.

Stella sighed. Why had she been left there in the fields at midnight? The wretch! And already she was sold; nothing to shelter her, no one to care for her—deserted alone. She had been led astray and forgotten.

Then Stella got mad. She rose from her grass bed, shook herself, and began to bawl—and bawl—and bawl. The rank injustice of it all, to be left on such a night as this! And furthermore, what kind of a cow did that farmer think Stella was?

\* \* \*

"See that man over there? Well, he saves two hundred dollars every day."

"He must be ambitious."

"Not exactly. He rides on the subway every day and there's two hundred dollars' fine for spitting—but he doesn't spit."

\* \* \*

He who puts off studying until tomorrow is going to have a whale of a good time tonight.

\* \* \*

"What's Chicago's latest song hit?"

"My Heart Stood Still."

\* \* \*

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\* \* \*

"Darling," he cried, falling on his knees and covering her little white hands with kisses, "can't you see that I love you?"

She drew herself up to her full height. "Well," she said, "I should hate to think this was just your way of behaving in company."

\* \* \*

There's always one girl at every dance who makes the others wish that they had gone to the movies.

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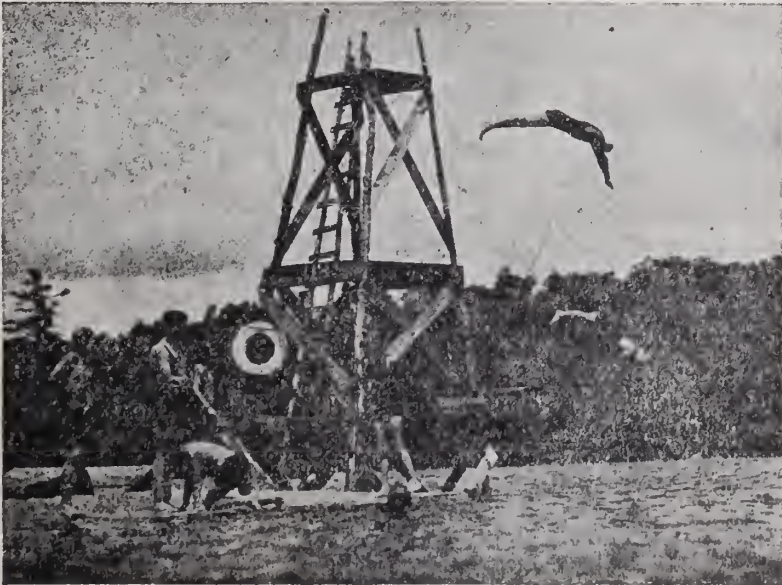
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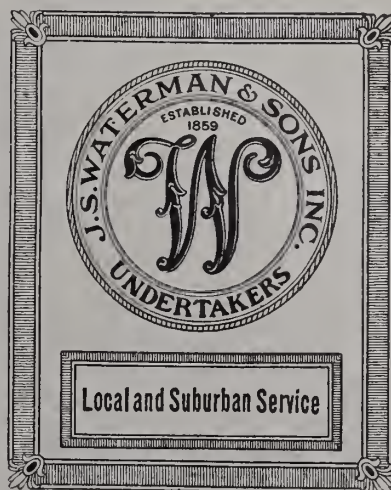
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# THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

## Regulating Radio

H. A. BELLOWS, '02

Every so often history has recorded a discovery which has completely changed the structure of civilization. The invention of the printing press in the 15th century, the utilization of steam power and the invention of the telegraph in the 19th, and the development of the internal combustion engine in the 20th, all have changed the whole manner of civilized life. In some respects, the use of high frequency wireless communication seems likely to have at least as profound an effect on the conditions of our existence as any of the developments I have just mentioned. It is as yet far too soon to be able to predict the future of radio communication, but we know enough already so that we can say with complete assurance that within the next ten years the wireless transmission of electrical energy will play at least as large a part in our daily lives as the transmission of electricity over wires is playing today.

I like the word "wireless" better than the newer and far more popular term "radio." Radio to almost everybody suggests broadcasting, and the sending out of programs or messages in every direction. Thus the word seems to shut out the conception of transmitting messages directly from point to point, although actually this is likely to become fully as important as broadcasting. The word "wireless," on

the other hand, is absolutely literal and accurate. When we talk about "radio," what we really mean is simply the transmission of a certain amount of electrical energy without the use of a wire, and it is precisely because radio communication is independent of wires that its possibilities for the future are so enormous.

If you will stop and think for a minute, you will realize that up to the advent of wireless, every known means of communication required some sort of a track, or else a physical conveyance, and generally both. Even the old stage-coach needed a road; the railroad train requires a track, and the telegraph or telephone involves the use of a wire. Communication by water does not, indeed, mean the actual construction of a special track, but it does involve the building and maintenance of ships to carry messages, goods and people to and fro. Wireless, on the other hand, is absolutely independent of any physically constructed and maintained path or means of conveyance. It can penetrate the trackless wastes of Northern Canada more easily than it can reach into the crowded centers of Boston or New York. It can traverse oceans just as easily and just as quickly as it can pass from one town to another ten miles away.

It is, indeed, this very ability to go everywhere which creates the greatest problem in the regulation of wireless communication. A short wave radio telegraph transmitter in Boston, operating with low power, may completely destroy the usefulness of a similar transmitter in New Zealand. Within the broadcast band, a hundred-watt station in Tennessee may almost ruin the effectiveness of a thousand-watt station in Massachusetts. It is for this reason that all over the world wireless communication has been closely regulated by governments, and that international conferences have been necessary in order to work out regulations and principles whereby all the nations could use wireless without too much conflict.

In our own country, there probably would have been very little trouble if it had not been for the sudden development of radio-telephone communication late in 1921. Remember that up to that time all the wireless service was in the form of telegraph or code communication. Now, the average person is not going to get any very great pleasure out of sitting and listening to "dash-dot-dash" messages. Up to the fall of 1921 it never seriously occurred to anybody that the public as a whole was going to concern itself directly with radio, and everyone took it for granted that wireless would develop along very much the same line as the telegraph and cable service.

Late in 1921, however, it was found that wireless could be used for the transmission of speech and music. The relation between broadcasting and the other forms of wireless communication is a good deal like the relation between the telephone and the telegraph. All broadcasting is technically known as radio-telephone service, and as yet the only important developments of the radio-telephone are broadcasting and

a very limited use in trans-oceanic telephone communication.

Almost immediately after the first successful experiments in 1921, broadcasting developed at a tremendously rapid rate. If our Government could have foreseen what was going to happen, Congress would have created some sort of an adequate law for the regulation of radio communication as early as 1922 or 1923, but only a few men in the Senate and House of Representatives saw what was going to happen. Their attention was repeatedly called to the seriousness of the situation by the man who was then Secretary of Commerce and who now is President of the United States. Mr. Hoover saw very clearly the urgent need for adequate legislation controlling the use of wireless, but it was impossible to get anything done until, by the early part of 1927, conditions in the broadcasting field had become so bad that the public absolutely demanded action.

In February, 1927, the Radio Law was finally passed, but four years had elapsed during which broadcasting had developed to such an extent and with so little control that the situation had grown absolutely chaotic.

Under the law, the task of unscrambling the eggs was wished on the newly created Federal Radio Commission. I was one of the five men appointed by President Coolidge as the original members of this Commission, and I went to Washington early in March of 1927 to see what could be done. We found that the failure of Congress to act sooner had made the final passage of the law a good deal like shutting the stable door after the horse had been stolen. In other words, within the very limited band available for broadcasting there were at least three times as many stations as could properly be accommodated. Each one of these stations had



come into existence legally, and represented a more or less considerable investment of capital. From the engineering standpoint the only possibly way to clear up the situation was to deny licenses to at least two-thirds of these stations, but under the Constitution this would have been equivalent to confiscating private property without compensation, which of course is expressly prohibited.

For two years the Federal Radio Commission has been at work trying to bring something like order out of chaos, but always without being able under the law to do the only thing which would really accomplish the desired results. The Commission has, however, been able to do a good deal toward improving conditions within the broadcast band, partly by putting a check on the further increase in the number of broadcasting stations, and partly by so assigning wave lengths and hours of operation as to reduce interference. There has been a vast amount of criticism of the Commission's work, but the fact remains that during the last two years under its direction, broadcasting has developed from a plaything into a public necessity, and from a weak experiment in publicity into a tremendous business. Incidentally, broadcasting in this country is at least two years ahead of broadcasting anywhere else in the world.

It is too bad that the tremendous popular interest in receiving broadcast programs has overshadowed all the other forms of wireless communication. It is my belief that in the next ten years the use of wireless for point to point communication is bound to develop to an extraordinary extent. In most of the European countries today people think of radio chiefly as a

means for direct communication, with broadcasting as a kind of entertaining by-product. When foreign radio experts come to this country they are bewildered by our emphasis on broadcasting, and they are inclined to take the position that we are rather like a lot of children excited over a new toy. I have said that in broadcasting we are at least two years ahead of any other country, but in the other uses of radio we are lagging behind, and we are in serious danger of finding that most of the available wave lengths have been preempted by our foreign competitors before we have made up our minds as to just how we want to proceed.

The most important thing to remember is that we are just at the beginning of what is bound to be a tremendous development, and we are still in the pioneer stage. I can illustrate this by a remark made to me late in 1927 by Senator Marconi, and I believe his comment will serve as the best possible ending for this article. Senator Marconi was in this country in connection with the International Radio Telegraph Conference, and I had occasion as one of the official representatives of our own Government to talk with him several times. Just before he returned to Italy I told him what a privilege it had been for me, coming so late into the radio field and knowing so little about it, to have been associated with the man whose very name has been adopted in many countries as the word for radio communication. To this Senator Marconi replied: "Mr. Commissioner, the very little I may know about radio more than you is quite important compared to what neither of us yet knows."

# The New Gold Medal Of The Class Of 1904

WILLIAM P. HENDERSON, '84

A few years ago I was at dinner with a Latin School class, and one of its members put to me an unexpected question. He asked why the Latin School graduates have—or at least display—less class spirit, less loyalty to their school, than men from other schools. There are several answers to this question; let us see what answer our graduates have given and are giving.

Last year the Class of 1878 celebrated its fiftieth anniversary with a dinner. Mr. Campbell was their guest. There were only six of them, but their presence and their talk gave ringing answer to our question. The Class of 1898 distinguished their twenty-fifth anniversary by giving \$500 to the school; to this sum they have since added \$100. The income of this fund goes each year as a prize to the winner of the highest marks in the College Entrance Board examinations. The men of the Class of 1885 have met at dinner every year since graduation; so have those of 1904 and of 1907. Also, the Class of 1885 contributed a fund from the income of which prizes are awarded every year to six especially promising members of Class IV-B. Many other classes dine together frequently though not regularly. At all these dinners there has been an abundance of class spirit; and always through their talk runs a fine and steadfast loyalty to the Latin School and to its exacting standards.

This year the Class of 1904 reaches its twenty-fifth anniversary. Its members are now ready to bear further witness to their loyalty to our school. They have taken counsel together and theirs is to be a notable gift. At the Prize Declamation this spring, and each year thereafter, the

gold medal of the Class of 1904 will be awarded to the winner of a special competition in French. It is a beautiful medal, bearing on its face the likeness of the Greenough statue, known to every Latin School boy. Soon we shall have photographs of this medal on display in the library.

Now let us search our memories and the records, that you may make some slight acquaintance with the donors of our medal, the class of twenty-five years ago. The Class of 1904 numbered fifty-six graduates. They increased this figure a little later, adding to their rolls as honorary members three of their former teachers. The catalogue shows the winners of Franklin medals to have been: Edwin Woodbridge Darling, Aaron Prussian, Isaiah Lee Sharfman, Joseph Horatio Hutchinson, John Boyle O'Hare, Ralph Maurice Corson, Allan Gray Tenney. The Moses Merrill scholarships went to Edwin Woodbridge Darling and Aaron Prussian. The Howard Gardner Nichols prizes were won by Ralph Maurice Corson and Joseph Horatio Hutchinson. Other awards were: prizes for excellence in classics, to Isaiah Lee Sharfman and Edwin Woodbridge Darling; for excellence in modern studies, to Joseph Horatio Hutchinson and Allan Gray Tenney; for exemplary conduct and fidelity, to Edward Michael Savage. A prize for an English poem went to Guy Emerson; for a translation from Latin into English, to William Hulbert Barrow; the Gardner prize for an original essay to Guy Emerson; the Derby prize for an original essay, to Joseph Bradford Coolidge; and honorable mention for perfect attendance, to

Joseph Horatio Hutchinson. The judges gave three of the declamation prizes to members of this class; a first to Isaiah Leo Sharfman, a second to William Hulbert Barrow, a third to William Vincent Ellis.

The first class president was Guy Emerson; after some years of annual election Frank Wilmonte Johnson was chosen permanent president. John Albert Breen has been secretary since the first organization.

Of the fifty-six graduated, twenty-five went to Harvard. Twenty others distributed themselves among eleven other colleges. Some of the graduates have sought far distant places. Among them is a Jesuit missionary in the Philippines; a missionary in Madras, India; a former Port Warden of the city of Seattle; and a professor in a western university who taught first in China.

In sports the class gave to football a guard, a halfback, and a captain who led his team to victory over English High School when he was too badly hurt to walk straight. He was later a captain in the World War. To baseball it contributed a second baseman and a pitcher; its captain of the basket ball team was colonel of the regiment. One member, at the time of his death a teacher in English High School, played good enough golf to win a local championship in France.

Four members of the class went into medicine, three became dentists, eight chose

the law, eight took up teaching. Five have died. Eleven were under the colors in the World War, in almost as many different services. One is a distinguished diagnostician in a Boston hospital; one, a skilful anaesthetist, was for years our school physician. One is at the head of the Gloucester High School, another is a professor in the University of Michigan. One taught for years in our school; we miss him now that he is promoted. One is manager of a great Boston department store, another was state senator. One is head of a leading electric company, another is a well known portrait painter. The French government has lately bestowed on the first president of this class the insignia of the Legion of Honor. And so, if I had space, I could fill columns with the interesting things the others are doing and the interesting things they tell us when we meet. And let us not omit to state that two of the members of this class have boys in our school now.

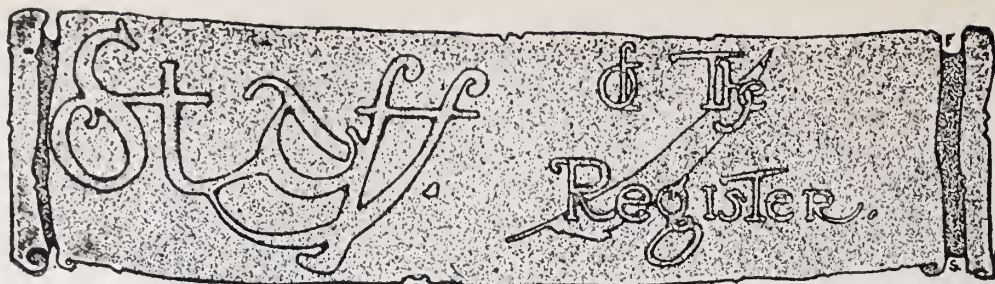
This is but a partial record of a class that has deserved well of the Latin School. Henceforth one of our permanent awards will annually recall their name. They have been conspicuously mindful of the admonition of their class poem; so, if the class poet will forgive me, I will quote two of its lines in closing:

*So, in those years, while up you work your way,*

*Do not forget the Latin School each day.*

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At the Boston meeting of the National Association of Secondary School Principals, a committee was appointed to discuss the desirability of preparing a country-wide commemoration in 1935 of the 300th anniversary of the founding of the first secondary school in the United States at Boston. This committee, at the meeting of the Association recently held in Cleveland, presented the following report:

"In 1630 the first settlers landed at the mouth of the Charles and there established in the town of Boston the beginning of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. It is impossible for us to understand the crudeness of this first settlement, nor can we realize the privations and hardships which these sturdy yeomen, their women and children, endured in the harsh surroundings of their new home. Despite these hardships and sufferings, anxious that their children might not be deprived of the advantages that had been their fathers, they determined, within five years of their coming, to set up a school—not a Dame's School, but a Latin-Grammar School—a real secondary school.

"Thus within the mud walls, under the thatched roof of the Meeting House, was established the first public school in America. Here was sown the seed from which has sprung the whole American system of free education. There is indeed, fair reason to question whether that system ever would have taken on its breadth of range if this school had not been at the very beginning a school for higher education instead of one confined to the elements of instruction.



"With wisdom and prophetic vision up to that day unmatched in the history of education, the Fathers raised no barriers of religion or of wealth, to membership in this school. Through the Latin-Grammar School they opened wide to every man's son the door of opportunity for securing the best training of the age in preparation for securing the best training of the age in preparation for the service of his people and of mankind. It is fitting and in every way proper that this Association of Principals of Secondary Schools, the lineal descendants of the Masters in charge of that first school at the foot of the three hills in old Boston should commemorate in due form and with adequate ceremony, in 1935 the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of this earliest public secondary school.

"Your committee, therefore, recommends that a permanent committee be appointed by the President of this Association to formulate plans for a fitting observance of this anniversary."

PATRICK T. CAMPBELL.

### THE ALUMNI NUMBER

The *Register* continues in this issue its ancient policy of publishing an Alumni Number. The sole purpose we have in doing this is to continue the traditions of the school, to preserve some sort of relationship between the accomplishments of its graduates and the ambitions of its student body. It would be very unfortunate indeed, if a school which can boast of a Cotton Mather, a Benjamin Franklin, an Emerson, a Langley and a Santayana among its products should permit such a record to be forgotten. These men represent the ideal of the Latin School, for that matter, the ideal of all educational institutions, a disciplined mind, a desire for truth, and perhaps a portion of "that hard gem-like flame" which Pater urged us to keep burning.

It must be admitted that whatever may be the reason for the noticeably growing lack of respect for, and appreciation of, the school's background, the alumni have not been affected by it. Almost every graduate of the school approached by this editor for the greater glory of the Alumni Number evinced an affection and respect for his old *alma mater* which we think must be rare among the graduates of secondary schools.

We wish to take here the opportunity of thanking these gentlemen for their response to our requests. It is no small thing for a busy man to devote his time to the production of an article such as those in this number. The product is a very evident indication of their feeling for the Boston Public Latin School. —W. J. C.



# The Latin School And The Classical Tradition

WILLIAM L. LANGER, '12

When I first came into the sixth class of the Latin School in September, 1907, my first teacher was old Cudjo Capen. We boys did not invent the name. In fact, we were not even left to find it out for ourselves. Cudjo took care that we should have it right from the beginning, and, by way of explaining this rather extraordinary appellation, told us that back in the 1870's a novel had appeared under the title *Cudjo's Cave*, the red-headed hero of which was reputed to have borne a striking resemblance to the Latin School teacher, who, in consequence, was promptly dubbed *Cudjo* by his students. In any case Cudjo was a rare figure. He was, at the time, eighty-six years of age and still hale and hearty. For us boys there was something peculiarly impressive in the calm regularity of his life. He had been teaching in the school for fifty-six years, so he told us, and had never lost a day through sickness. Each morning he was at his place promptly at ten minutes of nine, ready to sharpen the pencils of the class, which he did with a rather nasty-looking but extremely keen blade. At two minutes of nine he hobbled out of the room and returned with a glass of water, which he kept on his desk. "Boys," he would say over and over again, "if they let me teach, I shall live to be a hundred." I do not recall how much longer he was in the school, but eventually the School Board passed a regulation obliging men to retire at seventy. Cudjo had to go, and before long he passed away. No doubt he had lost his usefulness as a teacher, but I have often thought what a shock it must have

been for him to give up his work after spending the normal span of a human life in the class-room.

I recall old Cudjo Capen with a specific idea in mind. Here was a man born in 1823, who would, in this year of Grace be one hundred and six years old. He used to live, as a boy, on K. Street, South Boston, and in the old days, back in the 1840's, when he went to Harvard he frequently walked the ten miles or so to Harvard Square. I was born and bred on Dorchester Heights myself, and remember that the daily trudge to school on Warren Avenue and back again (it must have been some five to six miles all told) seemed enough of a pull to me. The times had changed, and as an historian I am perhaps more keen to appreciate this transition in human affairs than some other people. For me, at least, Cudjo Capen appeared as a link with a far distant past. He might have lived in the times of the Romans, he could not have been much more remote for us boys. And yet he fitted in peculiarly with the school in which he taught, for the Latin School cuts across the generations of American life and goes back to the very days of the founding of Massachusetts Bay. Its graduates are scattered in influential positions throughout the world and its teaching staff changes, but we are all merely episodic in the history of the old school. The school-boy generation is only four to six years and even the teachers change with considerable rapidity. In my day there were many mature men of long experience on the staff, but I doubt whether more than a half dozen

of them are still at their posts. Mr. Jones, who represented, it seems to me, all the traditions of sound instruction and very rigorous discipline, has retired, and so far as I know, only Mr. Campbell, Mr. Powers, Mr. Henderson and possibly one or two others are still with the school.

And yet, with all this coming and going, there is something about the school that has remained substantially unchanged. I am not going to speak of school spirit, for I have long felt that the best way to kill school spirit is to talk about it incessantly and attempt to nurse it artificially, though some boarding schools I know do not seem to have come to a realization of the fact. The spirit and loyalty of the Latin School boys and the alumni has always been excellent and needs no coaxing. It cannot be otherwise for the school is the expression of a great tradition. It is one of the few institutions I know which has kept alive and flourishing the tradition of classical scholarship and the idea of sound preparation in knowledge. I do not think that it had changed materially in this respect in the two hundred and seventy odd years of its existence before I came, and when I read of its achievements in scholastic competitions at the present day I feel certain that it has not altered essentially since my day. This is an age of astonishing accomplishment in the fields of production, transportation and communication. The world moves fast and has moved further in the past century and a half than it moved in the whole period of known history prior to 1800. The stress everywhere is being placed on superficial achievement and practical accomplishment and the classical tradition has been frequently assailed or at least questioned. It is my firm conviction that the success of Latin School men in all walks of life has been due primarily to the fact that the

school has not yielded to the demands of faddists and cranks, but has insisted on giving the student a sound foundation on which to build. I do not mean to imply that the process of acquiring the necessary grounding is always pleasant. Relatively speaking I am inclined to think that secondary school work is not only less inspiring but also much harder than college work. In school the student is obliged, first and foremost, to acquire command of the tools of learning. His enjoyment and success in college will depend largely on how well he has these tools in hand. I can never forget the old building on Warren Avenue, the rooms set with classical busts and figures, the long halls hung with pictures of places noteworthy in the history of antiquity. Neither can I forget the long drills on Latin grammar and syntax, which pave the way for the understanding of all modern languages. As an historian I feel grateful every day of my life for the sound knowledge of classical mythology and the intimate acquaintance with the history of the Greek and Roman world which the school gave me. One cannot hope to understand the later history of mankind, one cannot even hope to understand the present unless one has a firm grasp of these fundamentals. I could not be expected to have the same outlook and judgment as a schoolboy that I have now, nor is it to be expected that the present generation will bow more complacently to the rigorous drill and the stern discipline, scholastic and otherwise, that is required in the learning process. But I prophesy with complete confidence that the present generation in the school will live to think back with gratitude on all that the school did for it.

All this may smack somewhat of the sermon to those who take the trouble to read it, and I have too much experience of

the younger set to expect it to be swallowed hook, line and sinker. But it is something I have had on my mind for a long time and something that is constantly being brought home to me. I went through college with a good many members of my Latin School class and saw many of the boys attain distinction without the effort put forth by less prepared men. During the war the same boys went out with the armies and wrote another brilliant chapter of school history. Since the war I have

been running into them in all walks of life, some of them university professors of note, others in the legal and medical professions, and others in business. I have yet to see or hear of one who has failed in his chosen work. We have been trained in the idea of success and we have been trained for success. The tradition of the Latin School is the tradition of hard work and relentless mental discipline. Without these there would be no long roster of eminent Latin School graduates.

## Alumni

In the annual award of scholarships announced at Harvard last week, graduates of Boston Latin School gained more honors than the students from any other preparatory school in the country, 61 alumni of the Latin school gaining awards varying from \$300 to \$500 each.

The Boston Latin School boys who received scholarships were:

Group 1—Sumner B. Myers and Solomon E. Shershevsky.

Group 2—Benjamin Alexander, Samuel B. Beaser, Louis B. Benjamin, Joseph Dollen, Charles N. Hamberg, Alfred Hurwitz, Albert S. Kahn, Wilfred S. Mirsky, Theodore Norman, Milton C. Sachs, Henry Simon, William A. Sloan, Arthur J. Waterman, Harold A. Wolff, Norman Ziegler, Nathan M. Sachs, Samuel Shwartz, Randolph A. Ross, and Joel Brenner.

Group 3—Alphonse R. Favreau, Charles F. Ferguson, Peter Fishman, Edwin C. Fors, Jacob Goldberg, Frank E. Manuel, Irving Neiman, Lawrence E. Putnam, Allan R. Rosenberg, Carl Seltzer, Aaron Silver, George C. Zevitas, Robert Murphy, Ernest J. Vogel, Grover A. Chenoweth and Abraham S. Levenson.

Price Greenleaf scholarships—Benjamin Bell, Norwood P. Beveridge, Charles Brenner, Kermit Cohen, John F. Deery, John F. Ellbree, Simeon J. Domas, Abraham Fishman, George F. Frazier, Benjamin Halpern, William E. Harrison, Arthur H. Healy, Arnold Isenberg, Peter H. Kozodoy, Max Kutzer, Arthur P. Levack, Leon A. Marget, Thomas F. Page, Jr., Charles D. Peterson, Gordon B. Ray, Joseph Sawyer, Paul M. Zoll and Clinton Hebbard.



## A Word to Scholars

ARNOLD ISENBERG, '28

I have not forgotten my years at the Boston Latin School; I often recall them with pleasure. What years those were! The Latin School at that time was housed in the little old building on Louis Pasteur Avenue. Outside, adorning one of the wings, was that golden passage from Cicero: "*Haec studia adolescentiam alunt* —," etc. As you entered the main door (which was only on state occasions) your eye was caught by the noble statue of Alma Mater, while on either side were tablets commemorating the school's heroes dead. There was a population of about 1800 in the Latin School then; we used to consider this an enormous enrolment and occasionally ranted about the good old days when everybody knew everybody else. Throughout my Latin School days the headmaster was Mr. Patrick T. Campbell, a fine man and an excellent teacher. I can assure you that we boys appreciated our privilege in being under him.

Military drill, which was still considered necessary in those war-like, pre-Kellogg days, was under the direction of Colonel George S. Penny. We cadets used to parade up and down the avenue in our quaint World War uniforms, casting sly glances at the passing beauties from Simmons College (which was just over the fence) and thinking pretty well of ourselves. I was a captain in my last year, much beloved by my company. I forget just how we came out in Prize Drill but I am sure it was not first.

The *Register* even then was a thriving institution. In accordance with the celebrated old custom, it was fairly heavily censored in those days, and I can remember how, as Editor, I used to rave about some of the deletions at this perspective, however, I realize that the whole affair

was not nearly so serious as I supposed.

In the Debating Club we were taught to argue equally well on either side of a subject, and, seriously speaking, I think this system did us more good than harm. I for one, as I studied and argued on one side of a question after the other, actually changed my previous opinion with my side, time and again, and this eventually produced in me a scepticism as to the fallibility of my judgment which has worked untold good upon my ego. It is only when this system is taught in college, where debaters have, or are supposed to have, arrived at fixed conclusions upon public questions, that a most pernicious hypocrisy and insincerity is inculcated in the student which often lasts through life.

And so it was with the other school institutions. Declamation, I am quite sure, stamped upon my countenance and bearing a most forbidding aspect, which has never quite deserted me and has scared away many timid souls who might otherwise have been my friends. Incidentally, it gave me an ear for a sonorous line of verse which I value very highly—and I advise all declaimers henceforth to choose poetic declamations in preference to prose. As for misdemeanor marks—well, I shall never forget the time I was marked. . . . In my last year in the school we organized a Literary Club, which attracted many students on picture-taking day. The faculty advisor was, I believe, Mr. Philip Marson.

I am sure that by this time I have thoroughly bored my readers—youth lives in the present, you know—and exasperated the editors of the *Register*, who asked me to write upon a subject of general interest and not to play the maudlin *laudator temporis acti*, excavating crumbly fossils from

the sediment of ages past. Being only a little-known antiquarian, I have small knowledge of matters of contemporary interest and so was very much puzzled for a theme, relaxing finally with an unconscious gurgle into the auld lang syne mood you see petrified above. Then it suddenly occurred to me that in my day most Latin School boys matriculated at Harvard College on the Charles, and since I have myself been a student at that institution, I can probably give some advice to those of you who are considering Harvard as a possible future abiding-place.

You will note that this paper is entitled "A Word to Scholars," and it is to scholars that this advice particularly applies. I am going to advise all scholars to go to Harvard. But what do I mean by a scholar? Well, if it gives you pleasure to count up the cases of zeugma in Book II of the Aeneid or if you are not satisfied until you completely understand just how Caesar built that bridge; if in reading your "A Merchant of Venice" or "Julius Caesar" or "Macbeth" you are careful not to skip a footnote or if you have a great interest in the conditions of English country life portrayed in "Silas Marner"; if you are anxious to know all about the private life of the Boyle who passed Boyle's Law or desire to ascertain how many previous theorems are necessary to the proof of a later one, you are a scholar and Harvard is the place for you. Harvard is the greatest community of scholars in the world. In the Harvard yard you are likely to bump into a famous scholar every time you turn around. If you are not a scholar you are no true son of Harvard—that is, unless you are an athlete. Now, during the Freshman year at Harvard the qualities of scholarship are not indispensable to the student, because during the Freshman year you take, largely, survey courses. I, for example, am this year

studying: (1) the history of Europe from the fall of the Roman Empire (476 A. D.) to the Treaty of Versailles (1918 A. D.); (2) the history of English literature from the Anglo-Saxon invasion (450 A. D.) to Thomas Hardy (d. 1928 A. D.); (3) the history of European philosophy from Thales of Miletus (500 B. C.) to Whitehead of Harvard (1929 A. D.); and (4) the history of the earth from the Archeozoic Age (525,000,000 B. C.) to the Japanese Earthquake (1923 A. D.). "Why," you say, "what's the sense of going to college any more? You will know all there is to know by the end of this year." And you will be right. I know almost everything now. But during the next three years I am going to take little bits of my knowledge apart, place them under the microscope and examine them minutely. I am going to study single movements and periods and schools and tendencies and systems and groups and men. I am going to become a scholar.

And I shall have the advantage of studying under some of the world's greatest scholars. Do you know that George H. Palmer, *Alford Professor of Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy, and Civic Policy, Emeritus*, is the greatest living authority on George Herbert? Who was George Herbert? George Herbert was a member of the "metaphysical school," one of the "Sacred" group, a leading disciple of John Donne, an exemplar of the chief post-Elizabethan and pre-Miltonic tendency in English literature if you discount "the Tribe of Ben," one of the lesser luminaries of the seventeenth century. In addition, I have discovered he wrote poems; and Professor Palmer knows more about him and them than any other man alive.

Professor Groton of the department of paleontology is the greatest living authority on radiolaria. Radiolaria form the sole branch of protozoa to have secreted a sili-

cious skeleton and as such are a most important link between certain kinds of flora and the higher species of fauna, or porifera, coelenterata, echenodeomata, and archaeocyathariae. I have never been able to ascertain what a radiolarium looks like.

Professor Hurlburt is a great authority on Austin Dobson, who is a great authority on Dryden, Addison, Pope, Swift and Johnson, who were great authorities on Shakespeare, Jonson, Aristotle, Homer, and the lives of the poets. The mighty Professor George Lyman Kittredge knows all the plays of Shakespeare (pardon me, Shakespeare) by heart and has read "Beowulf" forty or fifty times, as well. Professor Chase knows Attic Vases better than anybody else and Professor Robinson enjoys similar prestige as an authority on Middle English. The Yard simply teems with men who have some period or movement or poet or philosopher at their fingers' ends.

So that once past your Freshman year, you will embark upon a perfect sea of scholarship. Perhaps you will take a course in Shakespeare with Professor Kittredge and in your final examination answer such a question as this: "And now—quote next fifteen lines." Perhaps you will take a course in biography with Professor Lowes and incidentally read a poem or two. Perhaps you will study St. Thomas with Professor Gilson and read the "Summa" both in Latin and in English. You may study comparative literature and may even take a course with the famous Professor Babbitt. He will show you (I quote inaccurately, no doubt) that Wordsworth and Coleridge were influenced by Goethe and Schiller, who were influenced by Chateaubriand, and Madam de Staël, who were influenced by Kant, who was influenced by Descartes and Spinoza, who were influenced by Copernicus and Kep-

ler—until you get back to Homer who was influenced by the Egyptians, and then spend the rest of your days searching for an original genius.

But what if you are not a scholar? What if you believe that poetry transcends chronology, if you like to chant verse to yourself without paying too much attention to the proper names, if you like a story so well and read it so fast that you forgot to assign it to romanticism or realism or naturalism or any other *ism*? Well, there is still room for you at Harvard. You can attend lectures, abstract the meat they contain, do much reading and little memorizing and get off with a C. But you will never gain prestige in the university.

I have been grossly, perhaps foolishly, unfair, of course. The chief glory of a great institution like Harvard is that its curriculum provides for the needs of so many different kinds of minds. The faculty comprises scientific men of the calibre of Shapley Bridgeman, scholars like Grandgent and Kittredge, poets like Hillyar and Aiken, critics like Babbitt and Perry, philosophers like Whitehead and Sheffer. But as a person interested in the glories of the world's thought and letters, it has struck me, as it will strike some of you, that there is an overemphasis on learning, on the systematic, historical, biographical, and philological elements in literature and a corresponding discouragement of creative reading, discussion and thought. I shall never forget the instructor who caused me to look for proper names in reading Chaucer! The whole thing is too well mapped out and there is very little spirit in a chart. The problem can be solved only by teachers who possess enthusiasm and zest as well as knowledge, and such teachers, after all, would in themselves be the solution to most of our educational problems.



## Drops From a Dripping Pen

WILLIAM E. HARRISON, '28

I have no apology to make. My class is properly called the "baby" class, having been graduated only last June. None of us has as yet achieved any distinction in any field of human endeavor. We have not even got tabloid notoriety. With the solitary exception of winning the Phi Beta Kappa trophy again for Latin School and of placing thirty-five of our number among the one hundred and sixty "honor" Freshmen at Harvard, we have not done a thing that would be worthy of editorial mention. We do not deserve exceptional commendation, for our greatest achievements are not at all extraordinary and are such as usually Latin School boys do. Owing to our relative poverty of attainment, then, I cannot, like the bewhiskered alumnus of '84, admonish you to "carry on the torch" and "measure up to me."

For a kindred reason—my dangerous proximity to your day and generation—I naturally cannot "reminisce." The distance that makes the heart grow fonder is not mine to know. As a consequence of this lamentable circumstance, I have for the Old School, until a later day, until I have attained Benvenuto Cellini's prerequisite for "reminiscing," say the age of forty. Then I may have the right perspective toward misdemeanor marks, approbation-cards, declamation, and other omnipresent Latin School evils. *Magis ex longinquo reverentia.*

Being in the mood of constructive criticism and cherishing the belief that I have something to offer, I desire to present this article to you. Those who knew me while I was one of the *Register* literati and illuminati, I beg not to consider this as merely another jejune *opus* in a life of

incurable scribbling. If much of the character of my writings in the *Register* previously is absent, if you fail to see anything of the style that rescued me from dullness, forgive me and remember that I have momentarily essayed a new role. I am for the moment uplifter and reformer, hence necessarily uninteresting.

I suppose that the Latin School is easily the best of public secondary schools, not so much for the reason that its boys invariably acquaint themselves better in the College Boards than other school boys, as for the reason that the so-called "practical" value of education in one respect as were Richard Brothers and Brigham Young and Anthony Comstock. However, my fanaticism is not exactly like that of those gentlemen.

Pardon a little "reminiscing." Constantly, during my years on the *Register*, I sought to impress on the minds of readers that there were other men in our country besides Babe Ruth, Red Grange, and Douglas Fairbanks, who were greater, even if paeans were less often sung to them for their achievements. I tried in my humble way to apply what I now think was an inordinate worship of the great Victorians as an anti-dote to the bane of the worship of men like Jack Dempsey. I sought to acquaint those who held that baseball players and pugilists were greater, from the point of view of posterity and civilization, with the fact that the only truly great men are the scientists, philosophers, teachers, literary men, artists. Such heresy as I taught was serviceable, but like all serviceable heresy was neglected. The boys, with unruffled calm, continued to be orthodox.



The Latin School boy is unable consistently to think solely of the monetary value of education. If he ever has his eye on the dollar sign, he is unworthy; furthermore, he is wasting time that could be spent in grabbing bills and coins. He is in Latin School to get the Higher Culture, which is compounded of three major elements; tolerance, knowledge, intelligence. He wants the qualities that set the educated man apart from his inferiors. He wants to serve mankind. Take, for instance, the curriculum of the school: the Classics, English, French, Mathematics, Physics, History. Scarcely one of those is exclusively responsible for success in business. Babbitt, an incarnation of the modern American business man, would surely not want a man in his office who had read the "Aeneid," "Il Penseroso," "Comus"; could solve quadratic equations; had learned Newton's law of gravitation. "History is bunk" and "Dead languages are of no use,"—these are in the credo of every Babbitt.

What the Latin School boy has to fear primarily lest it retard and arrest his intellectual development is the temptation to *worship the mark*. It is a commonplace that the boy is father to the man, that pretty generally men are not so very different from boys in moral character. The boy gives promise of what the man will be. Striving for the mere mark, of course, makes for superficiality on all sides. The danger to do such a thing is acute at such a school as B. L. S., to whose students high marks incessantly come in the College Boards. Unless a boy is cautious, he will find that he is striving not for real and genuine attainment in Latin, so as to form a foundation for later scholarship, but is striving for a Classical Prize and temporary exaltation above his fellows and for an "honor" mark in the Boards. Unwary thus, he may graduate a Franklin Medal-

ist; he may have the greatest weighted average in the college entrance examinations; he may perform like tricks of deft legerdemain at college and get the Phi Beta Kappa watch-chain; and yet he may not have got the Higher Culture. He may not know a blessed thing; his "knowledge," got merely to shine in examinations and in lists of "honors," may depart wholly from him shortly after his formal education is over. He may make no effort to regain it. Or his education, consisting of a mere acquisition of facts and more facts, may be wholly unproductive of *practical* (in the best sense) results. He may be a mere automaton, educated beyond his intelligence.

If a Latin School boy deliberately outwits, as he thinks, the Masters and succeeds in hoodwinking them so cunningly that he "just passes," he will finish his formal education a superior moron, perhaps, but nevertheless a moron; like all of the ignoranstia, literate and illiterate, he will be incapable of scratching beneath the surface.

Though the boys who are putting their all into getting all that the Masters have to offer them are still a minority in Latin School, the fact that their number constantly increased during my four years and the reports which my spies bear to me lead me to believe that soon, if the present augmentation of their ranks *in annos*, continues they will form a considerable part of the student body.

It is difficult, I know, for a boy as old as the average Latin School boy to get the right perspective toward anything, especially in such an age of hubbub and vacillating interests as ours. He may be purged of whatever prejudices he has, those interests in him have reason to hope. The traditions of the School, so rich and so incomparable, tend to make him an excellent citizen and a good man, if he but heeds his exemplars.

When the Latin School boy has acquired tolerance, his education is helped forward appreciably. He ceases to depend entirely on the Masters; he begins to educate himself, with the assistance of the Masters. Then his *real* education is within sight, for as President Lowell of Harvard says: "All real education is self-education." This can be best and most easily achieved by extensive reading. He must become, if the tritest of *cliches* is here allowable, a voracious and an omnivorous reader,.

Doctor Eliot saw the Latin School curriculum, as it stood, had a manifest tendency to make a pupil one-sided. Therefore, he suggested as a corrective the addition of courses in music, the fine arts, and manual training, a knowledge of the rudiments of which he felt was absolutely indispensable to the educated man. Several educators have recommended that the social and physical sciences be given more place on the secondary-school programs. They felt that from these a pupil would get more tolerance and the scientific habit of investigation and experimentation, respectively, which he would find greatly beneficial. Mr. Mencken feels that, now that embalming and advertising are being taught in some universities along with Aristotle's *Organon* and Shakespeare's *Iramas*, chairs of "honor" should be endowed, for he feels that honorable men are sadly lacking in the Republic. Pupils should do more reading. This reading should be done on the students' own initiative. There should be round-table discussions of individual books,

not necessarily books which everyone has read, since such a practice may waste considerable time and fewer books would be read in the aggregate than otherwise. The *quality* of the books read rather than the *quantity* should be the key-note. A boy could read every one of Harold Bell Wright's or of Zane Grey's *opera* in three or four daily sittings and yet derive less benefit than a boy who read two chapters of Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire* or Macaulay's essay on Addison. Not all books are significant and worthwhile, and in order that the students may get the correct perspective on books, a Master should be detailed to help them. *The reading should not be compulsory.* It is important to keep that in mind; a dislike against being dragooned is congenital in man.

Though one of the best schools of today in which to get an education, Latin School must eternally progress. She has had her Emerson and her Santayana. Who will take their places? All her sons who are living hope for her continued prosperity *in saecula saeculorum*. Latin School gives her graduates many fond associations to cherish. Truly does he say with the poet,

*"Joy have I had, and going hence  
I bear away my recompense."*

His *recompense* is not his hard-earned *diploma* only, but larger spiritual gifts which assist him to achieve the tolerance and the mental balance that are so eminently desirable and necessary.



# A Romance of the old Boston Latin School

CAPTAIN THOMAS G. FROTHINGHAM, '83

In the catalogues of the Boston Latin School, of the first years of the eighties, will be found the name of Julius Pekar—and thereby hangs a tale. Our class graduated in 1883, and Doctor Merrill had introduced Julius Pekar to us in the term before our last year. The Headmaster brought him into the class room, and explained that he was a young Austrian, who was living with the Austrian Consul in Boston, and wished to take the course with our class. Doctor Merrill pointed out the difficulties of this for a foreigner, even though he was abreast of our studies in a general way. He emphasized the fact that Pekar would need special help in his task, and he asked us to take pains that the young Austrian should receive this assistance.

Julius Pekar was a round chubby youth of about our own age, the most pronounced blond in coloring that I had ever seen. His eyes were light blue, and his hair and eyebrows like the down of a young chicken. He was very attractive, in the jolliest way—and we grew so fond of him that half a dozen of us made him our special pet and protege. Among us, we managed to give him a personal coaching that actually kept him up with the class. It was no light task for a foreigner, to drop into such an exacting course as that required by the Latin School. He never could have accomplished this, if it had not been for our help.

He was very thankful for what we had done for him, and, on the last day of school after our class had graduated, he parted from us with tears of gratitude, drawing aside his personal guardians of whom I was one, for a special leave taking. He was much moved, and embraced us all,

which was a decided novelty for us, and he adjured us again and again to be sure to ask for Julius Pekar if ever any of us came to Vienna.

The class parted, and we went our different ways, and I am afraid we forgot Julius Pekar, except as one of the pleasant memories of the Latin School.

The sequel was told to me by Emery Rogers of our class, whose early death was mourned by all. In addition to the striking qualities which endeared him to everyone, Emery was of a graceful and athletic physique that none of us will ever forget. At the Latin School he won the Second Prize at drill, and the next year calmly went in and won the First. At Harvard he was the most beautiful sprint runner of his time, and won the celebrated race against Shirrell of Yale.

Emery Rogers graduated from Harvard in 1887, and his father gave him the reward of a trip around the world, as was a custom in those days. He made the journey with a Harvard classmate, going first to the Orient, and returning through Europe. On their way back, they went to Vienna, and he told me how he fared in Vienna, just after his return to Boston when the adventure was fresh in his mind. It was so vivid a story that every detail has remained fresh in my mind to this day.

By the time they reached Europe, the common purse of the two young Americans was running low, and their habit was to go to a good hotel and take the cheapest room in it. This they did in Vienna, and Emery said; "You can imagine what a hall bedroom was like in a Vienna hotel." They spent some time, after they had registered and been shown to their room, in arrang-



ing their few belongings, so that they "could move and breathe," as Emery expressed it. He told me that they were on the point of going out to take a look at Vienna, when there was a loud knocking at their door, which was thrown open, and a fat man appeared, followed by at least ten servants. The fat man was waving his arms and talking too fast for articulation. All the young Americans could make out was, that he was the manager of the hotel. But they could not understand what he was talking about and why he was so excited.

In reply to their questions, the manager only grew more incoherent, and shouted orders to the servants. As many of these as could squeeze into the room seized the luggage of the Americans, and passed it out to those in the hall. The manager, still unintelligible, pushed Emery and his friend from the room. Emery said: "We marched in a procession down miles of corridors. The manager never stopped talking for a second, and we could not understand what he was driving at. We thought we were going to be thrown out of the hotel. But suddenly he opened a big pair of folding doors and showed us into what looked like a ball room, with a bedroom and filed out. Then the manager had a final fit, and went out, closing the folding doors after him."

"You can imagine how puzzled we were, and we were walking around and looking at the splendor, when there was another loud knocking. Then the folding doors were flung open, and the manager was there again, with all the servants. But this time he wasn't talking. He was only bowing low—and all the servants were doing the same. They were bowing down to an Austrian officer—and he was Julius Pekar. He'd grown slim and straight, so that he

was the finest sight you ever saw in his corsetted uniform. He rushed into the room and embraced me, the way he did when he left us—and there were tears in his eyes again."

"Then it all came out. He was the son of an Austrian Grand Duke, a cousin of the Emperor, and his father had wanted him to have experience of an American school. His father gave particular orders that it must be the oldest established school—and that is why Julius Pekar came to the Boston Latin School. No one had known who he was, except the Austrian Ambassador. The Consul at Boston had no idea of this."

"Ever since he returned from Boston to Austria, he had kept the list of our six names at all the hotels in Vienna, with strict orders that if any of us Americans came to a hotel, to give that American the best suite as his guest, and to notify him at once. The fat manager had been horrified to see that one of these sacred Americans was in a hall bedroom in the hotel. That was the reason the manager had been so excited, and had hurried to put us into the royal suite, before the arrival of Julius Pekar who hastened to welcome me."

"He insisted on our living in luxury, as his guests, all the time we were in Vienna. He would not let us spend a cent—for he adopted my friend also, because he was with me. He could not do enough for us, took us to court, introduced us to his family, showed us everything in Vienna. We had hard work to break away, when we were ashamed to stay any longer. And now he sends word that he wants the rest of you to come to Vienna and see how grateful he is."

To me this true story is a most touching testimonial of the spirit of the old school.





## THE "CITY MEET"

In the trials of the city schools for the "Reggies," on March 6, there were some fine performances by the wearers of Latin School colors. It may be safely said that no team fought harder to qualify than did ours. Boys who have been out of the winning picture all year were to be seen fighting hard for places. Perhaps the best of these unsuccessful efforts to qualify for that select group which raced in the big meet was that of the manager of the team, John Moynahan, who, though he had done but little competitive work this year, fought his way to third place in his heat of the 1000. However his time was not enough to place him among the hallowed first six. "Bud" Joseph ran a fine race in the 600 and took third in his heat, narrowly failing to qualify. Though suffering from an acute toothache, he ran his best race. Henry Titus, in the 600, pushed Gerstein, the English star, until the last lap, where the other began a great sprint, and took the race. Titus did a fine job, but like the others mentioned, his time was not quite good enough to qualify him. Burton Tarplin, in the intermediate hurdles, was in a heat with one of the winners, and took second; but only one was being picked, so another hard fighter was eliminated. Koritz, in the intermediate 600, was an-

other boy who did a fine piece of work, taking third. "Jugger" Malone took second in his heat of that race, but was not informed of the time qualification system. Though he could have gone faster, he ran to finish second, and his time was a wee bit on the wrong side of qualifying. Little Landrigan did well in the 176. In the 220, Sid Friedman was handled very roughly by two pushy runners, and the handicap forced him back into third position, and as only two were being picked, he was without the pale. He had been right behind Joyce all year, and would probably have figured in the finals.

All the others came through as had been expected. Joe Dolan ran a wonderful race, giving Cowhig, the Regimental champion, a hard rub. Joyce ran away with his heat of the 220, finishing about twenty yards ahead in 26 3-5 seconds. Captain Sullivan won his heat in the 300, beating Walsh of Dorchester, third place winner in the final, and Gladstein of English, who had taken him in the dual meet. His time was 37 2-5 seconds, and he finished remarkably fresh. George Burns ran away with his intermediate 600; Brody, Cohen, Owen, Coleman, Rains and Feldstein all won their heats in their respective events. All in all, with almost no exceptions, it was a good day for Latin School.

## The Regimental Meet

LESTER S. KORITZ

Surprises of all kinds featured the twenty-first annual track meet of the Boston schools at the East Armory on the ninth of March. English, as has been its wont, occupied first place. Gracing second position was the track team of the Boston Latin School. But a half point in our rear was Mechanic Arts High School, but it is safe to say that were it not for a few mishaps, our margin would have been greater. The points we garnered in the field events proved of much value.

We had a well organized cheering section, and, as usual, in its center was Billy Adler. Their ovations to our two fallen heroes was splendid. In the first heat of the first event, the junior hurdles, "Bobby" Coleman romped in to an easy victory. A bad start in the final was the margin of his defeat by Vilari of English, though Bobby gave him a hard fight. Jack Brody was on the mark for Latin in the intermediate hurdles and stepped fast enough in his heat to equal the record of 7 seconds. Captain Tosney of Mechanic Arts was a little slower. The final heat, however, told a different story. Brody, after getting away to a good start, was gradually gained upon and finally passed by the Mechanics boy, but the latter had to *break the record* to beat his Latin rival.

Both our qualifiers in the junior sprint, Louis Rains and Sidney Feldstein, were nosed out by extremely narrow margins by a fast field. They both put up a game battle. The intermediate dash found Jack Cohen and "Willie" Owen starting for the purple. Cohen scampered across the finish line a victor in his heat. Owen was not so fortunate, being ranked third when only two were being picked. A poor start was

fatal to Cohen's hopes for victory, and he stepped into third place in the final in which the record was equalled. The race was very close, and the judges had a hard time picking the runner-up positions.

Berje David ran true to form in the first heat of the "176," striding in several yards in front of his nearest competitor. The next events were the semi-finals of the "220." "Jugger" Joyce was on the pole for Latin in the first heat, beside Scanlon of English and Hilli of Mechanics. Joyce received a vicious elbowing all the way up the first stretch and the action on the first corner bore a strong resemblance to a line play in football. The milling mob came off the first turn, and then the blow was struck. Before most of those present knew what was happening, "Jugger" was on the floor! He regained his feet and fought hard to close the gap, but the handicap was too great, and he crossed the line behind four decidedly inferior runners. His own chargin was hardly matched by that of the Latin rooters. Joyce's work this year has been far superior to that of any who placed in the finals, and his tumble, accidentally caused or otherwise, robbed Latin of an extremely probable five points.

Attention was now focused on the semi-finals of the "300." Captain Donal Sullivan was our lone representative here, and was placed in the second heat. He started off in close pursuit of Kelley of South Boston, with one Burrell of Mechanics at his heels. There was a wedge at the first corner, a collision, and "Sully" turned a somersault on the floor, two others behind him sharing a like fate. Though he struggled with all his might to regain the lost ground, the gap was too great, and his

gameness went for naught. More probable points had been lost for the purple. He, too, was accorded a hearty cheer by the Latin rooters.

The finals of the junior long sprint arrived, with Berje David our only hope. He proved his ability to justify our faith in him by coming back from a mediocre start to win a hotly contested race.

The "1000" men then got on the marks, with Joe Dolan in fourth position on the pole, and Adam Mednis relegated to the second row. "Little Joe" proceeded to set the pace for two laps, and held his own for a while, but was finally forced back to oblivion by a speedy group of runners. Mednis' original handicap, coupled with the effects of a recent illness, proved his undoing.

There followed the intermediate "600," the last event of the meet as far as we were concerned. Here we had George Burns, whose spectacular running had hitherto brought him recognition as a runner to be watched. He ran his race like a veteran,

using his head as well as his legs. He permitted Tuohy of English to lead the chase for the first two laps, holding back enough for a finish, yet staying up with the leader and Sennott of Jamaica Plain. The latter leaped forward at the gun lap with Burns at his heels. Gradually but surely, George overtook him, and on the second last turn passed him, giving all he had in a fighting finish that placed him ten yards ahead of his nearest rival.

Looking back on the meet we cannot help a feeling of great disappointment over the unfortunate tumbles of Joyce and Sullivan, Coleman, Brody, and Cohen are to be credited with scoring indispensable points, and David's excellent performance in the "176" was most praiseworthy. But to our mind, the hero of the meet, as far as Latin School is concerned, was George Burns, whose heady running and game spirit won him a well-merited victory. However, taking all into consideration, it was an unlucky day for the royal purple.

## The Relay Carnival

The indoor track season of the Boston schools was completed on March 13, when the relay races of the City and District Schools were contested. All our relay teams did exceptionally well, showing some excellent running and fine competitive spirit. In all our heats we had as our rivals English High School and we gave them plenty of opposition.

In the junior one-lap race, Rains beat his opponent and handed a small lead to Olans. For a time it looked as if Olans might be passed, but he fought hard and handed an edge to Feldstein, who gave a lead of a few yards to David, running anchor. The English lad was no match for David, and we were victorious by about ten yards.

The junior team finished second in the final rating.

Our star intermediate one-lap team was out to break the record, and had they been given some competition, they would have succeeded. Jack Cohen took the lead from his English rival, who fell during the race, and gave a healthy lead to Sidney Friedman. Sid stretched it some more. Then came George Burns, who rolled up the margin of our advantage to over greater dimensions. In the anchor position ran John Joyce who burned up the track to carry the purple across the tape a full half lap in front of the blue. The time was 2-5 of a second behind the record.



The senior one-lap team surprised everyone with the splendid battle they gave English. Arky Winer, Eddie Horovitz, Paul Curley, and Harry Eagan were not expected to star, but the way they fought was a fine thing to see. Every one of them gave his best, and the hearts of the Latin school adherents warmed to witness their racing. They finished but ten yards behind a strong English quartet, and stood seventh on the final record.

It is extremely doubtful if there was any better race than that of the English-Latin two-lap teams. It was a battle all the way, the lead changing on many occasions. English was given the pole, and Gerstein of English took the first corner from Captain Donal Sullivan of Latin. He held off all the attempts of the Latin leader to pass him until the last corner of the second lap. Here Sullivan, fighting very hard, began to close the gap, and at the passing of the stick, the rivals were even. Henry Titus ran second. He showed the Latin School of what fine stuff he is made. Running in second position, he was led to the first corner by Daley of English, second place winner in the Regimental 1000. Nothing daunted, he went after his opponent, raced him, and passed him, handing an advantage to Adam Mednis. His was certainly a thrilling performance. Mednis, whose advantage was small, was passed by Needleman, a fast man from English, on the first lap. However, Adam, showing a world of fight, came back with a vengeance and passed his man again,

giving the baton to Joe Dolan a yard or so in the lead. Little Joe had a tough assignment and he knew it, but was he downhearted? He was not. . . . Against him was Eastmond of English, without doubt the best two-lap runner in the Boston Schools, who has been the cause of our defeats at the hands of English all year. Joe knew that his only chance was to get out in front and fight, and he did. Snatching the stick, he made a mad dash for the pole, and stretched out to his best. But the lanky blue clad anchor man was too good, taking one stride to very three of Joe's, he closed the gap, and though Dolan fought like a demon, thundered into a rapidly increasing lead, to finish about ten yards in the van. It was a wonderful race from start to finish, and taking everything into consideration, the two-lap team, every member of it, has nothing for which to feel downcast. They all fought well.

The meeting closed with the medley races. Our team followed the record-breaking quartet of English all the way. Prominent on this team, which clipped 3 4-5 seconds from the record, was one Bill Wellock, running the senior one-lap leg, who last year went to Latin School *'Tis very sad*. Our team was composed of Landrigan, junior one-lap, Kirwin, senior two-lap, Garner, intermediate one lap, and Lawlor, senior one-lap. Against the opposition they had the result was inevitable. They finished ninth in the final tabulation. And thus was concluded the best indoor season the school has had in some years.

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### DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

English seems to "have our number" this year. Our teams in Football, Track, Hockey, and Swimming have all fallen before the blue tide. Baseball and Tennis are as yet untainted, and in them we place

our hope for a victory for Latin.

Hockey has gone for good, and we are pleased to learn of the choice of the team for next year's captain. This honor has fallen to George Weddleton, able defence player on this year's aggregation.



Outdoor track is due to start soon. The seniors on the team will probably compete in the State Meet, the Boston College Interscholastics and other interscholastic meets in addition to the Regimentals.

\* \* \*

In the 220 outdoors in the intermediate division, John Joyce should lead the field by twenty-five yards. He is out to avenge his misfortune in the indoor race, and we are sure he will succeed, for with no corners or elbows to worry him, he should have things his own way.

\* \* \*

The well-known Mr. Young does not favor prizes for the Boston Schoolboys. We never could appreciate his point of view. However, after seeing the fate of three of Latin's potential point-winners in the Regimentals, we begin to see wisdom in his stand. Sid Friedman, in the trials for the "Reggies," was fouled on the first corner of his 220 trial, and on the second stretch was tripped. In the big meet itself, John Joyce was fouled on the first corner and crashed on the track. He was the favorite in the 220. Right after that, Captain Donal Sullivan, in his semi-final of the 300, was pushed from behind on the premier turn, and sprawled on the

track, taking with him two other unfortunates. If the polite gentlemen who were so foully free with their hands will act as they did with no prize in sight, what, may we expect, would they do if the prospect of a prize was before them?

\* \* \*

Speaking of the first corner, to the uninitiated we explain that in the long dashes, (the 176, 200 and 300) it is, in many cases, the deciding factor in the race. Certain it is that it is the most important part of the contest. It is extremely likely that some over-zealous individual will, to secure a good position on the corner, use his hands unfairly.

We don't know the person who was field judge at the aforesaid corner. That there was fouling was painfully apparent to all who had seats of vantage. Yet not one runner was disqualified. It is our respectful contention that the selection of that particular official was a very poor one.

But you should have seen the aforesaid worthy congratulate the winners! At that he was highly proficient, giving them gentle pats on the back which they appreciated not. But when some "dirty" runners were giving to their rivals taps that were far from gentle, he was a *total loss*.

## All Blue

On March 2, during the last set of the schoolboy hockey games this season, a strong English High team handed our sextet a 2-0 defeat. The score does not indicate the fight put up by our team, for during the first period our sextet outplayed its rival in every department, and not until the middle of the second period, when Crimlisk caged the first goal, did our cause look dubious. Crimlisk, who scored both goals, and Donahue are both ex-Latin School boys and had they remained at our

school, we might have had a championship aggregation.

Our sextet was well backed by a complete section of graduate and undergraduate rooters. "Billy" Adler and "Pansy" Kopans acted in the capacity of cheer leaders.

Just before the bell, signaling the close of the first period, rang, our hopes soared, when "Bucky" Warren started down the right, weaved to the left, cleverly stick-handled his way through a scrambled

defence and hoisted a terrific shot which caromed off Holton's chest-pads.

After a short rest, the teams returned to the ice and Latin again took the aggressive, when "Bucky" took the rubber disc, skated down the right lane in combination with Kelley, and passed to the latter inside the English blue-line. Kelley lifted a fast shot, which rebounded off the goalie's shin-pads, but no one was in to take the rebound and all went for naught. A stretch of tight and cautious hockey continued until Crimlisk got off on a solitary dash down the left lane. He beat the whole team, but left himself with a bad shot which barely squeezed its way between Donnellan's shin-pads and the left hand portal.

Encouraged by this score, Horn, in combination with Crimlisk, stick-handled his way to the net, and Donnellan threw himself at the shot, but was too late. The pass was perfect and Crimlisk poked it into the strings to register his second tally.

From this point to the finish both teams covered with blanket-like closeness, and neither goalie had many virulent shots to deal with. Covering was so close and the

fighting spirit so high that the parade to the penalty box was continuous.

It is appropriate at this time to mention the fine work of Captain Campana, "Bucky" Warren, "Russ" Lynch, Kelley, Parks, Mullen and Moore in the forward line; Weddleton and Doyle at defense, and Donnellan at goal, throughout the entire season. The team was struck a serious blow in the middle of the season by the ineligibility of "Hick" Shea, who at the time, was the leading scorer in the league.

Our sextet scored three wins, tied four games, and lost three this season, ending in seventh place in the league. And thus ends the Hockey season of 1928-1929. The summary:

ENGLISH	LATIN
Crimlisk, McMackin, Rubin, lw.	

rw., Lynch, Parks

Horne, Marshall, O'Connell, c.

c., Campana, *Capt.*, Mullen

Donahue, Doering, Aldrich, rw

lw., Warren, Moore

Crowley, ld. . . . . rd., Doyle, Kelley

Powers, rd. . . . . ld., Weddleton

Holton, g. . . . . g., Donnellan

—B. R., '30.

## SUBMERGING NAUTICAL SCHOOL

On March 1, the swimming team held its first and only extra-league meet against the Nautical School at the Charlestown Y. M. C. A. pool. The Nautical School was victorious by a scant margin of six points; the score, 28-22. Several remarkable performances were noted in the 100-yard freestyle and 40-yard back-stroke events. Grossman, although only an intermediate, outclassed all the seniors of both teams by capturing the 100-yard freestyle by a large margin. He also showed himself up creditably in the relay team,

swimming in the anchor position. Feinberg, a veteran of last year, eclipsed the rest of the field in the 40-yard backstroke, winning by five yards. The relay team of Skresoski, O'Hare, Mahakian, and Grossman showed up well, beating its opponent very handily.

Captain Fitzgerald competed in spite of a lame leg, and placed third in the senior breaststroke. It has been noticed in practice that he is steadily improving and he is sure to do well in the coming meets. The summary:

100-yard freestyle: 1st, Grossman; 2nd, Skresoski.

40-yard freestyle: 3rd, Mahakian; 4th, O'Hare.

40-yard backstroke: 1st, Feinberg; 3rd, Golden.

60-yard breaststroke: 3rd, Fitzgerald, *Capt.*; 4th, McCarthy.

Relay: Won by Latin: Skresoski, O'Hare, Mahakian, Grossman. —B. R., '30.

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### DROWNING DORCHESTER

The Purple and White swimming team engaged in their first city meet on March 8, against Dorchester High, getting away to an early lead by winning all the freestyle events, the team managed to hold its own in the breaststroke and backstroke, and concluded by winning all the relay and diving competitions.

Skresoski had little trouble in capturing the "100," and Grossman and Hickey followed his example in the intermediate and junior freestyle swims. Our backstroke swimmers encountered some difficulty, but Captain Fitzgerald was successful in the senior breaststroke as was Dixon in the corresponding intermediate race.

The relay races began with Latin holding a four-point lead. The juniors and seniors had no difficulty, but Grossman's excellent work was all that won for the intermediate team. Degutis, Dixon, and Alter turned in fine performances in the diving. In all, we gained eleven first places out of fifteen. The final score was Latin 82½; Dorchester 56½. The summary:

#### SENIORS

100-yard freestyle—1st, Skresoski; 2nd, Degutis.

50-yard backstroke—2nd, McGreenery; 3rd, Feinberg.

50-yard breaststroke—1st, *Capt.* Fitzgerald; 4th, Keating.

Dive—1st, Degutis; tie for 2nd, Keating.

Relay—Won by Latin: Byrne, O'Hare, Feinberg, Skresoski.

#### INTERMEDIATES

50-yard freestyle—1st, Grossman; 4th, Hanson.

25-yard backstroke—2nd, Ratzkoff; 3rd, Zich.

25-yard breaststroke—1st, Dixon; 4th, Koritz.

Dive—1st, Dixon; 3rd, McNeil.

Relay—Won by Latin: Ratzkoff, Hanson, Epstein, Grossman.

#### JUNIORS

25-yard freestyle—1st, Hickey; 3rd, Alter.

25-yard backstroke—3rd, Hogan.

25-yard breaststroke—2nd, Radcliffe.

Dive, 1st, Alter.

Relay—Won by Latin: Hickey, Ryan, Radcliffe, Hogan. —L. S. K.

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### SPLASHED BY MECHANICS

The Mechanics Arts natators immersed our swimming team by the score of 96-48, on March 15, at the Cabot Street pool. The meet was held in conjunction with the East Boston, South Boston swimming meet. The Artisans took first place in every senior event. The summary:

#### SENIOR

100-yard freestyle—3rd, Skresoski; 4th, O'Hare.

50-yard backstroke—3rd, McGreenery; 4th, Feinberg.

50-yard breaststroke—2nd, *Capt.* Fitzgerald; 4th, McCarthy.

Dive—2nd, Keating; 3rd, McGreenery.

#### INTERMEDIATE

50-yard freestyle—1st, Grossman; 3rd, Mahakian.

25-yard backstroke—2nd, Levenson; 4th, Ratzkoff.

25-yard breaststroke—3rd, Roach; 4th, Rodman.

Dive—2nd, Dixon; 4th, McNeil.

## JUNIOR

25-yard freestyle—1st, Hickey; 4th, Donovan.

25-yard backstroke—2nd, Hogan.

25-yard breaststroke—3rd, Radcliffe.

Dive—3rd, Hogan; 4th, Rundy.

—B. R., '30.

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## TRAILING TRADE

The Trade School Swimming team nosed out our mermen at the Curtis Hall pool on March 23. The score was 75-68. Although our team scored eight wins in a total of fifteen events, the Trade strength in the second and third places enabled them to garner the greater number of points. Skresoski, Feinberg, Captain Fitzgerald, Grossman, Levenson and Hickey were the stars for Latin. The summary:

## SENIORS

100-yard freestyle—2nd, Skresoski; 3rd, Ray.

50-yard backstroke—1st, Feinberg; 4th, Stellar.

50-yard breaststroke—1st, *Capt.* Fitzgerald.

Relay—Won by Latin.

## INTERMEDIATES

50-yard freestyle—1st, Grossman; 3rd, Mahakian.

25-yard backstroke—1st, Levenson.

25-yard breaststroke—3rd, Roche.

Relay—Won by Latin.

## JUNIORS

25-yard freestyle—1st, Hickey; 3rd, Fitzgerald.

25-yard backstroke—3rd, Hogan.

25-yard breaststroke—2nd, Percival.

Relay—Won by Trade. —B. R., '30.

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## THE BLUE JINX

Our natators put up a valiant fight against the English High swimming team, with the result that the outcome of the meet was in doubt until the final race had been completed. Our intermediate relay

team, the favorite, suffered our greatest upset, losing by less than a yard. Had this quartet come through, as was expected, we should have won the meet and would have been the first team in a good many years to overcome our ancient rivals in this sport.

Our seniors overwhelmingly beat their rivals in each event, but the younger lads failed to take advantage of the lead handed them by their older mates.

Skresoski started the meet right by capturing the 100-yard freestyle event, after trailing Baker of English until a couple of yards from the goal, where he unleashed a spectacular spurt to overtake his rival at the finish.

McGreenery handily won the 50-yard backstroke over Brewin of English, who kept pushing the former throughout the race.

Captain Fitzgerald of Latin and Brodney of English loomed up as the two pre-race favorites in the senior breaststroke. At the whistle both were away fast and paced each other stroke for stroke as they went down the pool. At the turn Brodney took the lead with Fitzgerald in hot pursuit. They finished in this position with Fitzgerald a scant foot behind the winner.

Our senior relay quartet of Skresoski, O'Hare, McGhee and Fitzgerald, was victorious by a good five yard margin over its opponent. Degeutis and Keating, both defending Latin School's laurels, placed first and second in the senior dive.

No intermediate was able to take a first place in his event, although Grossman and Levenson did some fine swimming in the freestyle and backstroke events respectively. Both these boys placed second in their events.

Hickey remained the only undefeated member of the team by virtue of his victory over Noyes of English in the junior 25-yard freestyle draw. This young natator



was also largely responsible for the relay's victory over English. The summary:

## SENIORS

100-yard freestyle—1st, Skresoski, 3rd, O'Hare.

50-yard backstroke—1st, McGreenery; 3rd, Feinberg.

50-yard breaststroke—2nd, *Capt.* Fitzgerald.

Relay—Won by Latin: Skresoski, McGhee, O'Hare, Fitzgerald.

Dive—1st, Degeutis; 2nd, Keating.

## INTERMEDIATES

50 yard freestyle—2nd, Grossman; 3rd, Mahakian.

25-yard backstroke—2nd Levenson; 3rd, Ratzkoff.

25-yard breaststroke—3rd, Roach; 4th, Koritz.

Relay—Won by English.

Dive—3rd, Dixon; 4th, McNeil.

## JUNIORS

25-yard freestyle—1st, Hickey; 3rd, Rains.

25-yard backstroke—3rd, Hogan; 4th, Foley.

25-yard breaststroke—2nd, Radcliffe; 4th, Percival.

Dive—1st, Percival; 4th, Hogan.

Relay—Won by Latin: Hickey, Rains, Radcliffe, Foley. —B. R., '30.

## WHAT PRICE TWO POINTS

Two points were the difference between victory and defeat in the meet between the Latin and Trade mermen. Trade annexed 56 points to 54 for our boys, to take the palm in one of the closest meets of the season. The summary:

## SENIOR

100-yard freestyle—2nd, Skresoski; 3rd, Ray.

50-yard backstroke—1st, Feinberg; 4th, Stellar.

50-yard breaststroke—1st, *Capt.* Fitzgerald.

Relay—Won by Latin.

## INTERMEDIATE

50-yard freestyle—1st, Grossman; 3rd, Mahakian.

25-yard backstroke—1st, Levenson.

25-yard breaststroke—3rd, Roach.

Relay—Won by Latin.

## JUNIORS

25-yard freestyle—1st, Hickey; 3rd, Fitzgerald.

25-yard backstroke—3rd, Hogan.

25-yard breaststroke—2nd, Percival.

Relay—Won by Trade.

—J. K. L., '30.

## Baseball

Baseball practice began in earnest on March 15, when an army of hopefuls reported to fill the positions left vacant by the great exodus of stars in June, 1928. Although a spirit of willingness prevails throughout the camp, prospects are not so encouraging as in former years.

The pitching situation at this writing, is very discouraging, and the mentor is daily pressing into action infielders and outfielders, in order to unearth some likely

prospects to fill the position left vacant by the departure of Hunt, Vogel, Tobe, and Flynn, last year's formidable twirling staff. Among those, who are bidding fair to pull down the opening game assignment are Pepi, Higgins, Lichtenstein, "Joe" Gordon, and "Red" Stuart. Gordon is a fine hitter and if he fails to make the grade in the box, he will be shifted to the garden. Stuart is being tried out in the short field

and it is hard to tell in what capacity he will serve the team.

Behind the bat, the team is well fortified. Weddleton and Shea, two experienced receivers, are conducting a real battle for the first string assignment. Both are good hitters and it remains to be seen who will be regular. Hoyer and Rabinovitz are two other players who will bear watching.

"Steve" Downes looks like a fixture at first base.

On second, Joe Dolan looks excellent. Campana, Friedman and Bilodeau are right at his heels and are ready to step into the breach if Joe shows any symptoms of faltering.

At shortstop, Red Stuart and Goldberg are having quite a battle, with Red having little, if any, edge. A little fellow by the

name of Pratt, a fourth class boy, is electrifying the assembled gathering with his hard hitting and brilliant fielding.

Bucky Warren is smashing the ball all over the lot and is fielding satisfactorily. Johnny Ray, however, is giving him a world of competition for third base.

The outfield, at present, is a bit unsettled. Foremost among the aspirants for positions in the garden are Captain Eddie Tracy, Doyle, Wilson, White, Cunningham, and Kelleher. Captain Eddie is fielding and hitting well and he should have a good season.

As many of the games are to be played on the school field, the student body would do well to do its share to support the team.

—J. K. L., '30.

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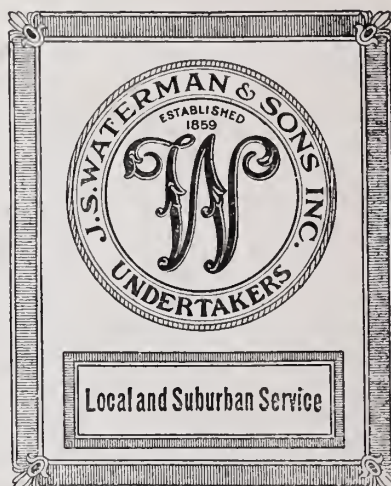
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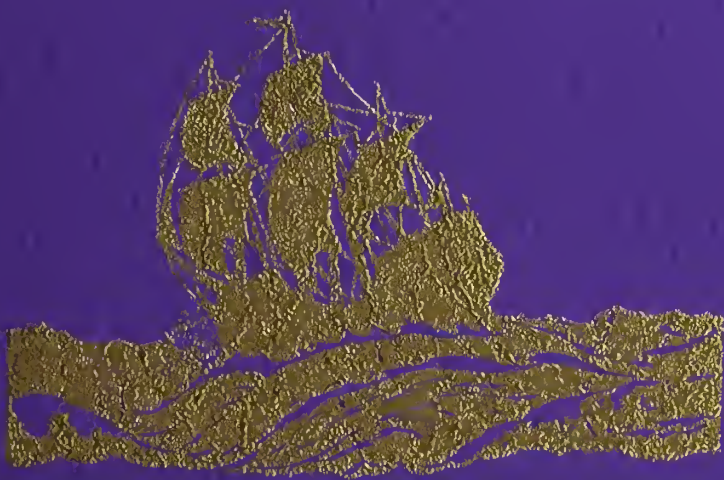
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LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER











1929

# The Boston Public Latin School







## Latin School Register

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*Semper Honoratus Memoria*



HEADMASTER PATRICK T. CAMPBELL

To  
Patrick Thomas Campbell,  
Teacher, Friend and Counsellor of more  
than five generations of Latin  
School Boys, upon the occasion of his  
and our departure from the  
old school, we, the class of 1929,  
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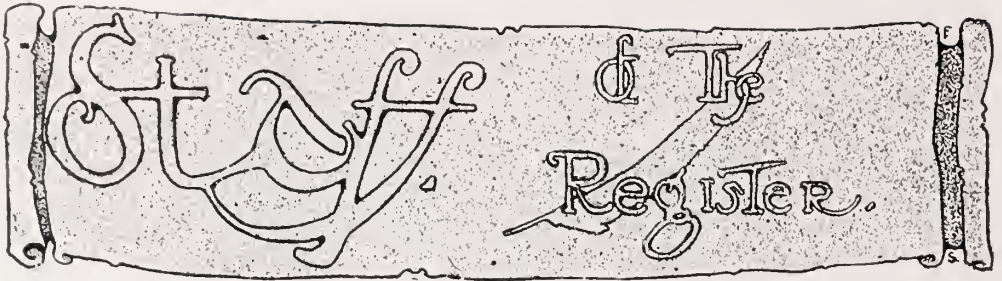
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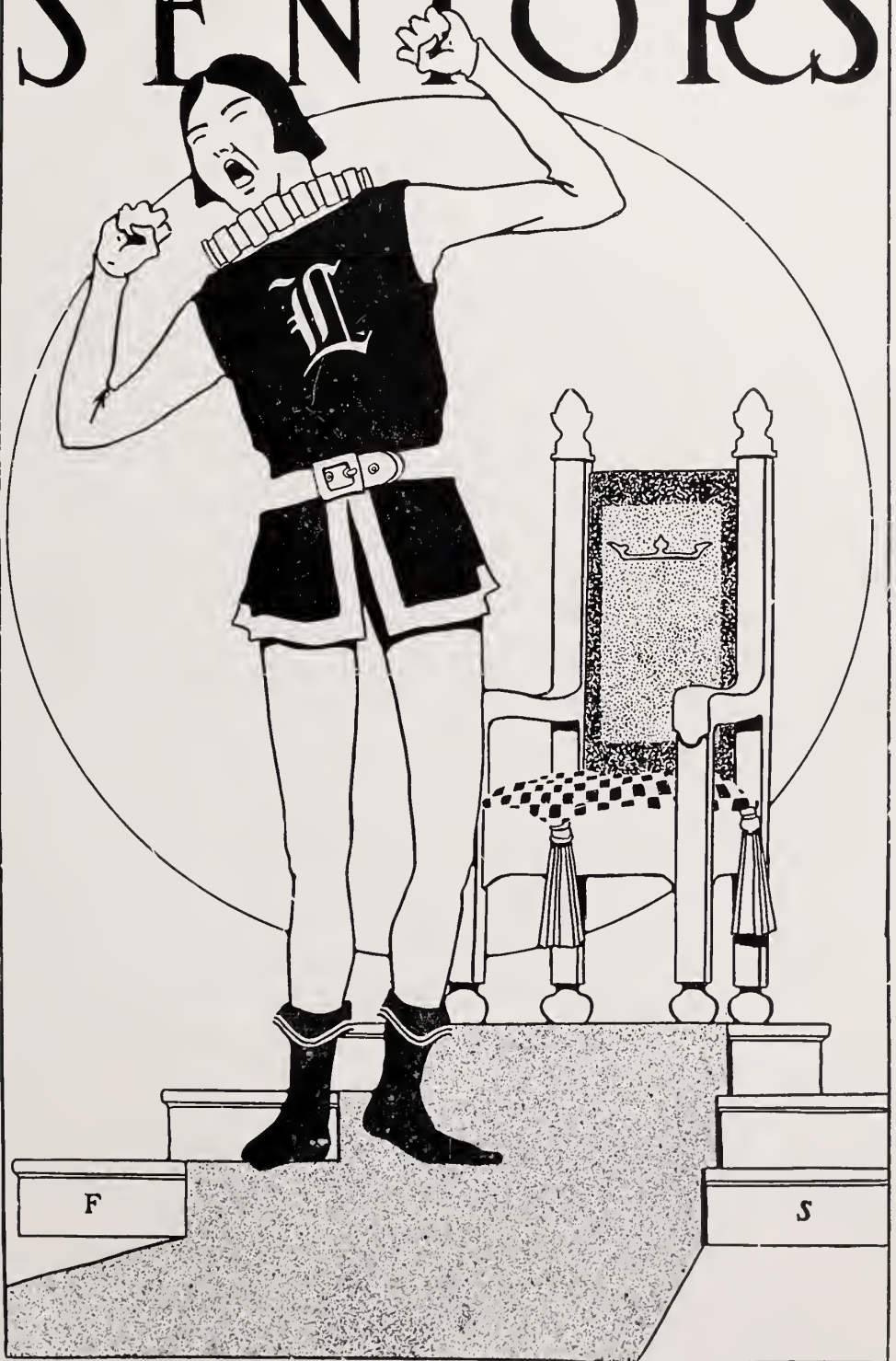
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## ERNEST GEORGE ABDALAH

"Abby," "Ernie" Columbia

*"And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."*

Entered Class IVB, 1925, from Robert Gould Shaw School; Junior Debating, 1925-26; Football, 1925-26-27.

## ARTHUR LAWRENCE ABRAMS

"Archie" Harvard

*"I was not always a man of woe."*

Entered Class VI from William Lloyd Garrison School, 1923; Drum Corps, 1925-26-27-28-29; 2nd Lieutenant, 1928-29; Fidelity Prize, 1927.

## MELVIN FRANCIS ADAMS

"Mel" Harvard

*"Look before ye leap."*

Entered Class IV B, from Bennett School, 1924; Stamp Club, 1925-26-27-28; Secretary-Treasurer, 1928; French Club, 1928-29; Football, 1926; Track, 1927-28-29.

## HENRY ADELMAN

"Addie" Harvard

*"Meek, pure, and holy."*

Entered Class IV B, from Chapman School, 1925.

## WILLIAM AMBROSE ADLER

"Billy" Harvard

*"The social smile, the sympathetic tear."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from Charles Sumner School; Baseball, 1925-26-27-28; Football, 1925-23-27-28; Captain, 1928; Manager, Track Team, 1928; Fidelity Prize, 1924; Chairman, Class Day Committee, Captain, 9th Co., 5th Regiment; Individual Prize, Manual of Arms, 1927-28; First Prize, Manual of Arms, Inter-Regimental Drill, 1928; Memorial Exhibition Drill; Class Day Exhibition Drill; Colonel, 5th Regiment; Commander, 3rd Division, Boston Street Parade; President of Graduating Class.

## HAROLD ALEXANDER

"Alex" Harvard

*"His eye was dim and cold."*

Entered Class II from Dorchester High School, 1927; Band, 1927-28-29; Third Prize, inter-regimental band competition, 1928; Symphony band, 1927-28-29; Orchestra, 1929.





## MAURICE SAMUEL ALEXANDER

"Morry," "Alex"

M. I. T.

*"He was so good he would pour rose-water on a toad."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925 from Frank V. Thompson School; Literary Club, 1927-28; French Club, 1927-28; 2nd Lieutenant, 10th Company, 5th Regiment.

## BURTON JACOB ASKOWITH

"Askie"

M. I. T.

Entered from Sarah Greenwood School in 1923, Class VI; Band, 1927-28-29; Boston High School Symphony Band, 1928-29; Second Lieutenant of Band, 1929; President Boston High School Symphony Band, 1929.

## JOSEPH AUERBACH

"Joe"

Harvard

*"A penny for your thoughts."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Quincy School; French Club, 1928-29; Literary Club, 1928-29; Orchestra, 1926-27.

## HERBERT LAWRENCE BABBITT

"Herb," "Al"

Harvard

*"Shut up in measureless content."*

Entered Class III, 1926, from Oliver Wendell Holmes School; French Club, 1927-28-29; Track, 1926-27; Baseball, 1928-29; Glee Club, 1926; 2nd Lieutenant, 2nd Company, 5th Regiment.

## SUMNER A. BAKER

"Skinny"

Harvard

*"A load would sink a navy."*

Entered Class IV B, 1924, from Phillips Brooks School; French Club, 1927-28; Football, 1926-27; Track, 1925-26; Tennis, 1929; Glee Club, 1924-25; Band, 1924; Orchestra, 1924-25.

## HAROLD BALKAN

"Speed," "Thunder"

William and Mary

*"The horn, the horn, the lusty horn."*

Entered Class VI, 1922, from J. W. Howe School; Fidelity Prize, 1923-24; Football, 1926-27-28; 2nd Lieutenant, 1st Prize Company, 1928; 4th Prize Company, Inter-Regimental Drill, 1928; Picture Committee.

PHILIP BARBER

"Phil" Harvard

*"Away, ye imitators, servile herd!"*

Entered Class VI, from Lewis School, 1922; Literary Club, 1927-28-29; President, 1928-29; French Club, 1928-29; Debating Club, 1928-29; Library Service Club, 1928-29; President, 1928-29; Associate Editor, Register Staff, 1928-29; Captain, 6th Company, 4th Regiment; Usher, Class Day; Individual Prize, Manual of Arms, 1926; Cheer leader, 1928-29.

HERMAN BEIGELMAN

"Beegie" Tufts

*"The silent doctor shook his head."*

Entered Class VI, from Lewis School, 1922; Orchestra, 1925-1929; Fidelity Prize, 1927; 1st Lieutenant, 10th Company, 5th Regiment.

BERNARD HARRY BENNETT

"Benny," "Bernie" Harvard

*"Answer me in one word."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Minot School; Baseball, 1928-29; Football, 1928; Track, 1928-29; Hockey, 1927-28; 1st Lieutenant, 2nd Company, 4th Regiment.

MANUEL ALBERT BENSON

"Willie" Harvard

*"To waste its sweetness on the desert air."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Wolcott School, Revere; Associate Editor, Register Staff, 1927-28-29; Literary Club, 1928-29; Orchestra, 1926-27-28; Boston School Symphony Orchestra, 1926-27-28-29; 1st Lieutenant, 11th Company, 5th Regiment. Lawrence Poetry Prizes for English and Latin, 1929.

ROBERT BURKE BERGEN

"Bob" Boston College

*"The goddess Ganymede, divinely fair."*

Entered Class VI, from Roxbury Latin School, 1928.

ROBERT HATHAWAY BEST

"Bob" Harvard

*"The Queen of the May, tra-la!"*

Entered Class VI, from John Winthrop School, 1922; Captain, 12th Company, 4th Regiment.







## DAVID WOLFE BILLER

"Bill," "Wolf" Harvard

*"Is it so nominated in the bond?"*

Entered Class VI, from Wendell Phillips School, 1923; Junior Debating Club, 1925-26; Stamp Club, 1924-25-26; Chess and Checker Club, 1925-26-27; Library Service Club, 1926-27-28; Treasurer, 1927-28; Literary Club, 1927-28-29; French Club, 1928-29; Senior Debating Club, 1926-27-28-29; Secretary, 1928-29; Asst. Business Mgr., Register, 1927-28; Business Manager, 1928-29; Year Book Committee; Captain, 11th Company, 5th Regiment; Third Prize Leading, 1929; Special Prize Declamation, 1929.

## JULIAN CHARLES BLAUSTEIN

"Blavie" Harvard

*"Play out the play."*

Entered Class II, from George Washington H. S., New York, 1927; Dramatic Club, 1928-29; French Club, 1927-28; Literary Club, 1927-28-29; 1st Lieutenant, 13th Company, 5th Regiment.

## HERMAN LEONARD BLOCK

"Honk" Harvard

*"Farewell, honest soldier."*

Entered Class IV B, from Christopher Gibson School, 1925; French Club, 1927-28-29; Literary Club, 1928-29; Football, 1928; Track, 1926.

## BENJAMIN CUSHING BOWKER

"Ben" Harvard

*"The man that blushes is quite a brute."*

Entered Class IV B, from William E. Russell School, 1924; Literary Club, 1928; Track, 1926; Fidelity Prize, 1928-29.

## LEON BROOKS

"Leon" Harvard

*"He held his seat—a friend to human race."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Washington Allston School; French Club, 1927-28; Track, 1926-27; 2nd Lieutenant, 2nd Company, 4th Regiment.

## JOHN HENRY BROUGHAM

"Bruffem" Boston College

*"Alas, poor Yorick."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Warren School; Stamp Club, 1926-27-28; French Club, 1927-28; Track, 1927-28.



## PHILIP JOHN BRUNO

"Phil"

Harvard

*"Peanuts!"*

Entered Class IV B, from Theodore Lyman School, 1925; Track, 1927-28; Glee Club, 1928-29; Literary Club, 1928-29.

## CHARLES LEONARD CALLAHAN

"Cal"

Harvard

*"Lean and sallow abstinence."*

Entered Class IV B, 1924, from Assumption School; Orchestra, 1924-25-26; French Club, 1928-29.

## FRANCIS PAUL CAMPANA

"Campy"

Harvard

*"A very unclubable man."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from St. Peter's School; Track, 1925-26; Hockey, 1927-28-29; Captain, 1929; Football, 1927-28; Baseball, 1928-29.

## JOHN JOSEPH CAREY

"Joe"

M. I. T.

*"I know a trick worth two of that."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from F. W. Lincoln School; 1st Lieutenant, 8th Company, 4th Regiment; Memorial Day Ex. Drill; Class Day Ex. Drill; Baseball, 1926.

## DANIEL FRANCIS CLARE

"Dapper Dan"

Dartmouth

*"It is never permissible to say, I say."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from Rochambeau School; Junior Debating Club, 1925-26-27; Literary Club, 1928-29; Ring Committee.

## ARTHUR EDMUND CLEARY

"Art"

Harvard

*"I can do it for you."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from St. Mary's School; French Club, 1927-28; Dramatic Club, 1928-29; Dramatic Prize, 1929; Fidelity Prize, 1927; 2nd Lieutenant, 12th Company, 5th Regiment; 1st Lieutenant on Staff.





## WILLIAM THOMAS CLONEY

"Bill"

Harvard

*"So many heads, so many wits."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from Rochambeau School; Junior Debating Club, 1926; Literary Club, 1927; Football, 1926-27; Hockey, 1926; Individual Prize, Manuel of Arms, 1928; 1st Lieutenant, 9th Company, 5th Regiment; Exhibition Drills; Memorial Exercises; Class Day Exercises, Fenway Dedication.

## HERBERT VICTOR COHEN

"Red"

Harvard

*"O wearisome condition of humanity."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from William L. Garrison School; Captain, 1st Company, 4th Regiment.

## HERBERT WILLIAM COHEN

"Herby," "H. W"

Harvard

*"He gave his nose, and took 't away again."*

Entered Class VI, from Lewis School, 1923; Football, 1927-28; Picture Committee.

## LEONARD VICTOR COHEN

"Lenny," "Lucius"

Harvard

*"The gloomy calm of idle vacancy."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from Roger Wolcott School; 2nd Lieutenant, 8th Company, 5th Regiment.

## SAMUEL LOUIS COHEN

"The Charioter"

Harvard

*"The watchdog's voice."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from Wendell Phillips School; French Club, 1927-28-29; Library Club, 1927-28; Literary Club, 1927-28-29; Track, 1924-27; Classical Prize, 1924.

## WILLIAM VINCENT CONNELLY

"Bill"

Boston College

*"As cold as any stone."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Saint Columbkille's School; Glee Club, 1925-26; Track, 1925-26; Baseball, 1926; Lieutenant, 9th Company, 4th Regiment; Memorial Day Drill.

## THOMAS JOSEPH CONNERTON

"Tom" Harvard

*"My man's as true as steel."*

Entered Class IV B, 1924, from St. Peter's School; Glee Club, 1925-26; Baseball, 1925-26-27-28; Football, 1925-26-27.

## JAMES MICHAEL CONNOLLY

"Jim," "One Eye" Boston College

*"I had rather be a kitten and cry mew."*

Entered Class IV B, from Edward Everett School, 1925; French Club, 1928-29; Fidelity Prize, 1926-27; 2nd Lieutenant, 13th Company, 5th Regiment.

## LOUIS COOPERSTEIN

"Coopie" Harvard

*"There are no tricks to plain and simple faith."*

Entered Class VI, from Dudley School, 1923; French Club, 1927-23-29; Junior Debating Club, 1925-23; Track, 1924; Classical Prize, 1923-25; Modern Prize, 1924.

## WILLARD FRANCIS EDWARD CORSCADDEN

"Bill," "Harry" Harvard

*"Nothing is but what is not."*

Entered Class IV B, from Washington Irving Junior High, 1925; Track, 1925-26; Modern Prize, 1925-23; Class Day Committee; Captain, Second Company, 4th Regiment; Major, 1st Battalion, 4th Regiment.

## PAUL GRAHAM CROTTY

"Paul" Boston College

*"The moon is made of green cheese."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Frothingham School; Stamp Club, 1925-26; Drum Corps, 1925-26-27-28-29.

## JOHN JOSEPH CURRAN

"Stretch"

*"Awkwardness in full dress."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Mather School; 2nd Lieutenant, 6th Company, 5th Regiment.







JOSEPH FRANCIS D'ALELIO

"Dal"

Boston College

*"I know a hawk from a handsaw."*

Entered Class IV B, 1924, from St. Mary's School.

BERNARD ABRAHAM DAVID

"Benneh"

Yale

*"And weedy and long was he."*

Entered Class III B, 1926, from Cambridge High and Latin School.

JAMES MALONE DENNING

"Jim"

Harvard

*"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from Saint Rose School, Chelsea; Literary Club, 1927-28; French Club, 1927-28; Year Book Committee; 2nd Lieutenant, 5th Company, 4th Regiment.

FREDERICK DERFALL

"Fred"

Harvard

*"Goodbye, proud world, I'm going home."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Theodore Roosevelt School; Swimming, 1925-26; 2nd Lieutenant, 12th Company, 4th Regiment.

EDWARD THOMAS DEVIN

"Dev," "Ed"

Harvard

*"Words are women, deeds are men."*

Entered Class IV B, from Dearborn Academy, 1924; French Club, 1927-28-29; Track, 1924-25-26-27-28; Holder of Junior Hurdle record, indoor, city; outdoor Junior Hurdle City and Regimental Record-holder; Member of Record-breaking Junior Relay Team, 1926; Football, 1927; Baseball, 1927.

KENNETH ALOYSIUS DEVINE

"Ken," "Devy"

M. I. T.

*"Small pitchers have wide ears."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Washington Irving School; Orchestra, 1925; Boston School Symphony Orchestra, 1925-26-27-28.



## JOSEPH JOHN DEVITT

"Joe" Boston College

*"A dish fit for the gods."*

Entered Class IV B, from Mary Hemenway School, 1925; Junior Debating Club, 1925-26; Literary Club, 1928-29; French Club, 1928-29.

## JOSEPH WILLIAM DOLAN

"Joe," "Ginsberg" Boston College

*"How far that little candle throws his beams!"*

Entered Class VI, 1922, from Bennett School; Football, 1925-26-27-28; Baseball, 1926-27-28-29; Track, 1925-26-27-28-29; Two-Lap Relay, 1928-29; Captain, 8th Company, 4th Regiment; Picture Committee; Chief Usher, Class Day; Memorial Ex. Drill; Colonel, 4th Regiment; Commander, 1st Division, Boston Street Parade.

## CHARLES KIVLAN DONOHUE

"Jiggs" Boston College

*"Gloomy as night he stands."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Washington Irving School; Football, 1923; Track, 1928-29; Fidelity Prize, 1923; Individual Prize, Manual of Arms, 1928; Usher, Class Day; Captain, 10th Company, 4th Regiment.

## PAUL BOYLE DONNELLAN

"Don," "Nemo" Harvard

*"I'll not budge an inch."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from St. John's School; Junior Debating Club, 1925-26; French Club, 1928-29; Track, 1925-26; Hockey, 1928-29.

## ALBERT WILLIAM SHAW DONOVAN

"A. W. S." M. I. T.

*"Care to our coffin adds another nail."*

Entered Class IV B, from St. Margaret's School, 1924; Library Service Club, 1926-27-28; Literary Club, 1927-28; Chess and Checker Club, 1926-27.

## CHARLES FRANCIS DONOVAN

"Char" Boston College

*"For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still."*

Entered class VI, 1924; Debating Club, 1927-28-29; Debating Team, 1928-29; Dramatic Club, 1928-29; French Club, 1928-29; Literary Club, 1928-29; Fidelity Prize, 1925; 2nd Lieutenant, 5th Company, 5th Regiment.





## STANLEY STEPHEN DOWNES

"Steve" Boston College

*"It must be done like lightning."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Thomas N. Hart School; Football, 1928; Baseball, 1929; 2nd Lieutenant, 8th Company, 4th Regiment; Memorial Day Ex. Drill.

## EDWARD FRANCIS DOYLE

"Eddie" Boston College

*"Art for art's sake."*

Entered Class VI, 1922, from John Marshall School; Glee Club, 1924-25-26; Literary Club, 1929; French Club, 1924-25; Art Editor Register, 1929; Year Book Committee.

## EDWARD LEO DOYLE, JR.

"Eddie" Holy Cross

*"A decent boldness ever meets with friends."*

Entered Class III, 1926, from Hyde Park High School; Hockey, 1926-27-28-29; Baseball, 1927-28; Year Book Committee; Class Day Usher; Commander, 4th Regiment, Boston Street Parade; Captain 11th Company, 4th Regiment; Lieut-Colonel, 4th Regiment.

## WILLIAM PATRICK DUGAN

"Joe" Harvard

*"Above the reach of ordinary men."*

Entered Class IV B, 1924, from the Milton Junior High School, Fidelity Prize, 1926; Year Book Committee; Captain 6th Company, 5th Regiment, Usher, Class Day; Major, 3rd Battalion, 5th Regiment.

## WILLIAM DWORETSKY

"Bill," "Dwot" Harvard

*"Let every man be master of his time till seven at night."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from Wendell Phillips School; Modern Prize, 1928; Classical Prize, 1929.

## JOHN JOSEPH DWYER

"Jack" Harvard

*"Hope springs eternal within the human breast."*

Entered Class IV, from St. Ann's School, 1925; Track, 1927-28-29; Individual Prize, Manual of Arms, 1928

## MELVIN BENTLY ELLIS

"Mel"

Harvard

*"Now my soul hath elbow room."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from John Winthrop School; Junior Debating Club, 1925; Literary Club, 1929; Football, 1927; Track, 1927-28-29; Drum Corps, 1925-26-27-28-29; Drum Prize, 1929; 2nd Lieutenant Drum Corps, 1929; Memorial Day Exhibition Drill.

## CHRISTOPHER JOHN FAY

"Chris"

Boston College

*"Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer."*

Entered Class VI, 1922, from Our Lady of Perpetual Help School; French Club, 1926-28; Baseball, 1927-28; 2nd Lieutenant, 6th Company, 4th Regiment.

## BERNARD FEINS

"Baby Benny"

Harvard

*"It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright."*

Entered Class VI, from Christopher Gibson School, 1923; Junior Debating Club, 1924-25-26; Football, 1926-27-28-29; Track, 1926-27-28-29; Baseball, 1929; Band, 1925-26; Orchestra, 1925-26; Fidelity Prize, 1924; Ring Committee; Captain, 7th Company, 4th Regiment; Usher, Class Day and Memorial Exercises; Individual Prize, Manual of Arms, 1929; Major, 2nd Battalion, 4th Regiment.

## EDWARD FISHER

"Eddie"

M. I. T.

*"Labor conquers all things."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Dearborn School; Classical Prize, 1926-27; Modern Prize, 1927-28.

## THOMAS JOSEPH FITZGERALD, JR.

"Fitzy"

Boston College

*"What dreadful noise of water in mine ears."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from St. Margaret's School; Junior Debating Club, 1925-26; Literary Club, 1927-28; French Club, 1927-28; Swimming, 1925-26-27-28-29; Captain, 1929; Class Prophet.

## PAUL HENRY FITZPATRICK

"Fitz"

Harvard

*"Thou art fairer than the evening air."*

Entered Class IV B, from Bennett School, 1925; French Club, 1925-26-28-29; Literary Club, 1927-28-29; Dramatic Club, 1928-29; Stamp Club, 1926-27; Glee Club, 1925-26; Modern Prize, 1925-26-27; Fidelity Prize, 1927-28; 2nd Lieutenant, 13th Company, 5th Regiment.







## ALECK FREED

"Al" Harvard  
*"Hath thy toil o'er books consumed the midnight oil?"*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from Wendell Phillips School; Classical Prize, 1925-26-27-28; Modern Prize, 1924-25-26-27; 2nd Lieutenant, 11th Company, 5th Regiment.

## ISADORE HIRSH FRIEDBERG

"Izzy" Harvard  
*"Every why hath a wherefore."*

Entered Class VI, from Christopher Gibson School, 1923; Junior Debating Club, 1924-25-26; Vice-President, 1925-26; Literary Club, 1927-28; French Club, 1926-27; Band, 1925-29; Boston School Symphony, 1926; Modern Prize, 1925; 1st Lieutenant, Band, 1929; Class Day Drill.

## THEODORE LEWIS FRIEDMAN

"Ted," "Bennie" William and Mary  
*"Laugh, clown, laugh."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from Audobon School; Baseball, 1928; Football, 1928; Track, 1927-28; 1st Lieutenant, 13th Company, 4th Regiment.

## EDWIN WESLEY FULLER, JR.

"Wes" Harvard  
*"Far off his coming shone."*

Entered Class VI, 1922, from Rice Intermediate School; Orchestra, 1924-25-26-27-28; Assistant Concert-Master, 1927-28; Junior Debating Club, 1924-25; Sergeant-at-arms; Junior Debating, 1924-25; French Club, 1927-28-29; Stamp Club, 1927-28; Literary Club, 1927-28-29; Dramatic Club, 1926-27; Swimming, 1925-26; Special Prize, Reading, 1925; Second Prize, Reading, 1923; First Prize, Reading, 1928; Washington and Lincoln Memorial Essayist, 1929; Senior Debating Society, 1927-28-29; Treasurer, Senior Debating, 1928-29; Debating Team, 1928-29; Second Prize, Debating, 1928-29; Special Prize, Declamation, 1928; Second Prize Declamation, 1929; Special Declaimer on Class Day, 1929; Cheerleader, 1928-29; Lieutenant, 8th Company, 4th Regiment; Lieutenant on Staff, 4th Regiment; Memorial Exhibition Drill, 1929; Gardner Prize, Essay, 1929; Author of Class Will, 1929; Co-Author of Class Song, 1929; Co-Chairman of Year Book Committee, 1928-29; Associate Editor of *Register*, 1923-27-28; Editor-in-Chief of *Register*, 1928-29.

## HARRY WILFRED GABAR

"Harry" Harvard  
*"Full of wise saws and modern instances."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from Wendell Phillips School; Literary Club, 1927-28; 2nd Lieutenant, 9th Company, 5th Regiment.

## ARTHUR JOHN GILLIGAN

"Art" Harvard  
*"Let us have peace."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Frothingham School; Fidelity Prize, 1926-27.



## JAMES WALTER GLOVER

"Jim the Kid"

Bentley's

*"Rest, rest, perturbed spirit."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from William E. Russell School; Fidelity Prize, 1927-28; 2nd Lieutenant, 6th Company, 5th Regiment.

## JONAH GOLDBERG

"Dusty"

Harvard

*"Let's talk of graves, of worms, of epitaphs."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from Sarah Greenwood School; French Club, 1928-29; Football, 1925-26; Baseball, 1924; Swimming, 1925; Band, 1925; Drum Corps, 1926; Orchestra, 1923-24-25-26; Glee Club, 1924-25-26.

## IRWIN MORTON GOLDEN

"Goldie"

Yale

*"Oh, I have passed a miserable night."*

Entered Class VI, 1924, from Christopher Gibson School; Modern Prize, 1924-25; Classical Prize, 1927-28; Band, 1924-25; Swimming, 1927-28; Literary Club, 1927-28; Stamp Club, 1926-27; Junior Debating Club, 1926-27.

## HENRY MAURICE GOLDMAN

"Henny"

Harvard

*"Goody-Goody."*

Entered Class IV B, from Quincy School, 1925; Track, 1926-27; Tennis, 1929; 2nd Lieutenant, 7th Company, 4th Regiment.

## SUMNER SOLOMON GOLDMAN

"Sam"

Harvard

*"My daughter, some day a handsome man will come."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from John Marshall School; French Club, 1927-28; Literary Club, 1928-29; Football, 1927; Track, 1926-27; Tennis, 1928; 1st Lieutenant, 1st Company, 4th Regiment.

## JOSEPH GOLDRING

"Joe"

Harvard

*"As merry as the day is long."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Christopher Gibson School; French Club, 1927-28-29; Literary Club, 1928-29; Checker Club, 1927-28-29.



## HERMAN GROSS

"Sorgy"

Harvard

*"But with the morning cool reflection came."*

Entered Class IV B, from Theodore Roosevelt School, 1925; Football, 1928; Track, 1928-29; Swimming, 1928; Banquet Committee; 1st Lieutenant, 12th Company, 4th Regiment.

## NATHAN ZACHARY GROVER

"Enzie"

Harvard

*"The hooded cherub on his way."*

Entered Class VI, from Christopher Gibson School, 1923; Drum Corps, 1925-26; Band, 1926-29; Junior Debating Society, 1924-25; French Club, 1927-28; 2nd Lieutenant, Band, 1928-29; Football, 1928; Track, 1928-29.

## ABRAHAM MEYER HALPERN

"Abie," "Mike"

Harvard

*"Go to the ant, thou sluggard."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Henry L. Pierce School; Junior Debating, 1926; Library Service Club, 1927-28; Stamp Club, 1927-28; Literary Club, 1929; Classical Prize, 1923-27-28; Captain, 4th Company, 4th Regiment.

## JOHN PAUL HANRAHAN

"Henny"

Boston College

*"As full of spirit as the month of May."*

Entered Class IV B, from St. Patrick's School, 1925; French Club, 1929; Glee Club, 1925-26; Banquet Committee; 1st Lieutenant, 4th Company, 5th Regiment; Exhibition Drills, Memorial and Class Days; Captain on Staff.

## CHARLES WARREN HARNDEN

"Charlie"

Harvard

*"What doth gravity out of his bed?"*

Entered Class VI, 1922, from Robert Shaw School; Tennis, 1927-28.

## FRANCIS EDMUND HARRINGTON

"Frank"

Harvard

*"Oh sleep! It is a gentle thing."*

Entered Class I, from Dorchester High, 1927; French Club, 1927-28.

CHARLES EDWARD HERLIHY, JR.  
 "Charlie" Harvard

*"Come, gentle spring!"*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from Lewis School;  
 Modern Prize, 1923-27; Approbation Prize, 1924-27-  
 28; 2nd Lieutenant, 3rd Company, 5th Regiment.

ABRAHAM ALBERT HERMAN  
 "Pete" Tufts

*"Neat, not gaudy."*

Entered Class IV B, 1927, from Christopher  
 Gibson School; Football, 1926-27-28; Drum Corps,  
 1924-25-26-27-28-29; Bugle Prize, 1927; 5th Prize  
 Regimental Bugle Competition, 1927; Exhibition  
 Drill; Drum Major, 1928-29.

BERNARD ALBERT HERMAN  
 "Red" Yale

*"Improve each moment as it flies."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from Rochambeau School;  
 Track, 1926-27; Glee Club, 1927-28; Approbation  
 Prize, 1923-24; Classical Prize, 1924-25-26-27;  
 Individual Prize, Manual of Arms, 1927-28; Captain,  
 1st Company, 5th Regiment, Major 1st Battalion,  
 5th Regiment.

EDWARD HUTCHINS HICKEY  
 "Ned," "Hick" Harvard

*"I am no orator, as Brutus is."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Mission Church  
 School; Junior Debating Club, 1925-26; Treasurer,  
 1925-26; Literary Club, 1927-28-29; French Club,  
 1927-28-29; Secretary, 1928-29; Dramatic Club, 1927-  
 28; Senior Debating Club, 1926-27-28-29; President,  
 1928-29; Debating Team, 1927-28-29; Manager,  
 Hockey Team, 1928-29; Banquet Committee; Class  
 Day Committee; 1st Lieutenant, 12th Company, 5th  
 Regiment; Secretary-Treasurer of Graduating Class.

EDWARD HOLOWENKO  
 "Eddie" Harvard

*"Silence gives consent."*

Entered Class VI, 1923.

HARRISON DAVID HORBLIT  
 "Han," "Hank" Harvard

*"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from Roger Wolcott  
 School; Football, 1928; Fidelity, 1928; 2nd Lieuten-  
 ant, 3rd Company, 5th Regiment.







## EDWARD HARRY HOROVITZ

"Eddie" Harvard  
*"Another tumble, that's his precious nose."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from William Lloyd Garrison School; Swimming, 1925; Football, 1926-27-28; Track, 1929; Class Day Committee; Chairman, Picture Committee; 1st Lieutenant, 8th Company, 4th Regiment; Memorial Day Exhibition Drill; Vice-President of the Graduating Class.

## NORMAN STODDARD INGALLS

"Red" Harvard  
*"Not to speak it profanely."*

Entered Class VI, 1923; Football, 1927-28; Baseball, 1929; 1st Lieutenant, 11th Company, 4th Regiment; Captain on Staff.

## EMANUEL ALEXANDER JOSEPH

"Joe," "Bud" Harvard  
*"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control."*

Entered Class VI, from Mather School, 1923; Track, 1928-29; Modern Prize, 1927; Individual Prize, Manual of Arms, 1927-28; Captain, 2nd Company, 5th Regiment.

## JOHN FERRIS MICHAEL JOSEPH

"State Street Joe" Harvard  
*"And pity 'tis, 'tis true."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Quincy School; Fidelity Prize, 1926; Class of 1885 Prize, 1926; Approbation Prize, 1928; 2nd Lieutenant, 4th Company, 4th Regiment.

## ABRAHAM GEORGE KAIZER

"Chubby" Harvard  
*"My native land, good night."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from Lewis School; Literary Club, 1929; Stamp Club, 1924; Football, 1927; Tennis, 1929.

## LEONARD KAPLAN

"Lenny" Harvard  
*"Too precise in every part."*

Entered Class VI, from Sarah Greenwood School, 1923; Senior Debating Club, 1927-28-29; Sergeant-at-arms, 1929; Tennis, 1929; Hockey, 1928-29; Classical Prize, 1924-27; Modern Prize, 1928; Approbation Prize, 1927-28; Fidelity Prize, 1926; 1st Lieutenant, 4th Company, 4th Regiment.



## ROBERT ALLEN KEATING, JR.

"Bob" Annapolis

*"With his martial cloak around him."*

Entered Class IV B, 1924, from Thomas N. Hart School; Literary Club, 1927-28; Swimming, 1928-29; Drum Corps, 1925-26; Band, 1926-27; Orchestra, 1926-27-28-29.

## EDWARD WILLIAM KENNEDY

"Ken," "Ed" Boston College

*"The careful pilot of my proper woe."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from St. Columbkille School, Fidelity Prize, 1926; 1st Lieutenant, 1st Company, 5th Regiment.

## CHARLES BLASE KENNEY

"Jason" Harvard

*"Silence deep as death."*

Entered Class IV B, 1924, from Mather School; Orchestra, 1924-25-26.

## JOHN JOSEPH KING

"Joe" Harvard

*"And panting Time toiled after him in vain."*

Entered Class IV B, from St. Augustine's School; Football, 1927; Track, 1927-28; Two-Lap Relay, 1927-28; Drum Corps, 1924-25-26.

## MAX JOSEPH KLAINER

"Mac" Harvard

*"A little knowledge puffeth up a man."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from Christopher Gibson School; Junior Debating Society, 1924-25; French Club, 1928-29; Literary Club, 1928; Orchestra, 1925-26-27-28-29.

## MILTON KLINE

"Julius" Harvard

*"I don't see it."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from the Lewis School; Junior Debating Club, 1924-25-26; French Club, 1929; Orchestra, 1927-28-29.





JULIUS KOPEL  
 "Julie" Boston University  
*"I am Sir Oracle."*  
 Entered Class IV B, from Theodore Roosevelt School, 1925.

LESTER SELIG KORITZ  
 "Les," "Ritzzy" Boston University  
*"The world's a comedy to him who thinks."*  
 Entered Class VI, 1923, from William Lloyd Garrison School; Associate Editor, Register, 1926-27-28; Managing Editor, 1928-29; Senior Debating Club, 1927-28-29; Literary Club, 1927-28-29; Track, 1927-28-29; Swimming, 1928-29; Drum Corps, 1925-26-27-28; Classical Prize, 1926-27; Year Book Committee.

ALBERT ROBERT LACHACZ  
 "Al" Boston University  
*"His cares are now all ended."*  
 Entered Class IV B, from St. Mary's School, 1925; Football, 1927-28-29; Swimming, 1926; Track, 1928-29; Ring Committee, 1929; Captain, 3rd Company, 4th Regiment; Memorial Exhibition Drill; Class Day Exhibition Drill; Class day, Usher; Major, 3rd Battalion, 4th Regiment.

PAUL GEORGE LANDA  
 "Paul" Harvard  
*"Oh, that I had wings like a dove."*  
 Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Theodore Roosevelt School; Modern Prize, 1926-27.

EDWARD LANDSBERG  
 "Eddie" Harvard  
*"Think of thy sins."*  
 Entered Class VI, 1923, from William Garrison School; Literary Club, 1929; French Club, 1929; Modern Prize, 1924-1928; Captain, 5th Company, 4th Regiment.

JOHN DIXON LAWLOR  
 "Speed" Harvard  
*"A fig for care, a fig for woe."*  
 Entered Class VI, 1923, from Washington Allston School; Junior Debating Club, 1926-27; Baseball, 1927-28-29; Football, 1928; Track, 1928-29; Glee Club, 1927; Modern Prize, 1923-24; Captain, 7th Company, 5th Regiment.

## ALBERT SMITH LEONARD

"Al"

*"Indu'd with sanctity of reason."*

Entered Class IV B, from Lewis School, 1925;  
French Club, 1926-27; Fidelity Prize, 1926.

## PHILIP LIPKIN

"Red," "Phil"

Harvard

*"Honest in the sight of all men."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925; 2nd Lieutenant, 8th  
Company, 5th Regiment.

## ARTHUR MARTIN LINN

"Art"

M. I. T.

*"The still, sad music of humanity."*

Entered Class IV B, from St. Peter School, 1925;  
Literary Club, 1928-29; French Club, 1929; Fidelity  
Prize, 1928; Individual Prize, Manual of Arms, 1927.

## WILLIAM J. LOUGHRAN

"Bill"

Harvard

*"I would the gods had made me poetical."*

Entered Class IV B, 1924, from St. Ann's School;  
Fidelity Prize, 1924; Track, 1924-25-29; Football,  
1928-29; Class Committee; Chairman Ring Commit-  
tee; Class Day Committee.

## JOSEPH RICHMOND LOURIE

"Joe"

Harvard

*"What shall, alas, become of me?"*

Entered Class VI, from Carter School, 1923;  
French Club, 1927-28; Literary Club, 1927-28-29;  
Vice-President, 1928-29.

## CECIL LUBELL

"Ces"

Harvard

*"So sad, so tender."*

Entered Class IV B, from Phillips Brooks School,  
1925; Literary Club, 1928; Track, 1929; 2nd Lieuten-  
ant, 6th Company, 4th Regiment.





## JAMES RUDOLPH McGRATH

"Mac" Harvard  
Entered Class III B, 1926, from Lewis School;  
Football, 1927-28.

## JOHN SHEPPARD MACLEOD

"Mac" Harvard  
*"Much may be made of a Scotchman, if he be  
caught young."*  
Entered Class VI, 1923.

## ISAAC HARRY MAGNET

"Ike" Harvard  
*"Here comes my ponderous lord."*  
Entered Class VI, from Rice School, 1923; Chess  
and Checker Club, 1929; Checker Team, 1929;  
Baseball, 1924; Orchestra, 1927-28-29; School  
Symphony Orchestra, 1927-28-29; 1st Lieutenant,  
3rd Company, 5th Regiment.

## GEORGE ALBERT MARSH, JR.

"Swampy" Yale  
*"Throw physics to the dogs."*  
Entered Class VI, from Washington Allston  
School, 1923; Literary Club, 1928-29; 2nd Lieutenant,  
9th Company, 5th Regiment; Memorial Exhibi-  
tion Drill; Class Day Drill.

## ADAM ALFRED MEDNIS

"Al," "Flyer" Boston University  
*"The race is run."*  
Entered Class IV B, 1924, from Minot School;  
French Club, 1925-26; Track, 1927-28-29; Two-Lap  
Relay, 1929; Orchestra, 1924-25-26-27-28; Boston  
School Symphony Orchestra, 1924-25-26-27-29;  
String Quartette, 1926-27-28-29; Glee Club, 1924-25-  
26-27; Concert Master, 1927-28.

## JAMES JOSEPH MELLEN, JR.

"Jim" Harvard  
*"The dice of Zeus fall ever luckily."*  
Entered Class VI, 1922, from Frothingham  
School; Football, 1927-28; Hockey, 1927-28; Dance  
Committee; Individual Prize, Manual of Arms, 1926-  
27-28.



## JONATHAN IRVING MORRISON

"Johnnie" Harvard

*"The trappings of a monarchy."*

Entered Class IV B, from Theodore Roosevelt School, 1925; Football, 1928; Captain, 10th Company, 5th Regiment; Usher, Class Day.

## SIDNEY LAWRENCE MORRISON

"Abrocomas" Harvard

*"So we'll go no more a-roving."*

Entered Class II, 1927, from Cambridge High and Latin School; Stamp Club, 1928; Football, 1927-28.

## JOHN FRANCIS MOYNAHAN

"Moynie" Boston College

*"The sunshine of the mind."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Robert Gould Shaw School; Dramatic Club, 1928-29; French Club, 1928-29; Literary Club, 1927-28-29; Track, 1926; Manager, Track Team, 1928-29; Captain, 13th Company, 5th Regiment; Picture Committee.

## CAESAR NATHANIEL MUOLLO

"Jerry" Boston College

*"Beware the ides of March."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Eliot School; Classical Prize, 1925; Approbation Prize, 1925; French Club, 1928-29; 2nd Lieutenant, 6th Company, 4th Regiment.

## WILBERT SUMNER MURMES

"Bebbles" Harvard

*"A big, bold, blustering, bad man."*

Entered Class VI, from William Lloyd Garrison School, 1923; Baseball, 1929; Football, 1927-28; Track, 1928-29; 1st Lieutenant, 5th Company, 5th Regiment.

## GEORGE MAXWELL NOSS

"Hoss" Harvard

*"And I did laugh sans intermission."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Frank V. Thompson School; French Club, 1927-28-29; Literary Club, 1929; Stamp Club, Secretary-Treasurer, 1927-28; Hockey, 1927-28; Tennis, 1927; Modern Prize, 1926; 1st Lieutenant, 8th Company, 5th Regiment.





## LOUIS NOVAK

"Lou"

Harvard

*"My music is the best."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Edmund P. Tilestone School; Orchestra, 1925-26-27-28-29; Drum Corps, 1925-26-27-28-29; String Quartette, 1926-27-28; Concert Master, 1929; Boston School Symphony Orchestra, 1925-26-27-28; 1st Prize, Regimental Drum Competition, 1926; 3rd Prize, inter-Regimental Drum Competition, 1927; 1st Lieutenant, Drum Corps; Memorial Exhibition Drill.

## CHARLES WILLIAM FRANCIS O'BRIEN

"Obie"

Boston College

*"He would himself have been a soldier."*

Entered Class IV B, from St. Thomas School, 1925; Dramatic Club, 1929; Classical Prize, 1928; Memorial and Class Day Exhibition Drills; 1st Lieutenant, 4th Company, 5th Regiment.

## WILLIAM FRANCIS O'BRIEN

"Obie"

Harvard

*"Give thy thoughts no tongue."*

Entered Class IV B, from Warren School, 1924; Fidelity Prize, 1926.

## CLEMENT ALPHONSUS O'KEEFE

"Clem," "O'Key"

Columbia

*"Get thee behind me, Satan."*

Entered Class IV B, 1926, from St. Mary's School, Literary Club, 1927-28-29; French Club, 1928-29; Drum Corps, 1926-27-28-29.

## SIDNEY OLANS

"Sid"

Harvard

*"The scarlet hue of modesty."*

Entered Class IV B, from Phillips Brooks School, 1925; Literary Club, 1928-29; French Club, 1928-29; Track, 1928-29; Classical Prize, 1926; Class of 1885 Prize, 1926; Modern Prize, 1927-28; 1st Lieutenant, 7th Company, 5th Regiment.

## PAUL LYONS PAGE

"Pagey"

Boston College

*"Vex not his ghost."*

Entered Class IV B, from St. Francis De Sales School, 1924; Baseball, 1927-28-29; Fidelity Prize, 1925.

## SIDNEY RAYMOND PAPP

"Sid" Harvard

*"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."*

Entered Class IV B, from Gibson School, 1925; French Club, 1929; Literary Club, 1929; Modern Prize, 1926; Fidelity Prize, 1928.

## ROMAN FRANCIS PIEKARSKI

"Pete," "Pie" Harvard

*"This was the noblest Roman of them all."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from Longfellow School; Glee Club, 1928-29; Literary Club, 1928; Band, 1927-28-29; Track, 1929; Modern Prize, 1924-25; Fidelity Prize, 1926.

## HAROLD BERNARD POSTER

"Hal," "Red" Harvard

*"That school girl complexion."*

Entered Class III B, 1926, from Theodore Roosevelt School; French Club, 1926-27-28; Literary Club, 1927-28; Tennis, 1928-29; Individual Prize, Manual of Arms, 1927-28.

## WILLIAM LAWRENCE PRENDERGAST

"Bill," "Prendy" Arizona School of Mines

*"A lion among the ladies is a most dreadful thing."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Martin School; French Club, 1928-29; Hockey, 1928-29; Drum Corps, 1926-27-28-29; Bugle Prize, 1927; 1st Lieutenant, Drum Corps.

## WILLIAM CARROLL QUIGLEY

"Mahatma" Harvard

*"While bright-eyed science watches round."*

Entered Class IV B, from Theodore Roosevelt School, 1924; Literary Club, 1927-28-29; Secretary-Treasurer, 1928-1929; Stamp Club, 1925-26-27-28; Secretary-Treasurer, 1926-27; President, 1927-29; Associate Editor, Register Staff, 1928-29; Modern Prize, 1926-27-28-29; Year Book Committee.

## CARL BERLE RADLO

"Spike" Harvard

*"A loud trumpet, blowing in the wilderness."*

Entered Class VI, from Garrison School, 1923; Junior Debating Club, 1924-25; Literary Club, 1927-28; Swimming, 1928; Track, 1926; Orchestra, 1927; 2nd Lieutenant, 8th Company, 4th Regiment, Captain on Staff; Memorial Exhibition Drill, Class Day Exhibition Drill.







## EDWARD JAMES RIBBS

"Eddie," "Poli"

Harvard

*"Adieu, she cried, and waved her lily hand."*

Entered Class VI, from Dearborn School, 1923; French Club, 1928; Baseball, 1928; Track, 1928-29; Swimming, 1925-26; Banquet Committee; Class Day Committee; Class Committee.

## BERT ABRAHAM ROSEN

"Chesty"

University of Pennsylvania

*"Old Grimes is dead, that good old man."*

Entered Class IV B, from Lincoln Junior High School, 1924; Junior Debating Club, 1925; Literary Club, 1928-29; French Club, 1928-29; Track, 1925-26.

## HARRY MARK ROSEN

"His Majesty"

Harvard

*"If music be the food of love, play on."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from Wendell Phillips School; Junior Debating Club, 1923-24-25; Track, 1925-26; Chess and Checker Club, 1926-27-28-29; French Club, 1927-28-29; Library Service, 1927-28; Literary Club, 1927-28-29; Orchestra, 1927-28-29; 2nd Lieutenant, 10th Company, 4th Regiment.

## ALFRED HERTZ ROSENTHAL

"Al"

Harvard

*"No man is the wiser for his learning."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from O. W. Holmes School; French Club, 1928-29; Classical Prizes, 1927-28; 1st Lieutenant, 7th Company, 4th Regiment.

## DOMINICK RUNCI

"Roxy," "Sheckles"

Tufts

*"Such harmony is in immortal souls."*

Entered Class IV B, 1924, from Josiah Quincy School; French Club, 1924-25; Fidelity Prize, 1925-26.

## JOHN JAMES RYAN

"Brutus"

Harvard

*"My lungs begin to crow like chanticleer."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from Francis Parkman School; Junior Debating Club, 1924-25; Senior Debating Club, 1928-29; Glee Club, 1923-24; Fidelity Prize, 1923-24; Special Declamation Prize, 1925-27; Special Reading Prize, 1926; 3rd Reading Prize, 1927; 2nd Lieutenant, 8th Company, 5th Regiment. 3rd Prize, Declamation 1929.



## WILLIAM ALOYSIUS RYAN

"Bill" Boston College

*"Let me take you a buttonhole lower."*

Entered Class IV B, from Christopher Gibson Hockey, 1928; Football, 1927-28; Modern Prize, 1925; Captain, 5th Company, 5th Regiment.

## HERBERT ARTHUR SAMET

"Art" Harvard

*"Ah, why should life or labor die?"*

Entered Class IV B, from Christopher Gibson School, 1925; Junior Debating Club, 1925; Literary Club, 1927; French Club, 1926; Chess and Checker Club, 1926-27-28; Track, 1927.

## HAROLD ELLS SANFORD

"Harry" Harvard

*"Matters will go swimmingly."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Lowell School; Fidelity Prize, 1925-26; Manager, Swimming Team, 1928-29; 2nd Lieutenant, 10th Company, 5th Regiment.

## ABRAHAM SCHATZ

"Skats" Tufts

*"He knew what is what."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from Rice School; French Club, 1927-28; Literary Club, 1928-29; Glee Club, 1928-29.

## LESTER SIDNEY SCHWARTZ

"Les" Yale

*"Let down the curtain, the farce is done."*

Entered Class IV B, from O. W. Holmes School, 1925; French Club, 1928-29; Football, 1927-28; Captain on Staff.

## ROBERT SHAPIRO

"Bobby" Harvard

*"Genius may conceive."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Theodore Roosevelt School; French Club, 1927-28-29; Literary Club, 1928-29; Track, 1926-27; Glee Club, 1925; Classical Prize, 1927-29; Approbation Prize, 1926; Class of 1885 Prize, 1926; Modern Prize, 1926; 2nd Lieutenant, 7th Company, 4th Regiment.





## BRADFORD SHEPPARD

"Brad," "Shep" Dartmouth  
*"Good morning Mr. President."*

Entered Class IV B, from Agassiz School, 1923;  
 Dramatic Club, 1928-29; Modern Prize, 1925-26;  
 Captain, 12th Company, 5th Regiment; Major, 2nd  
 Battalion, 5th Regiment.

## LEO SHORE

M. I. T.

*"And his blood was thin and old."*

Entered Class IV B, from Edmond P. Tilestone  
 School, 1925; Track, 1925-26; Orchestra, 1925-26-27; 2nd  
 Lieutenant, 1st Company, 4th Regiment.

## WILLIAM SHRIBER

Harvard

"Shriber Willie"

*"The mirror of all courtesies."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from Christopher Gibson  
 School; Glee Club, 1923-24-25-26; Swimming, 1925-  
 26-27; Literary Club, 1927-28-29; French Club, 1927-  
 -28-29; Class Day Committee; Chairman, Banquet  
 Committee; Class Committee.

## HAROLD NORMAN SIEGEL

Harvard

"Bunny"

*"Stand not upon the order of thy going."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925; from O. W. Holmes  
 School; French Club, 1925-26; Stamp Club, 1926-27;  
 Tennis, 1929; Captain, 8th Company, 5th Regiment.

## SAMUEL SILVERMAN

Harvard

"Sam"

*"The die is cast."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Wendell Phillips  
 School; Modern Prize, 1926-27; Approbation Prize,  
 1926-27; 1st Lieutenant, 10th Company, 4th  
 Regiment.

## MILTON SINGER

Harvard

"Mil"

*"Comus and his midnight crew."*

Entered Class IV B, from Edmond P. Tilestone  
 School, 1925; French Club, 1928-29; Modern Prize,  
 1925-26; Dance Committee; 1st Lieutenant 12th  
 Company, 5th Regiment; Captain on Staff.

## JOSEPH SKLAVER

"Joe"

Harvard

*"The endearing elegance of female friendship."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Oliver Wendell Holmes School; Literary Club, 1928; French Club, 1928; Hockey, 1928-29; Banquet Committee; Captain, 13th Company, 4th Regiment.

## BENJAMIN SMILG

"Benny"

M. I. T.

*"Cursed be he that moves my bones."*

Entered Class IV B, from Wendell Phillips School, 1925; Literary Club, 1927; French Club, 1927; Orchestra, 1926-27; Warren Eastman Robinson Prize, 1927.

## NORMAN SMITH

"Smitty"

Harvard

*"There lies his record."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from Winthrop Highland School; French Club, 1927-28-29; Literary Club, 1927-28-29; Classical Prize, 1928; 1st Lieutenant, 6th Company, 4th Regiment; Shallenbach Prize.

## SAMUEL SPECTOR

"Spec," "Sam"

Harvard

*"Good wine needs no bush."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Wendell Phillips School; Track, 1927-28; Orchestra, 1925-26-27-28-29; School Symphony Orchestra, 1925-26-27-28-29; String Quartette, 1928-29; Concert Master, 1926-27; 2nd Lieutenant, 7th Company, 5th Regiment.

## MAX SPOTNIZ

"Spotty"

Harvard

*"A rose is sweeter in the bud than in full bloom."*

Entered Class IV B, from Washington Grammar School, 1925.

## ALVIN EDWARD STROCK

"Al"

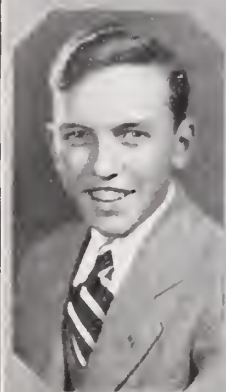
Dartmouth

*"Hoist with his own petar."*

Entered Class VI from W. L. Garrison School, 1923; French Club, 1926-27-28; Chess and Checker Club, 1928-29; Swimming, 1926-27-28; Band, 1926-27-28-29; Drum Major, 1928-29; Modern Prize, 1926-27.







## DONAL MARK SULLIVAN

"Don," "D" "Sul" Harvard  
*"Whose words all cars took captive."*

Entered Class IV B, 1924, from Lawrence School, Brookline; Track, 1925-26-27-28-29; Captain, Track Team, 1928-29; Relay Team, 1927-28-29; Cheer Leader, 1928-29; Sports Editor of *Register*, 1928-29; Co-Chairman, Year Book Committee; Dramatic Club, 1927-28-29; President, Dramatic Club, 1928-29; Debating Club, 1927-28-29; Vice-President, Debating Club, 1928-29; Undergraduate Mgr. of Debates; Debating Team, 1927-28-29; Vice-President, French Club, 1928-29; Literary Club, 1927-28-29; Washington Memorial Essayist; Class Orator; Co-Author, Class Song; Third Prize, Declamation, 1928; Individual Prize Manual of Arms, 1928; Captain, 4th Company, 5th Regiment; Memorial Exhibition Drill; Class Day Exhibition Drill; Lieutenant-Colonel, 5th Regiment; Commander, 5th Regiment, Boston Street Parade; First Prize, Debating, 1929; First Prize, Reading, 1929; First Prize Declamation, 1929.

## JOHN JOSEPH SULLIVAN

"Sully," "J. J." Boston College  
*"Answer me in one word."*

Entered Class IV B, from St. Catherine's School, 1925; Track, 1925-26; Hockey, 1928-29; Baseball, 1928.

## WILLIAM JOSEPH SULLIVAN

"Bill," "Sully" Boston College  
*"What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom."*

Entered Class IV B, from St. Peter's School, 1925, French Club, 1928-29; Dramatic Club, 1928-29; Track, 1926-28-29; Fidelity Prize, 1926; Dance Committee; 1st Lieutenant, 6th Company, 4th Regiment; Individual Prize, Manual of Arms, 1928.

## JOHN STERNER

M. I. T.  
*"Hold their noses to the grindstone."*

Entered Class IV B, from Carmel Hall School, Stratford, Connecticut, 1925; Junior Debating Club, 1926; Stamp Club, 1927-28; French Club, 1928; Modern Prize, 1928.

## HARRY TARUTZ

Harvard  
*"You stand in your own light."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Thompson School; French Club, 1929; Library Club, 1929; Chess and Checker Club, 1926-27-28-29; Captain Checker Team, 1929; Debating Club, 1929; Tennis, 1926-29; Classical Prize, 1926; 2nd Lieutenant on Staff.

## MAURICE TOFSKY

"Jerry" Mass. College of Pharmacy  
*"The coast is clear."*

Entered Class IV B, from Rice School, 1925; French Club, 1927-28-29; Literary Club, 1927-28-29; Hockey, 1928-29; Glee Club, 1929; 2nd Lieutenant, 7th Company, 5th Regiment.



## ANDREW JOSEPH TORRIELLI

"Andy" Harvard

*"In the full tide of successful experiment."*

Entered Class VI, from Christopher Columbus School, 1923; Junior Debating Club, 1924-25; Classical Prize, 1923-28; Fidelity Prize, 1924; Baseball Manager, 1929; 2nd Lieutenant, 1st Company, 5th Regiment.

## EDWARD ALOYSIUS TRACY, JR.

"Eddie" Harvard

*"Why then the world's mine oyster."*

Entered Class IV B, from Everett School, 1925; Baseball, 1927-28-29; Captain, Baseball, 1928-29; Football, 1928-29; Hockey, 1927-28; Fidelity Prize, 1926; John K. Richardson Prize, 1927; Chairman, Dance Committee; Chairman, Class Committee; Class Day Committee; 1st Lieutenant on Staff.

## ROBERT CAMPBELL TRIPP

"Bob" West Point

*"O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Shortridge High School, Indiana; Track, 1927-28; Swimming, 1926-27; Classical Prize, 1925-26; Modern Prize, 1927-28; 1st Lieutenant, 2nd Company, 5th Regiment.

## CHRISTOS JOHN TSEMEDZIS

"Tezi" M. I. T.

*"What's in a name?"*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Thomas N. Hart School; French Club, 1927; Individual Prize, Manual of Arms, 1926; 1st Lieutenant, 10th Company, 5th Regiment.

## THOMAS FRANCIS TWOMEY

"Spike," "Nap" M. I. T.

*"Good Heavens! What is this?"*

Entered Class IV B, from St. Columbkille School, 1924; Captain, 9th Company, 4th Regiment, Individual Prize, Manual of Arms, 1927.

## THOMAS PAUL VAUGHAN

"Peter" Boston College

*"I leave my character behind me."*

Entered Class IV B, from Comius School, 1925; French Club, 1928-29; Literary Club, 1928-29.





THOMAS FRANCIS WALDRON, JR.  
 "Tom" Boston College  
*"What is the end of fame?"*  
 Entered Class IV B, 1924, from Edward Everett School; Fidelity Prize, 1926.

ALLISON FRANCIS WALSH  
 "Alice" Harvard  
*"In maiden meditation, fancy free."*  
 Entered Class VI, from Charles Sumner School, 1922; Junior Debating Club, 1924-25; Library Service Club, 1927-28; Glee Club, 1925-26; Fidelity Prize, 1925; 2nd Lieutenant, 13th Company, 4th Regiment.



JAMES WARREN WALSH  
 "Jimmy" Annapolis  
*"Lord, what fools these mortals be."*  
 Entered Class IV B, 1924, from Robert G. Shaw School; Track, 1924; Swimming, 1925-26-27; Football, 1927.

THOMAS PATRICK WALSH  
 "T. P.," "Tom" Boston College  
*"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."*  
 Entered Class IV B, from St. Augustine's School, 1925; Classical Prizes, 1925-26; Approbation Prize, 1925; Class of 1885 Prize, 1925; Fidelity Prize, 1927; 1st Lieutenant, 3rd Company, 4th Regiment; Exhibition Drill, Memorial and Class Days; Individual Prize, Manual of Arms.

WILLIAM JOSEPH WALSH, JR.  
 "Bill" Harvard  
*"He who mocks has not attained."*

Entered Class IV B, from Thomas N. Hart School, 1925; Football, 1927; Swimming, 1928; Dance Committee; 2nd Lieutenant, 4th Company, 5th Regiment; Exhibition Drill, Class and Memorial Day; Captain on Staff.

JOHN WILLIAM WARREN  
 "Bucky" Boston College

*"A steam-engine in trousers."*  
 Entered Class IV B, 1923, from Frederick W. Lincoln School; Football, 1928; Baseball, 1929; Hockey, 1929; Band, 1924; Year Book Committee.



## JOSEPH DAVID WASSERSUG

"Wassy," "Sugs"

Harvard

*"Check!"*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from Quincy School; Classical Prize, 1926; Modern Prize, 1927; Fidelity Prize, 1928; French Club, 1928-29; Literary Club, 1928-29; Chess and Checker Club, 1927-29; Secretary-Treasurer, 1929; Chess Team, 1929; Checker Team, 1929; Stamp Club, 1929.

## JOHN WILLIAM WATSON

"Doc"

Tufts

*"Watson, the needle!"*

Entered Class IV B, 1924, from St. Thomas School.

## GERSHON JOSEPH WHEELER

"Gersh"

Harvard

Entered Class IV B, from Wolcott School, Revere, 1925; Fidelity Prize, 1928.

## RICHARD FRANCIS WHITE

"Dick"

Harvard

*"Achilles absent was Achilles still."*

Entered Class VI, from George Putnam School, 1923; Football, 1927-28; Fidelity Prize, 1924; 2nd Lieutenant, 3rd Company, 4th Regiment; Memorial Day Exhibition Drill; Class Day Drill.

## MAX WILFAND

"Mac," "Wilfy"

Harvard

*"The fat is in the fire."*

Entered Class IV B, from Dudley School, 1925; French Club, 1927-28-29; Swimming, 1925-26; Orchestra, 1926-27-28; Classical Prize, 1925-26; Fidelity Prize, 1926-27; 2nd Lieutenant, 12th Company, 5th Regiment.

## ABRAHAM WOLBARSHT

"Abie"

Harvard

*"Fill all my bones with aches."*

Entered IV B, from Christopher Gibson School, 1925; 2nd Lieutenant, 6th Company, 5th Regiment.







## GEORGE LAUN WRIGHT, JR.

"Spike," "Rite"

Yale

*"Sabbathless Satan."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Prince School; Modern Prize, 1926-27; Drum Corps, 1925-26; Band, 1926-27; Junior Debating Club, 1926-27.

## CHARLES GEORGE ZAHKA

"Charlie"

Mass. College of Pharmacy

*"A kind of excellent dumb discourse."*

Entered Class IV B, from Thomas Gardner School, 1925; French Club, 1927-28-29; Literary Club, 1927-28; Swimming, 1925-26; Glee Club, 1925-26-27; 2nd Lieutenant, 7th Company, 5th Regiment

## ARTHUR ZANDITON

"Red"

Harvard

*"The man that hath a tongue is not, I say, a man."*

Entered Class VI, 1923, from William L. Garrison School; Junior Debating Club, 1924-25-26; Sargent-at-arms, 1925; Track, 1925-26; Mgr. Football Team, 1928; Assistant Advertising Manager, Register, 1926-27; 1st Lieutenant, 9th Company, 4th Regiment.

## OSCAR ZARKIN

"Ossie"

Harvard

*"Building castles in the air."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Lewis School; French Club, 1926-27-28-29; President, 1928-29; Literary Club, 1928-29; Junior Debating Club, 1925-26; Stamp Club, 1926-27; Track, 1927-28-29; Glee Club, 1928-29; Accompanist, 1929; Concert Master, 1929; Cheer Leader, 1929; 1st Lieutenant, 6th Company, 5th Regiment.

## MAXWELL ZELERMYER

"Zellie," "Mac"

Harvard

*"Many are called, but few are chosen."*

Entered Class IV B, 1925, from Lewis School; Literary Club, 1928-29; French Club, 1928-29; Chess and Checkers, 1925-26-27-28-29; 1st Lieutenant, 5th Company, 4th Regiment.



Blaustein



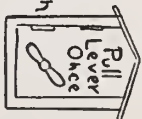
"My Ahnapolis"  
Warren Walsh

Campana



Where is  
the honesty  
in Politics

Lessons  
by  
hmelch



Generalissimo  
Dolan



Where's  
my  
mag?

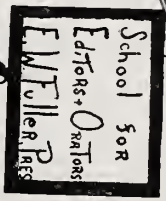


Donal  
mark  
Sullivan

Ed Tracy



Hot  
Doug!



Billier



"Wes"  
Fuller



Blushing  
Hickey  
Red



Prof. Bill Adler  
Terpsichorean

Oscar  
Zarkin "Rhapsody in Blue"



Doyle



THE SCHOOL

# SCHOOL ACTIVITIES







THE REGISTER

Seated, left to right—W. Carroll Quigley, Donal M. Sullivan, Mr. Levine, (*Business Adviser*), David W. Biller, (*Business Manager*), Edwin W. Fuller, Jr. (*Editor-in-Chief*), Lester S. Koritz, (*Managing Editor*), Mr. Sheehan. (*Faculty Adviser*), Manuel A. Benson, Philip Barber.  
 Standing—G. P. Perkins, P. G. Curley, H. Shershevsky, W. J. Callaghan, I. C. Levenson, B. Loewenberg, G. J. Cronin, S. W. Manning, R. B. Lichtenstein, N. Learner.



# The Register

*Edwin W. Fuller. Jr., Editor-in-Chief*

This edition of the Register marks the terminus of the forty-eighth year of publication of the Latin School Register, America's oldest School paper in America's oldest school. We can truthfully say that this year has been without doubt one of the most, if not the most successful years in the annals of the Register. By this we do not mean that the Register has been a financial success, nor do we mean that it rivals either the Atlantic Monthly nor College Humor, if we may be excused for mentioning these two publications in the same sentence. We mean, however, that we have presented a magazine to the School which we believe has met with the approval of the School, a magazine that has satisfied the student body's idea of what a good magazine should be. The many favorable comments which we have received from the students as well as the faculty have led us to believe that we have accomplished what we set out to do—we have given the School a magazine that appeals. For this the credit is due the several undergraduates whose conscientious endeavor it is my pleasant duty to acknowledge here.

Manuel A. Benson, the Senior Associate Editor, has contributed mainly poetry. He has been the mainstay of our Poetry Department and his offerings have been commented upon by many outside schools. He has also contributed a few humorous stories to the Fiction Department and has generally proven himself a valuable member of the Staff. Philip Barber, another Associate Editor, has confined most of his literary efforts to the Book Review Column. He has also attempted fiction. He has been willing to help in any way possible and has been among the most prominent members of the Staff. W. Carroll Quigley was the other Associate Editor. His endeavors have been confined mainly to editorial work at which he is extremely proficient. He has shown a marked ability at book reviewing, and writing articles. His cultured manner has manifested itself not only in his writing but also in his work about the Sanctum. He has been one of the most voluminous and most welcome contributors we have had on the Staff this year.

Seaton W. Manning has contributed a good bit of fiction and several humorous articles, as well as being of great aid in mechanical work. He was the Managing Editor of a fine Fiction Number. Harry Shershevsky has also contributed his endeavors. William J. Callaghan has been without doubt one of the most impressive members of the Staff. (We use this adjective because we can find none other to suit him). He is a profuse writer and has contributed editorials, stories, humorous articles, and has generally been a most useful Editor. He was the Managing Editor of an excellent Alumni Number. He has a pleasant disposition and his ready wit has shortened many a long hour in the Sanctum. To him as Editor-in-Chief for 1929-30, the present Editor extends his very best wishes for a successful year.

The Sports department this year was edited by Donal M. Sullivan. It has impressed many of our subscribers as being one of the best sport sections the Register has produced in recent years. Above all it has been complete. Cuts have been used whenever possible. The editor has had several undergraduates reporting various activities which he himself was unable to cover. For this we take occasion

to thank Herbert A. Addelson, '30, George F. Keenan, '31, Jason K. Lewis, '30, and Bernard Rottenberg, '30. Besides managing his own department, Sullivan has also contributed to the other sections of the magazine and has been willing to help in every way possible from setting up the "dummy" to gently (yet firmly) reprimanding youthful and frivolous Class III Editors.

The Art Work on the Register this year has been done for the most part by Edward F. Doyle. Vincent Melotte has also contributed but owing to the pressure of studies he was compelled to devote less time to the Register. Doyle was appointed in February and has proven himself a veritable "find." New cuts have been used every month and this edition finds several more of his splendid offerings.

Learner and Lichtenstein, the Class III Editors, have contributed Fiction, School Notes, and Alumni Notes, and have also been of aid in mechanical work. It might be remarked that although a trifle rebellious at the beginning of their sentence, they soon learned the ropes as well as an excellent knowledge of those duties required of a janitor.

George Perkins has handled the circulation in a most efficient method. He has been assisted in this by Fowler Pickhardt, '32. Perkins has been a most willing worker and has been of great aid in numerous ways, even outside of his own department.

David W. Biller had charge of the Business Department. He was most willing to help in any way.

His assistants were Irving C. Levenson, Bertram H. Loewenberg, Paul G. Curley, and Grover J. Cronin.

For our Managing Editor this year we have had Lester S. Koritz, whose works have graced these pages for three years.

It seems fitting to remark upon the success with which the Register met in the "Quill and Scroll Contest" in which were entered school publications from all over the country. W. Carroll Quigley received three first awards, (the highest individual winner), William J. Callaghan received a first and a third place, and several Honorable Mentions were distributed among other members of the Staff. This is one of the best records of any school paper in the contest.

The entire Staff appreciates Mr. Sheehan's help in producing the Register. His time and unstinted effort have been great factors in the success of the Register and we are very grateful to him for his services. Thanks are also due Mr. Levine who has supervised the Business Department.

The Editor, before surrendering the Register to next year's Editor, wishes to express his deepest gratitude to the members of the Staff for having made his regime so pleasant. Each and every member has been willing and eager to help and for this splendid co-operation the Editor feels a great debt to the Staff.

It is the Editor's fervent hope that the light which falls upon the Register as we approach the fiftieth anniversary of her usefulness and service to the School may not be the decadent rays of the sunset, but rather the radiance of a brighter dawn.

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NOTE: Owing to the modesty of our editor, we find above no mention of his splendid and conscientious services, which in greatest measure are responsible for the efficiency and excellence of this year's volume of the REGISTER.

THE STAFF.



*Standing*—James M. Denning, W. Carroll Quigley, Edward L. Doyle, John W. Warren.  
*S'anding*—David W. Biller, *Co-chairman* Donal M. Sullivan, *Co-chairman* Edwin W. Fuller, Jr., Lester S. Koritz (Edward F. Doyle, artist on this staff, was absent when this group was photographed).

### THE YEAR BOOK COMMITTEE

Following the custom of some years' standing, faculty permission was procured to publish a year book. The heavy and extensive labor necessary to produce the book has been done by the Year Book Committee. The bulk of the work, however, was performed by the co-chairmen, Edwin W. Fuller, Jr. and Donal Sullivan, and by David W. Biller, who managed the financial affairs of the publication. Lester Koritz has been of much assistance. Of the pictures, quotations, write-ups, set-ups, "dummies," page-proofs, and all the other intricate factors which make up the business of printing the school magazine this book is the result. The staff submits their work for the approval of the school.





*Left to Right, Rear Row—B. Rottenberg, I. C. Levenson, J. J. Ryan, H. W. Eagan, B. H. Loewenberg, J. K. Lewis, G. G. Ryan,  
 M. Leader.  
 Second Row—P. Barber, L. Kaplan, D. W. Biller, E. H. Hickey, D. M. Sullivan, E. W. Fuller, C. F. Donovan.  
 Front Row—Metcalf,  
 H. Shershevsky, N. Learner.*



# The Debating Club

*Edward H. Hickey, President*

Early in October, under the able guidance of its faculty adviser, Mr. Francis J. Roland, the club began its work for the season 1928-29. The officers of the club were Edward H. Hickey, *President*; Donal M. Sullivan, *Vice-President*; William J. Callaghan, *Corresponding Secretary*; David W. Biller, *Recording Secretary*; Edwin W. Fuller, Jr., *Treasurer*; and Leonard Kaplan, *Sergeant-at-arms*.

Trials for the team, after a period of intra-mural debating, found successful Charles F. Donovan, '29, Edwin W. Fuller, Jr., '29, Edward H. Hickey, '29, (*Captain*) Irving C. Levenson, '30, Jason K. Lewis, '30, and Gabriel G. Ryan, '31.

Efforts of Donal M. Sullivan, chairman of the Committee on Interscholastic Debate to arrange contests were unsuccessful because of conflicting dates, conflicting modes of procedures, and the apprehension of some private schools, to which class only were our challenges sent.

However, an exhibition debate was conducted at the Quincy Civic Institute in early May upon the question of the abolition of the jury system. The affirmative, Edwin W. Fuller, Jr. and Charles F. Donovan, was victorious over the negative, Gabriel G. Ryan and Edward H. Hickey, by the vote of the audience. Donovan and Hickey were in rebuttal for their respective sides.



*Front row, left to right—Mr. Roland (Faculty Director), Irving C. Levenson, Gabriel G. Ryan.  
Rear row—William J. Callaghan, Edwin W. Fuller, Jr., Edward H. Hickey, (Chairman), Donal M. Sullivan.*



THE LITERARY CLUB

# The Literary Club

*Philip Barber, President*

Strictly speaking, the last meeting of the Literary Club in June, 1928, marked the beginning of this year's activities, for it was then that elections were held for 1928-29. The following officers were chosen by a majority vote of the club:

*President, Philip Barber*

*Vice-President, Joseph Lourie*

*Secretary-Treasurer, William C. Quigley*

At the very outset of this year the club spent a great deal of time deciding upon a fixed plan for its entire quota of meetings. Speakers were to be procured for one-half the meetings; the rest were to be utilized in studying the types of literature with the aid of Mr. Marson, the faculty advisor, who explained these different types in introductory talks, while the remainder of the meeting consisted of an open forum. In order to carry out these plans two committees were chosen by the President, the Executive Committee with Donal M. Sullivan chairman, and the Board of Critics with William J. Callaghan chairman.

The club heard its first speaker in the person of Professor De Mille of Simmons College, who entitled his talk, "Sea Poetry." From the lusty saga of Beowulf to the realistic sea verse of Masfield the Professor outlined the principal sea poets and poetry. Several selections were read and criticisms made. The long narrative poem "John Brown's Body" was the subject for the next speaker, Professor Loveland. He was very enthusiastic over Stephen Vincent Benet's heroic attempt to write an American epic. This enthusiasm seemed to bias his critical remarks considerably. The Executive Committee then procured Mr. Benson of English High School as the third speaker. Mr. Benson edited a school edition of Melville's classic, "Moby Dick," and it was upon this author that he talked. Fourth and last of our speakers was Mr. Stanger of the Christian Science Monitor. Mr. Stanger explained very clearly and succinctly the relations between literature and journalism.

Throughout the year, as has been mentioned before, Mr. Marson outlined the types of literature. Lively discussions were started and many interesting and some unusual theories were explained during the open forums.

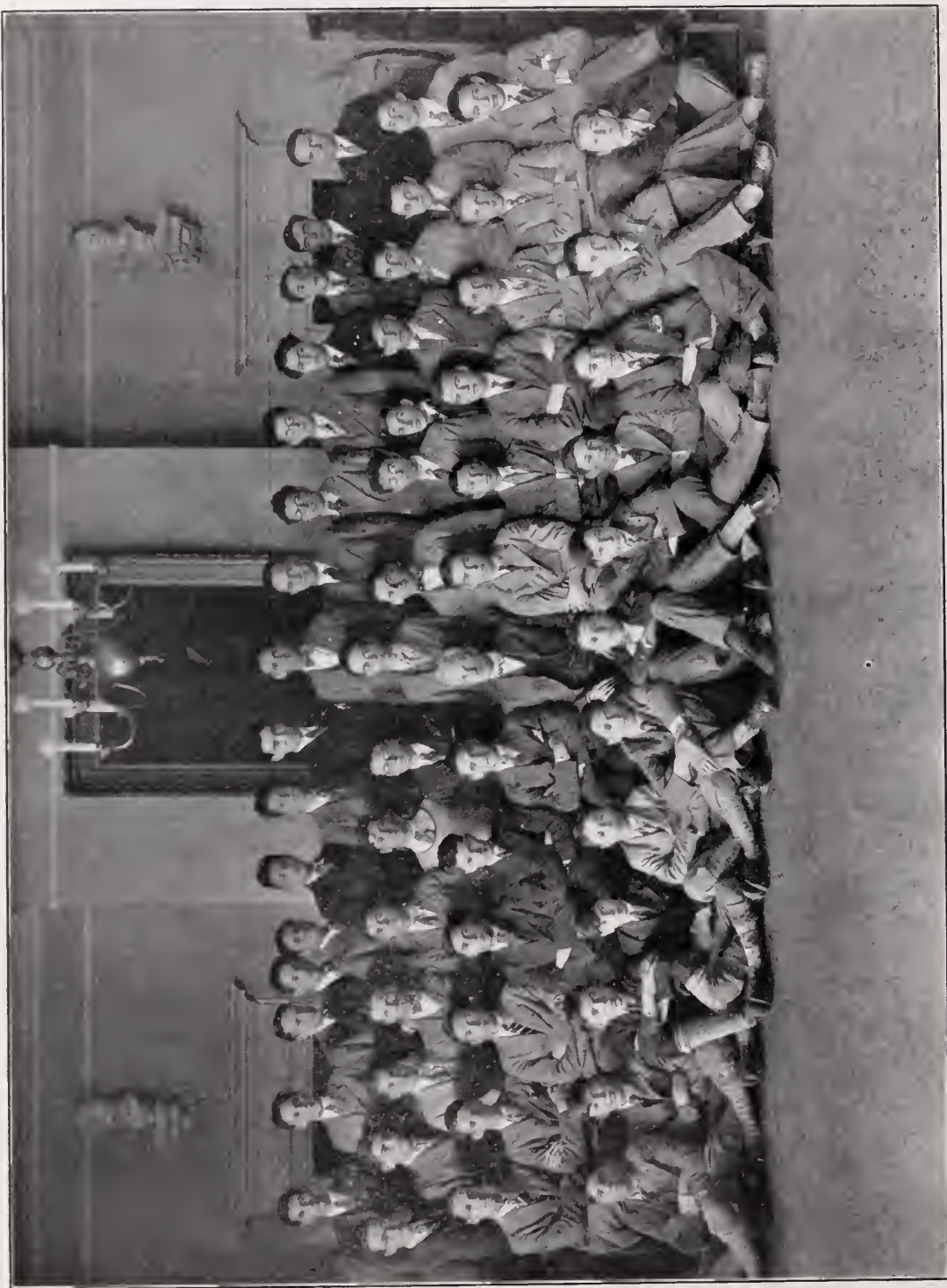
The club closed its all too meagre season with elections for 1929-30. The following will undertake the difficult task of piloting the club next year:

*President, William J. Callaghan*

*Vice-President, Harry Shershevsky*

*Secretary-Treasurer, A. Duncan Rogers*





THE FRENCH CLUB



# The French Club

Oscar Zarkin, President

Under the excellent supervision of Mr. Henderson, the faculty advisor, the French club enjoyed one of its most fruitful seasons since its beginning, years ago. The career of the club had, in previous years, been marked by a great fluctuation in respect to attendance—at times it had almost reached the evanescent state. However, this year quite the contrary can be said. The members, *tout d'un coup*, becoming cognizant of the value of the club showed a marked increase in both interest and cooperation. That this is not idle talk can readily be seen when it is announced that no meeting had less than thirty in attendance. (*Enerveillez vous, anciens presidents!*)

At the *premiere seance* officers for the ensuing year were chosen. The following boys were elected:

*President*—Oscar Zarkin.

*Vice-President*—Donal M. Sullivan.

*Secretary-Treasurer*—Edward H. Hickey.

Upon occasion, Messrs. Henderson, Arnold, and Levine of the faculty have generously offered their splendid services to the edification of the club.

Mr. Levine was the first to address the club, and he described his summer in France.

Mr. Joseph G. Green, a Latin School Alumnus, was the next speaker. He, too, spoke of France but dealt with a different phase of the subject, being concerned chiefly with the mechanics of getting there. Many memos and pictures of interest, brought by Mr. Green, were inspected by the members.

The third speaker was Professor A. T. M. De Andria of Boston University. A most fluent speaker, he proved to be one of the most interesting to whom the club has had the pleasure of listening. His vivacity and his many facetious witticisms during the address on what the average child in France reads held the interest of his audience to the very end.

Next, we had as our guest, Professor Andre Morize of Harvard. His subject concerned the value of education in training the mind. He spoke very vividly, and those who had come to hear a splendid speaker were not disappointed.

At the following meeting, Mr. Henderson delivered a talk on the life of Jeanne d' Arc, which was accompanied by lantern-slides depicting many of the outstanding scenes and incidents of her tragic life.

One of our own boys, M. Wilder of 304, afforded the club some novel entertainment which was rather different from that of former meetings. While abroad, he had taken several reels of moving-pictures from both plane and machine.

Mr. Van Stenberg of the faculty was the speaker at the next assembly. His subject, "Memories of the World War," was treated very well indeed. The hardships, the privations, the physical and mental agonies suffered by the Belgians in particular were brought out clearly.

We grasp this opportunity to thank all those who have helped elevate this club to the position of one of the foremost of the extra curricular activities, and to give our heartfelt thanks to Mr. Henderson, whose tireless efforts together with many hours spent in the interests of the club, have done not a little for this organization.



## *The Chess and Checker Club*

*J. Harrison, President*

The Chess and Checker Club had an exceptionally fine season this year. The first meeting was held shortly after the commencement of school in September with an attendance of over fifty boys, but as the Chess and Checker tournaments got under way many of the younger members dropped out. The officers of the club were as follows:

*J. Harrison—President*

*J. Goldring—Vice-President*

*J. D. Wassersug—Secretary-Treasurer*

The chess team consisted of the following in the order of their rank: B. Burroughs, J. Harrison, A. W. Feldman, J. Wassersug, L. R. Schultz, and S. Rodman. The checker team consisted of the following: N. Goldberg, H. Tarutz, J. Wassersug, I. H. Magnet, J. Harrison, C. Singer, L. Schultz, Berman and Mondlick. Among the visitors and speakers of the club were Mr. A. A. McCullough, the Chess and Checker Editor of the Traveler and Mr. Golke of the Rindge Technical Faculty. Mr. Gretsch of our school also spoke to the club about his experiences as a captain of his college chess team. The club wishes to extend their thanks to Mr. Gretsch and Mr. Drummey, the faculty advisors of the club for the help they have given the club during the past year.



## *The Glee Club*

*Seaton W. Manning, President*

This year the Glee Club was not as large as those of former years, having an enrollment of but fifty-two members. But what it lacked in quantity it more than amply made up for in quality. Under the capable direction of Mr. Hamblin, the Club attained a proficiency in voice culture hitherto unheard of in high school music circles.

Due to lack of attendance at the beginning of the year, the election officers was delayed until late in the season. In January the following officers were elected:

*President*—S. W. Manning

*Vice-President*—A. B. Lord

*Secretary*—F. M. Brooks, Jr.

*Librarian*—F. W. Callahan

*Ass't Librarian*—M. R. Leader

*Accompanists*—O. Zarkin and J. McCarthy

An "attendance board" comprising the five officers was formed to investigate the cause of non-attendance at the weekly meetings and rehearsals. As a result of the "board's" labor, the regular attendance increased rapidly to its present number.

During the course of the year the club gave two performances. The first was at the Washington-Lincoln exercises in the assembly hall, and the second, at the Class Day exercises.





THE JUNIOR DEBATING CLUB

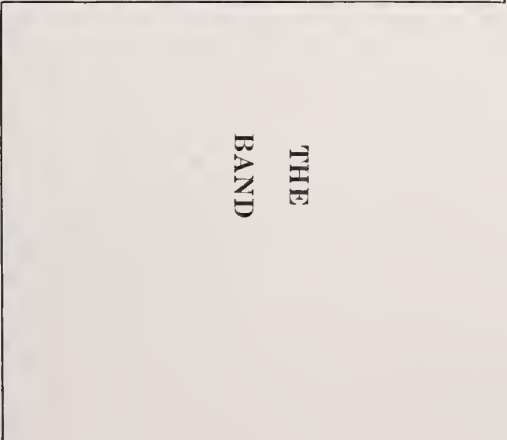


THE LIBRARY SERVICE CLUB





THE  
BAND



THE  
DRUM  
CORPS



# The Dramatic Club

Donal M. Sullivan

The Dramatic Club, whose regulations are necessarily the most exacting of all the extra-curricular activities of the school, commenced work early in October on the "Mystery Man," like the years previous, a mystery melodrama. Work on this play, however, was suspended during the preparation for the presentation at the Washington-Lincoln Memorial exercises of the cabinet scene from Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln." This done, the club resumed work on the annual production, which was presented on the evening of May 10.

The beginning of the year found only three veterans returning, Donal M. Sullivan, Edwin W. Fuller, Jr., and Edwin T. Anthony. Of these, due to the pressure of other activity on the former two, only the last mentioned appeared in the performance of the play. However, many enthusiasts were in evidence, and through their efforts and the now famous patience of the faculty advisor and coach, Mr. Mark Russo, a presentation was accomplished which delighted our very large audience.

The officers who were elected for the season were:

*President*—Donal M. Sullivan

*Vice-President*—Edwin T. Anthony

*Secretary*—John E. McDonald

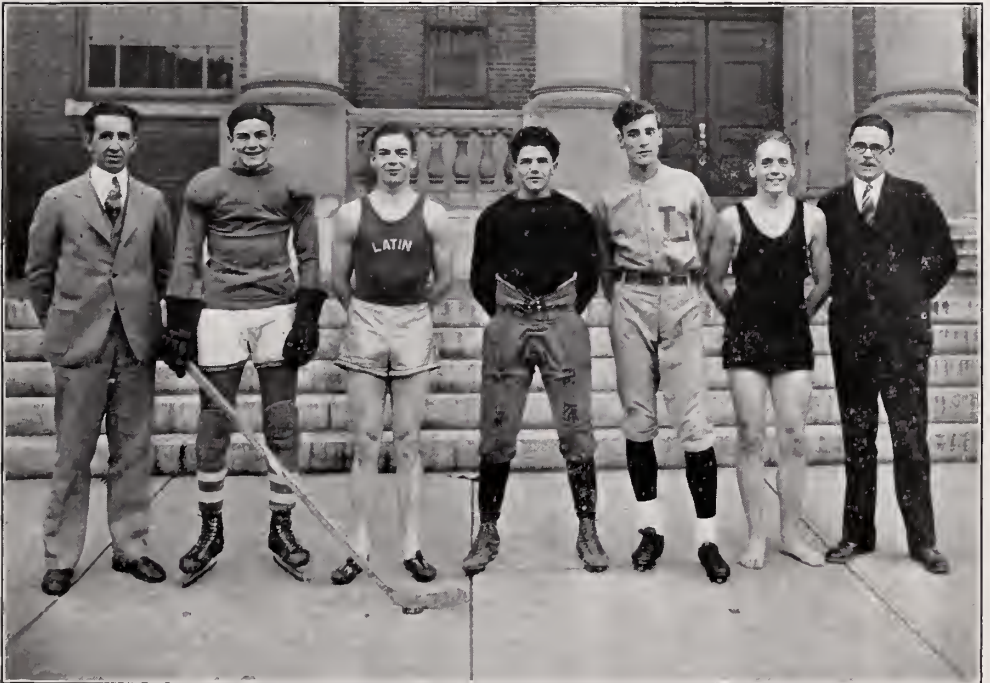
The business department was conducted by E. T. Anthony, business manager, and Thomas H. Dowd, Jr., who assumed the office of secretary.

The final cast which played the "Mystery Man" was as follows (in the order of speaking):

ROBERT WHEELER	Charles F. Donovan
JEROME TUTTLE	John F. Moynahan
INSPECTOR HARRISON	Arthur E. Cleary
DETECTIVE CLANCY	Julian C. Blaustein
TOGO	Hamilton H. Dow
ROSS	Henry Rosa
ALICE PRINCE	Edward Fitzgerald
PHILIP JONES	Edwin T. Anthony
DIXON	Charles W. O'Brien
THE DOCTOR	Irving C. Levenson
YOGO	Peter Gaum
ANSON	Paul H. Fitzpatrick
EVELYN WELLS	Michael Linenthal
MR. PRINCE	Thomas H. Dowd, Jr.

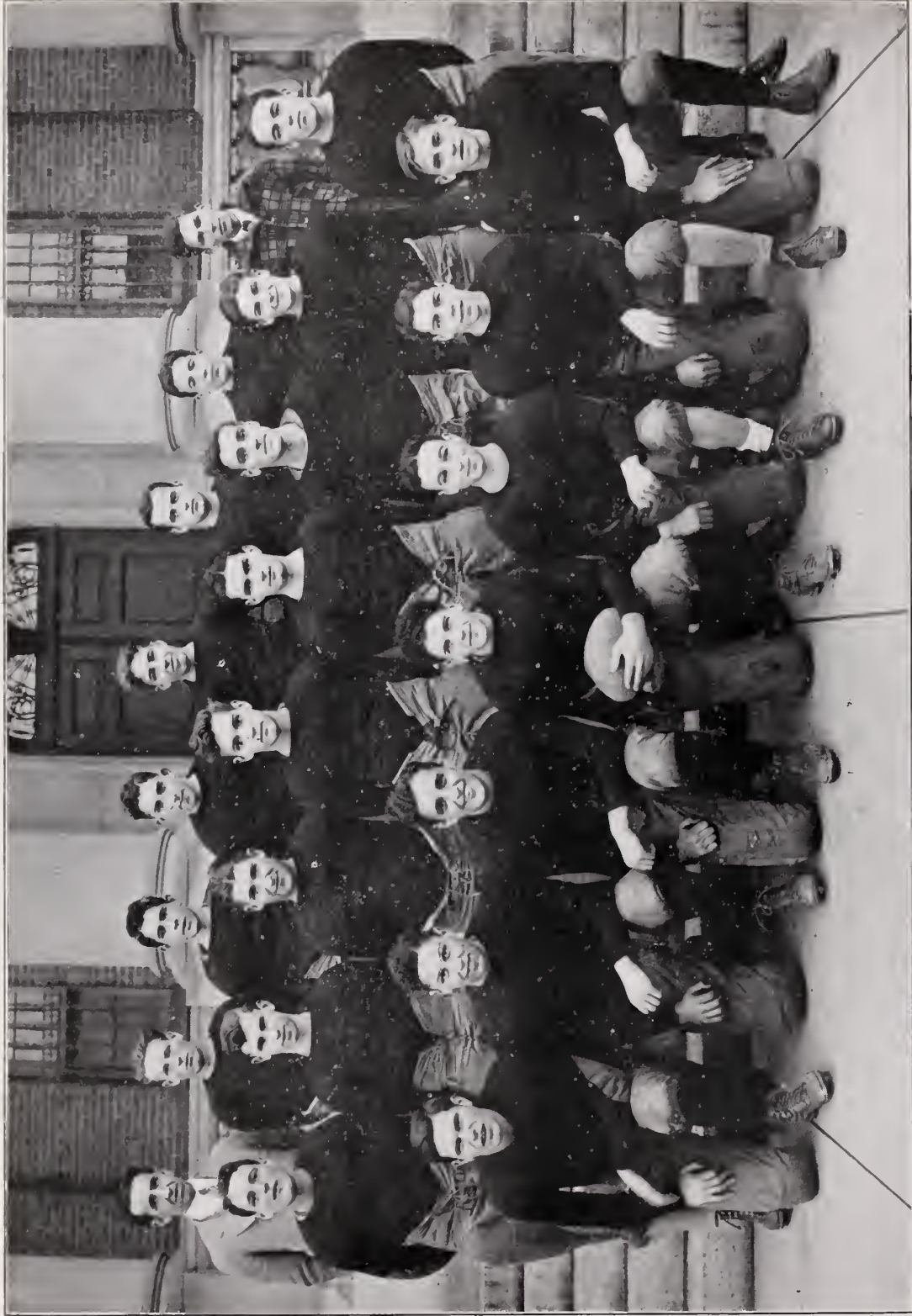
Perhaps the best performance of the evening was the *Wheeler* of Charles Donovan. Good work was done by all the cast, especially by Blaustein, Anthony, Moynahan, Cleary, and Linenthal. The comedy was furnished by Dow and Gaum, as *Togo* and *Yoga*, and the whole production successfully amused the assemblage.

# Sports



# Review





*The nomenclature, left to right, Rear Row—Coach Fitzgerald, Ingalls, Shea, Cohen, Lawlor, Meilen, Mgr., Zananton.  
Second Row—Rabinovitz, Lachacz, Murmes, Feins, Lynch, Tracy, Campana, Loughran.  
Kneeling—Balkan, Horovitz, Capt.-Elect Kopans, Capt. Adler, Lichtenstein, Warren, Downe.*



# Football

*Donal M. Sullivan, Sports Editor*

To the conscientious observer, perhaps the most salient characteristic of this year's football team was the assiduity with which they worked, practicing on many occasions until after the shades of eve had fallen. In their labors to give the school a successful season, they had a splendid example in Coach Fitzgerald who worked untiringly to produce a team worthy of the purple. We finished second in the City League.

The greatest problem facing the mentor this year was that of developing a backfield. How well he succeeded is recorded in the exploits of "Bucky" Warren, Irving Rabinovitz, Carl Lichtenstein, and Jim Mullen. Two other backs, Al Lachacz and Bernie Feins, were forced to the sidelines in the city games by injuries, but in the outside schedule were outstanding for their fine playing. With a veteran line in the school, little difficulty was anticipated in that department, but injuries kept all except three from the outside games, Eddie Horovitz, Bill Loughran, and Herb Cohen. Captain Billy Adler's arm, Dave Kopan's knee, and Harry Balkan's shoulder healed sufficiently to permit their participation in the games with the city schools. At center for most of the year was the capable Steve Downes.

Our team was completely outclassed in the first game of the season by St. Mark's School at Southborough, 21-0. We next encountered the strong team of Gloucester High, and were defeated, 13-0. We journeyed then to Groton and there held a stronger aggregation to a scoreless tie. In the final outside game of the season, played against Norwood High School, we were the better team, but Norwood made and capitalized the breaks, to squeeze through a victor, 6-0.

With our full strength available, we engaged the High School of Commerce, and fought our way to a 6-0 verdict. Trade School was our next victim, and them we whipped conclusively, 13-6. But once in the entire game did Trade penetrate our territory. Dorchester High was a difficult opponent, but we surpassed them 6-0. Mechanics Arts provided even stronger opposition, but again we took the palm, 6-0. Then, on Thanksgiving Day, before a great crowd, we were routed by English High School. Though in the first half we displayed some good football and held them in abeyance, the second half was completely dominated by the eternal Blue, which rolled up three touchdowns, taking "ye game," 18-0.

To the following were awarded major sport letters for football: Captain Adler, Balkan, Campaua, Cohen, Downes, Feins, Horovitz, Ingalls, Kopans, Lachacz, Lawlor, Lichtenstein, Loughran, Lynch, Mellen, Mullen, Murmes, Rabinovitz, Shea, Tracy, and Warren. Footballs for outstanding performances in the city games won by Latin School were awarded to Captain Adler, Warren, Rabinovitz and Feins.

Dave Kopans, star tackle, has been elected captain for 1929, and with such players as Rabinovitz, Mullen, Lichtenstein, Gould, Shea, Weddleton, Lynch, Joyce, Goodwin, Eagan, Wilson, and Saklad to return in the fall, his should be a successful year.



*Left to Right, Rear Row—Coach Fitzgerald, Coleman, Redman, Abramson, Manager Moynahan.  
 Third Row—Koritz, Eagan, Horovitz, Winer, Curley, Gross.  
 Second Row—Cohen, Friedman, Mednis, Joyce, Captain Sullivan, Titus, Brody, Capt.-Elect Owen, Parks.  
 Front Row—Tarplin, Rains, David, Olan.*

# Track

*Philip Barber*

More enthusiasm was shown this year in track activities than in years past, with the result that the record of the track team of 1928-29 was the best we have had in many years. We were second in the Regimental Meet indoors, and third in that meet outdoors. Of our indoor triangular meets, in all of which Latin was the victor, the results were as follows: Latin, 104—Mechanics Arts, 88—Commerce, 39; Latin, 94 21-42—Dorchester, 89 5-52—Trade, 57 13-42; Latin, 119—Hyde Park, 75—Charlestown, 39. In the dual meet with English, however, we were defeated by their superior numbers, 155—76, a margin smaller than the mighty blue has enjoyed in six years. Undeclared indoors except by English, a record for future teams to equal!

Through the work of the captain of the team, Donal Sullivan, posters were placed in all the rooms, and on the bulletin board were posted reports of the progress of the team and exhortations to the student body to lend its support. This last, however, was not the recipient of too great success at the hands of our loyal and spirited students. When not participating in his own event, the leader of the team was usually to be seen cheering his teammates. One of the most enthusiastic fans of the team was the well-known Billy Adler, and his small but vociferous cheer section was appreciated by every Latin track man. The coach, Mr. Fitzgerald, introduced another innovation, that of conducting setting-up drill as conditioning work in the weeks before Christmas.

The relay team competed in three races, all against English, and in each led until the last leg of the race, where the wonderful running of the English anchor man defeated our efforts. The members of the relay team were Capt. Don Sullivan, John "Jugger" Joyce, Adam Mednis, Henry Titus, and Joe Dolan.

The major sport letters for track were awarded to Abramson, Brabazon, Brody, Burns, Cohen, Coleman, Curley, David, Dolan, Eagan, Feldstein, Friedman, Gould, Gross, Horovitz, Joyce, Mednis, *Manager* Moynahan, Murmes, Olans, Owen, Parks, Rains, Rodman, Rudofsky, *Capt.* Sullivan, Tarplin, Titus, and Winer.

Wilfred Owen, outdoor Regimental champion at seventy-five yards, was at the recent election chosen captain for the 1929-30 season.

The success of the track team this year serves to demonstrate what can be done in this sport if the boys of the school will interest themselves in it. One hundred fifty candidates reported for first practice, and this number dwindled to fifty. In track, with the unlimited entry in use in the Boston schools, superiority in numbers is a distinct advantage. For twelve years English High School has held this advantage, and for twelve years the blue has won the Regimental championship. In years past, Latin school was wont to complain of small numbers, but now with an enrollment of two thousand, of which fifteen hundred are eligible for athletic competition, this excuse has lost its validity. We now have the numbers on which to draw; the path is clear. English is there to be conquered. How long will it be before Latin School performs that which the wearers of the blue proudly call a miracle? Almost thirty letters were awarded for track this year, and twenty-two of those awards were made to members of classes two, three, and four!

—D. M. S.





THE BASEBALL TEAM



# Baseball

*Andrew J. Torrielli, Manager*

One of the most surprising seasons in the history of baseball at Boston Latin is about to be completed. With little hope of a good season, the team inspired all its followers with an impressive start. Then a long list of defeats, nearly all by close scores, plunged the student body into an abyss of despair out of which only a few loyal spirits could climb.

The star of success shone brightly as Latin proceeded to trounce its first three opponents, Mechanics Arts, East Boston and Milton Academy by large scores.

At Lawrence, an expected, though not so crushing a defeat, was registered against the team. McComiskey of Lawrence was the star of the game, both for his two home-runs and his pitching, although Page and Warren were able to collect a homer and a double respectively.

On May 15, English High played the first of the two games scheduled at the Latin School field. English evidently feared us for the highly touted Tamulis was put in against us. A fierce sixth inning, in which Latin scored nine runs, sufficed to drive Tamulis and his successor, Taylor, from the mound. It remained for McLain, whom many of us remember as a classmate, to stop and hold his old school long enough for English to score the necessary runs to win, 14-13. The timely hitting of Downes, Lawlor, and Weddleton was responsible for the big score in the sixth inning.

The last game at this writing, at Gloucester, was won handily by Latin. The old fighting spirit besides the discovery of a new shortstop, Callahan, were largely instrumental in this victory. Two big innings, the sixth and ninth, and the hitting of Capt. Tracy and Page sufficed to win the game 13-5.

Captain Eddie Tracy played a fine game all year in the field. His duty he performed ably although, besides Lawlor, he was the only veteran on the team. Tracy's position of fourth man in the batting order precludes any other remarks as to his batting. The other outfielders were the steady hitting Page, whose bat brought in many runs, and Bilodeau, "the freshman wonder," also a fierce hitter.

"Bucky" Warren, playing baseball for the first time at Latin, was the outstanding star. He seemed a second Donaghy both in hitting and fielding.

Steve Downes at first base and John Lawlor at second proved to be a fine combination. Few, if any, put-outs escaped this pair, both of whom are right behind Warren in the batting averages.

At shortstop there were many changes. Dolan, Campana, Lynch, Murphy, and Callahan all played in that position. Dolan, while eligible, easily had an edge over the others but was closely pressed by Campana.

The steadiest player on the team was George Weddleton, the catcher. His rifle-like throws to second base made it almost an impossibility to steal that base.

Of the pitchers, little can be said. With proper support they might have perhaps done better. Stewart, Higgins, and Lichtenstein each pitched at least one good game while Gordon and Murmes were unable to win once.

As regards the winning of games, the season can hardly be a success. However, no coach can develop a fine team with only two veterans. Coach Fitzgerald must be commended for his efforts and should see a great season next year with an experienced team.



*The nomenclature, left to right, Standing—Manager Hickey, Kelly, Mullen, Moore, Parks, Coach Cleary.  
Seated—Capt.-Elect Weddleton, Doyle, Warren, Capt. Campana, Lynch, Donnellan.*

## HOCKEY

*Edward L. Doyle*

Despite the fact that only two letter men, Captain Campana and Eddie Doyle, returned from last year's squad, Coach Cleary was very successful with his hockey team. In the city league, they were not quite as near to the top as last year's team. After defeating South Boston, East Boston, and Charlestown by high scores, the team received a blow which probably cost it the championship. "Hick" Shea, the left wing, at the time high-scorer of the League, was declared ineligible. After this misfortune, Latin School won only one game and tied four in the city league, although "Bucky" Warren proved a very capable substitute for Shea.

Outdoors the team was much more successful. Among its victories were the strong Middlesex School and the Country Day team, both by a one to nothing score. On December 31, the team surprised everyone by holding the strong Cambridge Latin team to a 4-0 score, and on the following day, they held the much touted Alumni Sextet to a scoreless tie.

In the English game, Latin School outplayed their rivals up to the last few minutes, when an ex-Latin School man pushed two goals by Donnellan to give English a 2-0 victory.

On the defence Captain-elect George Weddleton and Eddie Doyle ably protected the diminutive but very efficient goalie, Paul Donnellan.

To the following were awarded hockey letters: Captain Campana, Donnellan, Doyle, Hickey, *Manager*, Kelly, Lynch, Moore, Mullen, Parks, Warren, and Weddleton.



## THE SWIMMING TEAM

*Bernard Rottenberg*

When on February 15. Coach G. B. Cleary called out candidates for the swimming team. only a handful of boys responded to his S. O. S. Needless to say, the outlook for the coming season was far from roseate, with only five veterans of last year's team returning.

Before the opening meet, however, several very promising natators were found in Skresoski, Grossman, McGreenery, Degutis and Mahakian, all of whom proved to be consistent point winners throughout the season. The returning veterans were Captain Fitzgerald, Feinberg, Levenson, Keating and last but not least. Hickey. The above-named boys under the guidance of Captain Fitzgerald bore the brunt of the work, and bore it well.

Our mermen engaged in five city meets and had mediocre season, losing four meets and winning only one. We also lost our only extra-league meet to the Nautical School, although several notable performances were turned in by our boys. In this particular meet Captain Fitzgerald displayed the real school spirit by entering with a lame leg, and though he only placed 3rd, his gameness overshadowed the result.

The results of the meets are as follows: Nautical School 28, Latin 22; Latin 82½, Dorchester 56½; Mechanic Arts 94, Latin 48; Trade 75, Latin 68; English 75, Latin 68; H. S. Commerce 75, Latin 68.

The following men have earned the honor of wearing the school insignia: *Captain* Fitzgerald, Keating, Grossman, Skresoski, Feinberg, Hickey, Levenson, McGreenery, Degutis, Hogan and *Manager* Sanford

At the annual meeting the lettermen to elect a captain, Walter Feinberg, our star backstroker, was honored with next year's captaincy by an unanimous vote.



## DECLAMATIONIS CERTAMINI

Hoc Ordine Candidati in Rostra Ascendent

- |   |                   |
|---|-------------------|
| I. GEORGIUS FRANKLIN MAHONEY                    |                   |
| The Signing of the Declaration                  | <i>Lippard</i>    |
| II. ABRAHAM LUDOVICUS TEITLEBAUM                |                   |
| Yes, I'm Guilty                                 | <i>Munyon</i>     |
| III. GABRIEL GOUGEON RYAN                       |                   |
| In Defense of His Son                           | <i>Hugo</i>       |
| IV. LEO FRANCISCUS CURLEY                       |                   |
| Regulus to the Carthaginians                    | <i>Hugo</i>       |
| V. PATRICIUS LEO CURLEY                         |                   |
| The Wings of Lead                               | <i>Crane</i>      |
| OPVSCVLA MVSICA. a Fidicinibus—Tubicinibus      |                   |
| IOSEPHO FREDERICO WAGNER modulos praemonstrante |                   |
| VI. HERBERTUS WARREN RUBIN                      |                   |
| The Death of Garfield                           | <i>Blaine</i>     |
| VII. HERBERTUS KORNBLEIT                        |                   |
| Laughters                                       | <i>Untermeyer</i> |
| VIII. PAULUS GERARDUS CURLEY                    |                   |
| The Vision of War                               | <i>Ingersoll</i>  |
| IX. BURTON HENRICUS TARPLIN                     |                   |
| The Black Cat                                   | <i>Poe</i>        |
| X. DONAL MARCUS SULLIVAN                        |                   |
| The Gallows-Bird                                | <i>Markham</i>    |
| XI. JOHANNES JACOBUS RYAN                       |                   |
| A Plea for Acquittal                            | <i>Crittenden</i> |
| XII. IRVIN CASPER LEVENSON                      |                   |
| The Miser                                       | <i>Anonymous</i>  |
| XIII. DAVID WOLFE BILLER                        |                   |
| The Bombardment                                 | <i>Lowell</i>     |
| XIV. EDVINUS WESLEY FULLER, Iun.                |                   |
| Cught in the Quicksands                         | <i>Hugo</i>       |

## ADVOCATUR INTERGENIMUR

GUY EMERSON, '04

WILLIAM V. ELLIS, '04

EDWIN T. WITHERBY, '04

FRANCIS W. JOHNSON, '04

JOHN A. BREEN, '04

JOHN B. O'HARE, '04

RALPH M. CORSON, '04

WILFRED H. RINGER, '04

GEORGE S. PARKER, '04

WILLIAM F. TEMPLE, '04

WALTER M. STONE, '04



1929



Class  
Day

Doyle

## Class Day

Class Day exercises this year were eminently successful. The "awfternewn" of May 12, with President William A. Adler as master of ceremonies, found the graduating class assembled in the hall according to the time-honored custom. The atmosphere was slightly profaned by the presence of some of the rooms of Class II, but they behaved themselves as befits bright little infants. Let them take heart, in another year (perhaps two for some) they will have attained our dignity!

The orchestra rendered a selection from "Tanhauser" to open the exercises. There followed the singing of the Class Song by the Graduating Class. The words and music of the song were written by Edwin W. Fuller, Jr., '29 and Donal M. Sullivan, '29. Next came the Class Oration which was written and splendidly delivered by Donal M. Sullivan, a frequent figure on the honored rostrum. Louis Novak, whose "music is the best," then played a violin solo. The audience was next entertained by a splendid rendition of "Casey at the Bat." Departing from the usual ponderous vein of Class Recitations of the past, this selection was a noteworthy innovation. It was unusually well spoken by Edwin W. Fuller, Jr., and was enthusiastically received by the class. The last number before the intermission was a selection by the Latin School Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Wagner.

After the pause, Oscar Zarkin, whose chords have diverted us at many an assembly, re-opened the program with a solo on the piano. This was exceptionally well received by the gathering, which, by their applause requested an encore. Some members of the class alternately snickered and squirmed as the next number was delivered. It was the Class Prophecy, written and delivered by Thomas J. Fitzgerald. Next there was an ensemble violin selection played by Adam Mednis.

The *piece de resistance* of the day followed, the *Address to the Class*, which was given by Mr. William H. J. Kennedy of '08, Dean of the Teachers College. It was on the subject "The Value of a Latin School Training." The Glee Club favored the audience with several selections, and the benefits of Mr. Hamblen's training were noted by all present. The program was completed with a salute to the colors, a second rendition of the *Song*, and an orchestra selection.

A review of the two regiments had been planned, but the hostility of the elements prevented this, and we were forced to be content with a smaller military demonstration. In the Drill Hall, before a crowded balcony, the 3rd Company, 4th Reg., and the 4th and 9th Companies, 5th Reg., under the respective commands of Captains Albert Lachacz, Donal Sullivan, and William Adler, performed in an exhibition drill. The Band under Captain Strock and the Drum Corps under Captain Herman also demonstrated. And with a salute to colors with the battalion in a hollow square, Class Day was over for the boys of '29.

The ushers for Class Day were Captains Joseph Dolan (*Chief Usher*), Bernard Herman (*Aide*), Edward Doyle, Bradford Sheppard, Albert Lachacz, William Dugan, Bernard Feins, Philip Barber, John Moynahan, Jonathan Morrison, Willard Cor-scadden, and Charles Donohue.

# Class Oration

*Donal M. Sullivan*

Mr. Campbell, Members of the Faculty, Friends of the Latin School, Fellow Classmates:

The time is very near at hand when we, the class of '29, our arduous and exacting passage complete, shall take our leave of the grand old school which, more than any other factor in our lives, these past six years, has absorbed our existence has witnessed our efforts, has smiled with friendly eyes upon our triumphs, and has even found time from its active course to pause and regret those failures which must inevitably have occurred during the long ascent to the position we occupy today on the roster of this institution. Our task has not been easy; at times during our stay here, we have been known to complain of the assiduity with which we have been expected to pore over daily assignments, we have railed against injustices—real or fancied, we have chafed under the restrictions placed upon our activities by the discipline of the school, and have viewed those industrious, worthy gentlemen who labor in our midst as a frightful crew of stony-hearted, unmerciful ogres, whose sole delight in life was written in the medium of the abhorred red ink, whose only purpose seemed that of driving us, poor, drudging, goaded slaves, to the monotonous tortures of the eternal grindstone. He is indeed a rare Latin School boy who has not, at one time or another during his pilgrimage here, experienced transitory sensations of this sort. But our task, however difficult it may have been, is now nearly fulfilled. We stand today on the threshold of a new life; from our six years' process of education we are presently to emerge, to embark upon a broader, more comprehensive, and even more exacting voyage in preparation for which our training here will have served us well.

The history of the Boston Public Latin School is as honorable as it is long; of a certainty ours is a great institution. But the greatness of the school lies not chiefly in its mellow age, in its splendid traditions, in the exploits of its famous sons—although these are of themselves glorious—; rather does its greatness lie in the service which, year upon year, it is producing, rather does its dignity consist of the benefit which it bestows upon its pupils, rather indeed does its mighty prestige rely upon the general excellence of the youth which it yearly sends forth to the community. The prime purpose of the school is the preparation of its pupils for higher education, and it is superfluous to state that in this work it stands pre-eminent. But the mere entrance into a college is not the real prize, the true reward of our application here. The great benefit which we derive from the school is the fulness of the training here provided. The gifts of the school are many indeed; the life of this institution is replete with opportunities for the youth who will avail himself of them. To say nothing of the excellence of the curriculum itself, consider the imposing array of extra-curricular activities which, if pursued, cannot fail to round out the scholastic existence of the student, to relieve the monotony of daily recitation and home-study, and to give to the student a certain assurance and balance. For the musically inclined there are the orchestra, the glee club, the band and the drum corps; there are the forensic

activities of debating and dramatics; for the boy who is interested in letters we have the *Register*, the French Club, and the Literary Club; and for the athlete the school engages in three major and three minor sports. Added to these are the institutions of Declamation and Military Drill. All these are at the disposal of every Latin School boy. And so, who adheres to the laws of the school, who perceives and grasps the opportunities and benefits here furnished—he emerges with a versatile equipment which cannot fail to be of value in his future life. He departs mentally sound and well educated, morally fit, and physically prepared for the struggle which is to come.

I have drawn here a roseate picture. Of the youth who receives all which the school offers it is not exaggeration. True it is, however, that many do not receive the benefits, that all do not seek a happy balance—a medium of study, athletics, and forensic activity. It is all too evident that there is not sufficient harmony and understanding between the conscientious student, the athlete, and the exponent of forensic art. It cannot be gainsaid that there is among our fellows a tendency to concentrate upon one branch of activity, and thereby fail to secure a breadth of experience, and that some of our number are so greatly occupied in meeting the requirements of the curriculum that there is for them no time to explore the regions of extra-curricular activity. All these conditions are to a degree in evidence, but however that may be, the indubitable fact remains that through the agency of its curriculum and other activities, the Latin School is producing a youth who is admirably prepared to assume a position of importance in the life, in the business, and in the public affairs of his community. Such, fellow classmates, should be the result of our training here. It is true that the benefits of our term have been unequally acquired, but to each has fallen a share, upon all is felt a great influence which cannot be otherwise than of great value. It can be said without fear of successful contradiction that, among the groups yearly sent forth by the secondary schools of the country, the graduating class of the Latin School stands very high. Our group, I believe, is no exception. Ours is, it seems to me, a representative class of the Latin School. It is with this premise that I continue.

For their common welfare men have united themselves to institute what we know as governments. For the success of these governments, the individuals must co-operate. The duty of the most able is that of execution; they must assume the positions of power and trust, and exercise their authorities for the good of their fellows. The electorate, on the other hand, must work with their officials, and it is by the harmonious exercise of effort and ability that the model government should function. How well these man-created aspirations have succeeded in practice all of us are aware. To the most indifferent, to the most blind, to the most stupid, it is too painfully clear that all is not quite as it should be in the workings of our governments. That is a most mild and conservative expression of the situation. The evil and insidious machinations of the foul forces of graft and corruption and of other influences too numerous and low to mention are often felt to the injury of the body politic, feeding on the public fund, debauching the public trust. To those trusting, sequestered, timid souls who are unable to conceive of evil in the practice of our systems, I have one word to say, and it should suffice: "*Chicago*"—*but one does not need to travel to Chicago for a demonstration*. There is a reason for these conditions, and it is this: The men best fitted by training, experience, and character to fill offices of public trust are too seldom found in the positions offered by the people. Not that



the general public does not prefer that the ablest men should hold office. No. Those best fitted to carry on the business of public administration often hesitate to accept positions because of the unpleasant notoriety of public office, because of its severe demands on their time and strength and the greater opportunities for material advancement which private occupation affords. So it is that men of inferior ability and, what is far worse, of inferior intention have often fallen heir to high public positions, and in their occupation thereof have lowered the attractiveness of the office for abler men. Coupled with this we find a criminal indifference on the part of many of the general public, with the inevitable result that today exists in many of our communities. And such, fellow classmates, will be the state of affairs in our day—unless that youth of the roseate picture steps into the breach to battle for the public good against the ever-present army of corruption. Here I pause to quote a “Brutus” of Boston politics of two decades ago, “almost too good a man to be in politics,” whose abilities and character were such that if men of his calibre were to be found in public office to an appreciable extent, my contentions on this subject would be unfounded. *“Into the great crucible of municipal life the gross elements of indifference, ignorance and selfishness, and the pure elements of public spirit intelligence, and self-sacrifice will be poured together, and out of the mass will come the composite of our citizenship.”*

Membership in the class of '29 is a survival of the fittest in the fullest sense of the word. And what, fellow classmates, will be our contribution to the great crucible? Shall we, who shall have been educated to the best, pour into the pot of public life the gross or the pure? Shall ours be the course of indifference or of public spirit? By all means, let us choose the latter; let us follow the road of intelligence, of appreciation, and, if possible, of self-sacrifice.

Fellow classmates, our time is not yet come; but in a few short years we shall have reached our majority, and shall be able by law to take part in civil life. The power granted, how shall we employ it? Shall we then shirk our civic responsibility? Let those of us who shall be able take part in public service. But there remains for all of us one service to which there accrues no pomp or glory or recognition; there remains one right for which our ancestors gave their blood. Yes, all of us shall possess the vote, and the least we can do to make for our own welfare and that of our fellows is to use the power of that vote *honestly, intelligently, faithfully, and fearlessly!* In the interlude which remains between today and the time when you and I shall use the ballot, our eyes must not be closed to the progress of public administrations; rather let us observe the course of government the better to be prepared when we come into our birthright. Honesty, ability, intelligence, and civic responsibility! Fashion these jewels permanently into the crown of government, and ours will be a better and a happier existence. We shall reap the splendid fruits of the man-created ideal of co-operative government, and ours will be the victory!



# Class Will

*Edwin W. Fuller, Jr.*

Know all super-morons by these presents, that

We, the Class of 1929, on this fourteenth day of June in the year of our Lord the nineteen hundred and twenty-ninth, in the year two hundred and ninety-fourth *post conditionem Scholae Latinae Bostoniensis*, in the twelfth year of the Plague, being in full possession of our faculties (if any) in spite of the ravages of Latin, Greek, and Trig. do make, declare, conjugate, and extract the cube root of this, our last will and testament. May Zeus be propitious!

To Class II, we leave our title, "Seniors" as well as our dignity (?). Also our Class Motto, "My kingdom for a diploma!" Also our Class Symbol—O. We also bequeath membership in the Physics Club (2:30 till 4:00 on Wednesdays). We would like to leave our puttees and Sam Browne belts, too, but the best we can do is one-third off—that's how we got them.

To Class III, we leave felicitations on having gotten so far and doubts as to their getting farther.

To Class IV, we leave the choice of a flunk in German or Greek. No pass marks allowed! (The faculty will take care of this provision).

To Class V, we bequeath the great waste areas in the rear of the School, commonly known as the "athletic field." Also the privilege (?) of gamboling with the fair damsels from G. L. S.

To Class VI, bless their little souls, we leave this bit of advice, "Get while the getting is good." If they do not get what we mean and stay, they deserve the twelve years punishment to be inflicted. Also the following minor bequests:—

Bill Sullivan leaves a wad of gum, *not* to be chewed in public.

Frank Donohoe, in conjunction with his companion in arms, Ribbs, leaves a rattle to the next Klass Klown. (Balkan?).

Carey and Barber leave a collection of small yellow cards to be known as the Carey-Barber Fund for the Tardy. Said cards will be dispensed by Colonel Penney at his office, any school-day after 9:00 A. M.

Fisher and Sterner leave a fund for the distribution of miniature grindstones to the boy who takes home the most books every night.

Benson leaves a crushed Rose and a bunch of faded forget-me-nots as an inspiration to the next Staff Poet of the REGISTER.

Zarkin leaves his smile. (Pepsodent).

Dave Biller leaves several hours sleep to be used in Physics only. Also his toothful howl which passes for a laugh. It might also be remarked that Biller leaves—but he may return.

Normie Ingalls and Zanditon leave a can of red metal polish as hair groom for other red-headed shieks.

The Dance Committee leaves a few used programs, a few unused tickets and a couple of rotten orchestras.

MacLeod leaves his best wishes, which is rather unusual for a Scotchman.

Eddie Horovitz leaves a few apple cores, a piece of chalk and a broken desk cover to be awarded to the most deserving.

Adam Mednis leaves a thousand yards of effort.

Johnny Ryan leaves a loud and lusty voice.

Joe Dolan, with the grace of Heaven and a little help, leaves.

Wes Fuller, Editor of the School Sheet commonly known as the REGISTER, leaves a couple of Class III Editors whom he has trained to say "Yes, Sir," "No, Sir," and to help him with his coat, a few broken chairs, some slightly used jokes, very little mucilage, and a dirty *Sanctum*.

Hanrahan leaves a tack to be placed on chairs *discreetly*.

Baker leaves a fund for the provision of cast iron teething rings to the member of the Physics Club with the greatest displacement and the least co-efficient of expansion.

To the Faculty, we bequeath this little volume, "How to Count to Fifty to One Hundred in Blue Ink." They need it.

These volumes are also left:—

Radlo—"The Perfection of the Razberry."

Askowith—"Ask Me Another."

Dolan—"How to Get One Hundred in Physics."

Fuller-Sullivan—"How to Join All the Activities and Still Pass a Subject or Two, *Occasionally*."

Koritz—"Wisecracks I Have Made."

Hickey—"Confessions."

Campana—"Who's Who among the Fair Sex."

"Nap" Twomey leaves a Fund for the distribution of celluloid frying pans to the bird with the funniest haircut.

D. Mark Sullivan, leaves (reluctantly) the tingling ears of Latin School audiences; also a pair of worn track shoes and a poster with the inscription "Come out for track; resurrect the Latin School Spirit!"

John Moynahan leaves the stage in a blaze of glory with that actor supreme, Inspector Arthur Cleary calling "Where's Tuttle?"

Izzy Friedberg leaves a collection of unanswered questions and a fatigued faculty.

George "Beau Brummel" Marsh leaves a tattered edition of "What the Well Dressed Man Will Wear."

Freed leaves his books in the School (for the first time in six years).

Billy Adler, Class President, leaves his plea for more money unanswered.

Bennie Bowker leaves his blushes to be used as steam heat next year.

Brougham leaves Room 30, much to his relief.

Jimmy Denning leaves his flivver, (as if anyone wanted the confounded thing).

"Julie" Blaustein a set of funny-looking whiskers emblematic of his success in the role of *Seward*.

Jim Mellen leaves with leave.

Paul Fitzpatrick leaves his shining smile guaranteed to melt an iceberg (/).

Jonah Goldberg leaves nothing that he was able to get his hands on.

Buddy Joseph leaves a book of his own original definitions in Physics.

Bob Tripp leaves for West Point. No doubt he will also be found in the

vicinity of Vassar.

Joe Sklaver leaves his company—'nuf sed!

Tweedle leaves. Whoopee!

Warren leaves all would-be tacklers in the dust.

Tracey leaves a dust-covered ball field.

Eddie Doyle leaves a bottle of ink and a blotter to the next Staff Artist of the REGISTER. The other Eddie Doyle leaves an Automatic Lunch Check Distributor.

Finally, the whole Class leaves, it must be admitted, reluctantly. We are confident that we are the greatest class that ever flunked its way merrily through the School. At any rate, as we said before, we leave. That's our story and we are going to stick to it. Believe it or not. And what have you?

## Class Prophecy

*Thomas J. Fitzgerald, Jr.*

Many, many years after my departure from the institution that made Caesar, misdemeanor marks, and the College Boards famous, I was suddenly summoned into the Presenee. Now the Presence, you will understand, was none other than President W. Ambrose Adler, whom the oafs of '29 had retired in ease to look after class affairs (ha! ha!) and to think up new ideas for bigger and better collections. Billy was living pretty much in luxury on Beacon Hill as his coat of arms and motto might indicate. The coat of arms was simply a battered football helmet on a much (thumbed) used copy of "Washington's Farewell Address." The motto was a masterpiece. It ran:

*"I'm lazy Bill from Beacon Hill,  
I never worked,  
And I never will."*

The latter was proudly shown me by "Red" Zanditon, Billy's fiery valet, who had gained considerable experience in wardrobe management in the Latin School. The President wished, said he, that I should take up a collection in behalf of Dr. Horovitz's Institution for the Mentally Incapacitated Members of '29 (which is W. Carrol Quigley's way of saying "booby hatch"). I motored out to the place in Willie Shriber's taxi "par excellence" to make an inspection. I asked Dr. Horovitz how he liked his work in a "nut factory." "O," quoth he, "I feel quite at home." I was amused at this juncture by a fetching little group playing "Ring around a Rosie." "Those," said the doctor, "are harmless patients, merely Bill Loughran, Al Lachacz and Dan Clare, our former ring committeemen." Suddenly a raucous voice reached my ears and I heard the words "What Marious, no torture in Rome!" There on a convenient soap box stood John Ryan, a defiant smile on his face, (you faney how!) Abruptly another figure, throwing dollar bills in the air, appeared. This party had a dusty coat, and incidentally a dirty face. He turned a handspring, elicked his heels, hollered "word of mouth, in" and was gone. "Poor Hiekey," said the Doctor, "it's a sad, sad story."



I left after that, but the next day I started my collection. My first move was for publicity, so I visited Barber who had combined "Whiz Bang" and the "American Mercury." Barber's contribution was some good advice, which directed me to the five Cohen boys, who were touring Keith's circuit, singing a number arranged by Harry Rosen entitled "My Wild Irish Rose." Admiral Keating couldn't be reached, since he was convoying General Connerton's troops to quell a disturbance in Chelsea, caused by an altercation between Mayor "Bernie" Feins and the U. S. Ambassador Lester Koritz. Fuller, the great "Wes" editor of the pamphlet "How I Crashed the Prom" was touring the country with an original play about Benedict Arnold, a panther and a sleeping Indian. Bucky Warren, the handsome Swede from the Peninsula was playing Arnold. Steve Downes was playing a very *realistic* sleeping Indian with David *Wolfe* Biller as the panther. Eddie Tracy made good in the "Three-Eye" League for a while. He made only five errors all season; he got just five chances. Adam Mednis was staging a successful tour running the "1000" pacing himself to the strains of a dilapidated fiddle. Donal Mark Sullivan was arrested for libelling Cecil Lubell in a play entitled "The Man who Talked Too Much." The illustrious Sullivan and the handsome leading man Julian Blaustein were released by Judge Ingalls for two passes to the show. The passes were, incidentally no good. Ribbs, premier politician, was grossly hauled into court, charged with selling George Gavin two shares of Bunker Hill monument which was a gross lie, as the dapper attorney for the defense, Carl Radlo, pointed out. Ribbs really sold George three shares. Campana and Doyle were cashing in on their hockey abilities, illustrating "what a whale of a difference a few cents makes" in the Fatima ads. Smith was doing well in the cough drop business, but was badly handicapped because he had no brother nor any whiskers. Aleck Freed and "Bernie" Herman were still at the Latin School as examples of industry to the lower classes. The four Walsh boys had gone into business, selling Mellen's Baby Food, but dissolved, because they couldn't decide whose name came first in the firm's name of Walsh, Walsh, Walsh and Walsh. Eddie Landsberg, was a roaring success as an Irish comedian. He was accompanied by a harp played by our bald-headed boy prodigy Oscar Zarkin. Prof. "Andy" Torrielli, B. V. D., had discovered a perpetual motion machine, by observing "Spud" Murphy's heroic dashes down Louis Pasteur avenue every morning at 8:59½. Joe Sklaver was giving a lecture in Al Strock's Chatauqua Tour entitled "The Study of Latin—an Evil Necessity." Dworetzky, Glover and Silverman had become professors of advanced German in a school for one-eyed Hindu Philosophers, of which that dashing, handsome, red-headed Hindu, Rudolph McGrath, was the principal. Bill Cloney was retired on the royalties of his novel "Trader John," (which means, of course, John Carey.) Many of the boys had gone literary. George Burns, for instance, was reaping a harvest on his stirring poem "The Charge of the 600." George Wright and Milly Singer were posing for the collar ads. The last heard of Morrison, that ravaging blond, he was endorsing Charlie Donohue's Peroxide. Harold Sanford was touring the country managing a troupe of trained seals. (An improvement over his managerial duties at Latin School—the seals are educated). The rest of the boys I was not able to locate, so now children, "Ginsberg" Dolan and the other misses being favorable, we shall now observe the disposal of the estate (if any) of the——(no adjective is adequate) class of 1929.

# Class Song

Words and music by

*Edwin W. Fuller, Jr. and Donald M. Sullivan*

*Moderato*

Old Lat-in School we must leave you, Tho' in our hearts so

dear. Now we must go from these port-als hal-lowed with men'ries

dear. Since first we came 'neath your Ae-gis, fond-ly rember'd

day. The glory the story of Lat-in has ever shown the way.

# Class Affairs

**CLASS ELECTIONS** were this year finally concluded, after two ballots, by an agreement on the part of the leading contestants to accept as a final decision a plurality vote. The results of the third ballot found as *President* William A. Adler, Edward H. Horovitz, *Vice-President*, Edward H. Hickey, *Secretary-Treasurer*. The Class Committee chosen was Edward A. Tracy (*Chairman*), William J. Loughran, William Shriber and Edward Ribbs.

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**PICTURES** of the individual members of the class, made by the Warren Kay Studio, were arranged for by the committee composed of Edward H. Horovitz (*Chairman*), Joseph Dolan, John Moynahan. The group pictures found in this Book were also made by this firm.

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**RINGS** and **PINS** were procured through the arrangements of the committee composed of William J. Loughran (*Chairman*), Daniel F. Clare, Albert Lachacz. The class officers were the Class Day Committee.

\* \* \* \* \*

A successful **BANQUET** at the Kenmore Hotel by the committee composed of William Shriber, (*Chairman*), Edward J. Ribbs, Edward H. Hickey, John P. Hanrahan, Joseph Sklaver, and Herman Gross.

\* \* \* \* \*

The **DANCE COMMITTEE** was a most active one, and its work was very good. Dances were held at Repertory Hall, the Hotel Somerset, the University Club and the Hotel Commander. The members of this committee were Edward A. Tracy (*Chairman*), James J. Mellen, William J. Walsh, Milton Singer, and William J. Sullivan.

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The work of the **YEAR BOOK** committee is reported elsewhere in this Book.

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Numerous **COLLECTIONS** were made for various worthy causes. The class presented gifts to Mr. Corson of the faculty on his departure from the school and to Colonel Penney on the occasion of his leaving for the West. Class dues were *of course* collected, and the gift of the class to the school was the presentation of a portrait of our beloved headmaster, Mr. Campbell, on graduation day when he, with us, severed his active connections with the school to enter upon greater duties.

All in all, it was an eminently successful year, especially in the social field, and great praise is due to our energetic president, Billy Adler, for his labors among us.

We concur in the hope expressed by the headmaster that the years to come will not witness a general parting, a complete separation, but that each year will again find us together for a time, as is the ancient custom among the great brotherhood of Latin School Alumni.

## MILITARY DRILL

*Donal M. Sullivan*

Six months of hard drilling found as its climax this year a Prize Drill held under most trying conditions. May third was the day to which our cadets had looked forward with an ecstasy not unmingled with some trepidation. But there was "thunder on the left," and the fates wept upon our drill field, rendering it soggy underfoot. The drill was postponed until the following Tuesday, May 7. On that day, too, the field was damp, but rather than suffer another delay and the consequent complications, it was decided to hold the competition in the Drill Hall and on the large pavement in front of the school. Each company of our two regiments performed the calisthenic exercises and the manual of arms outside, then went indoors to the Drill Hall and there executed the company manoeuvres. The small size of the floor made the latter department of the drill both difficult and tedious, and it was not until four o'clock that the last company had done. However, one feature of the drill was that, unlike previous years, the companies of both regiments were marked by the same set of judges, thus making possible an interesting comparison. The judges were Major F. M. Maddox, Captain C. O. Ashton, and Captain V. P. Foster, *U. S. A.*; and Lieutenant J. L. Keefe and Lieutenant E. F. Hannon, 101st Infantry, *M. N. G.*

On Thursday, two days later, were announced by the Headmaster the results of the drill, after which the regiments passed in review before the two new colonels, Mr. Campbell, and Lieutenant Caffrey. The final tabulation is as follows (out of a possible 1260 points).

*Fourth Regiment*

Rank	Captain	Company	Points
1.	<i>Joseph W. Dolan</i>	3th	1090
2.	<i>Edward L. Doyle</i>	11th	1080
3.	<i>Willard F. E. Corscadden</i>	2nd	1022
4.	<i>Bernard Feins</i>	7th	1007
5.	<i>Albert R. Lachacz</i>	3rd	986
6.	<i>Philip I. Barber</i>	6th	981
7.	<i>Thomas F. Twomey</i>	9th	977
8.	<i>Charles K. Donohue</i>	10th	971
9.	<i>Abraham M. Halpern</i>	4th	969
	<i>Edward Landsberg</i>	5th	969
10.	<i>Robert H. Best</i>	12th	954
11.	<i>Herbert V. Cohen</i>	1st	938
12.	<i>Joseph Sklaver</i>	13th	914

*Fifth Regiment*

1.	<i>William A. Adler</i>	9th	1106
2.	<i>Donal M. Sullivan</i>	4th	1093
3.	<i>Bernard A. Herman</i>	1st	995
4.	<i>Bradford Sheppard</i>	12th	991
5.	<i>William P. Dugan</i>	6th	980



6.	<i>John D. Lawlor</i>	7th	975
7.	<i>William A. Ryan</i>	5th	948
8.	<i>Jonathan I. Morrison</i>	10th	924
9.	<i>Emanuel A. Joseph</i>	2nd	917
10.	<i>John F. Moynahan</i>	13th	910
11.	<i>Frank J. Donohue</i>	3rd	905
12.	<i>Harold N. Siegel</i>	8th	834
13.	<i>David W. Biller</i>	11th	825

The first five companies in each regiment receive prizes. By virtue of the success of their companies, Captains Dolan and Adler were elevated to the rank of colonel; Captains Doyle and Sullivan to lieutenant-colonel; and the captains of the remaining prize-winning companies became majors of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd battalions of their respective regiments.

The competition, as the above record indicates, was very close, and the general high scoring bespeaks praise both for the drillmasters, Colonel Penney and Lieutenant Caffrey, and for the cadets of the school. And the annual war was over!

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### THE INTER-REGIMENTAL DRILL

To refrain from any aberration to hyperbole, or as the phrase has it, "to put it mildly," Latin School figured rather prominently in the Annual Inter-Regimental competitions. Our first success came in the contests of the musical organizations. Here the Latin School Band, under the command of Captain Strock and Lieutenants Friedberg and Askowith was judged the best band among the Boston School Cadets, and received the banner emblematic of their first place. Splendid? Yes, but our course did not end there. The Drum Corps, whose blare and din have disturbed us many a time and oft, with Captain Herman and Lieutenants Novak, Prendergast, and Abrams as its officers, won fourth prize! Proceeding in a chronological order, our next honor was won by Corporal John R. Canavan, who won second prize honors in the Individual Competition in the manual of arms.

Our two companies, the 9th Co., 5th Reg., and the 3th Company, 4th Reg., covered themselves with glory. The 9th Company, under command of Colonel Adler, won fourth place, and the 3th Company, commanded by Colonel Dolan, performed splendidly to win second prize.

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### THE STREET PARADE

Our honors in the annual parade of the Boston School Cadets were restricted to the Band which won first place and the Drum Corps which won fifth. The cadets of the school, having done their best, accept gracefully the decision of the judges. Another year is coming and with it another parade, so let the winners look to their laurels!

# Prizes for the Year 1928-'29

## CLASSICAL PRIZE

Max Joseph Klainer, William Dworetzky, Leonard Kaplan, Robert Shapiro, Edward Landsberg, Edward Fisher, Jacob Aloff, William Hastings Kerr, Harry Shershevsky, Sidney Olansky, Albert Mordecai Stone, Samuel Shlifer, William Shapiro, Samuel Joseph Norman, Wilfred Malenbaum, Samuel Bernard Salvin, Stanley Stellar, John Joseph Ney, Otto Gambacorta, Carl Goldberg, John Albin Grubunskas, Arnold Weiner, Robert Vincent Cleary, Edmund Ralph Harrington, George Boris Simon, Robert Martin Fisher, Irving Sydney Banquer, Thomas Green Manning, Howard Pickering Hall, Saunders Eliot Jacobstein, Manuel Alter, Sydney J. Freedberg, John Edward Brassil, Charles Theodore Giatas, Lawrence Addelson, Robert Dayton Sall, Rosario William Provinzano, Louis Rains, Frederick William Roche, Albert Louis Cohen, Harold Banks, Leo Edward Sweeney, Myer Koslon, Nathan Myers, Alfred John Wright, Jr., Kenneth Carl Bernstein, Charles Rosenzweig, William Maurice Hoffman, Saul Gerald Cohen, Philip Alfred Lief, Richard Monroe Samuel, Gleason Leonard Archer, Henry Sherman, David Harris Elkin, Morris Land, Francis Joseph Sexton, Bernard Abraham Orkin.

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## MODERN PRIZE

Kenneth Aloysius Devine, Joseph David Wassersug, Aleck Freed, Abraham Meyer Halpern, Sidney Olans, William Carroll Quigley, Bernard Albert Herman, Albert Bates Lord, Philip Bergson, Albert Summers Murphy, Lee Felch Coy, William Joseph Collins, Irving William Rabinovitz, Paul Joseph Shine, Robert Jesse Towne, Nathan Harris David, Phoenix Nathan Dangel, Benjamin Greenberg, John Gordon Scannell, Morris Alexander Alpert, Ralph Edward Johnston, Benjamin Geisinger, Louis Eli Katz, Richard Joseph Long, John Emmet McDonald, Reed Edwin Peggram, Charles Leonard Bluestein, Nathan Moger, Richard Upton Bryant, Wilfred Kaplan, Lester Jerome Kohn, Newton Nathaniel Levine, Allan Aronson, Melvin Herbert Frank, Morris Vidiarsky, Thomas Henry Dowd, Charles Dudley Hartman, Nils Ohman, Saul Ratman, Ernest Louis Zaugg, Edward Garcia Rosa, John Joseph McCarthy, Richard Lawrence Odiorne, Thomas Hardwick Chew, Albert Jacob Finkelstein, Lester Campbell Crowley, Milton Elkin, Leo Orris, Joseph John Rustin, Edwin Byer Clark, William Jack Jacobson, Charles Augustus Brown, Sylvan Abraham Linchitz, Milton Pratiner, Robert Evan Weimick, Stanley Martin Jacks, Robert Murray, Martin Rudy, Charles Harvey Barker.

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## FOR EXCELLENCE IN READING

<i>First Prize</i> .....	Donal M. Sullivan
<i>Second Prize</i> .....	Paul G. Curley
<i>Third Prize</i> .....	David W. Biller
<i>Classes III and IV</i> .....	Gabriel G. Ryan
<i>Classes V and VI</i> .....	Wilbur Doctor

## FOR EXCELLENCE IN DECLAMATION

<i>First Prize</i> .....	Donal M. Sullivan
<i>Second Prize</i> .....	Edwin W. Fuller, Jr.
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